Boston Post
Oct 10. 1916

* * * *

"Dear Observant Citizen—One of the most interesting persons to add to your list of spry old New England folk is Charles E. Tallman of Richmond, Me. Mr. Tallman has been a sailor practically all his life, and has seen service in the army in the Civil war and in the navy during the Spanish war.

"When Oklahoma was admitted to the Union on Nov. 16, 1907, he sent to the State Department at Washington an arrangemnt of the stars, taking care of the new state, and he was later notified that his arrangement has been chosen from among the numerous designs sent in.

"Mr. Tallman, although over 75 years of age, is remarkably active, and has been told time after time that he does not look over 40 years of age, which is a fact. "M. G."

* * * *

# BUBBLES, NO. 38.

## SOME JAPANESE CITIES.

The Marion left Kobe, Japan, May 17th, for Chemulpo, Corea, by way of the Inland Sea. The passage was a very pleasant one, our port of destination being 240 miles distant from Kobe, and at the west end of the sea. We managed to run days and anchor at night. The scenery here is composed of mountains and plains, and there is no finer in the world. On both sides of the passage there are numerous villages and highly cultivated farms. All are terraced, some to the very mountain tops. Every foot of ground has to be utilized, on account of the steep banks.

At the end of seven days we reached Chemulpo, Corea. It is one of the worst places I ever struck. We are obliged to lie at anchor about two miles from the town, which is small, numbering some 3000 inhabitants. There is a "China town," of course, and Japs are also getting in their work. There are English, American, German and French consuls, and there is an American trading company from New York that does an extensive business. A story told by the agent shows how the authorities enforce the law. It appears that the company had a consignment of kerosene oil to be delivered at Seoul, the capital of the country. Several cases were missing, and the agent requested the officials to look them up. After a while a man was found who was in[illegible] where some of the oil might be found. A few cases were produced, and further influence was brought to bear, and three different lots were found. At this juncture the policeman said he didn't know whether the man could stand any more "influence," as the last dose had nearly killed him. It seems that they had been "influencing" the culprit with bamboo rods on the bare back, and they kept [illegible] it until all the oil was restored to its [illegible]

The Coreans are a peculiar people, [illegible]

## "NICE, ISN'T IT?"

### Comment of a Maine Reader on Winter

We visited a tea house and opium pagoda which stood in the middle of a little pond of stagnant, green water. It was not an attractive place, and our stay in it was short. The streets in Old Shanghai are about eight feet wide, and on either side are bounded by the regulation ditch where all the filth of the city gathers, and is taken out and carried away by men who convey the stuff in buckets attached to a pole. Everybody is busy, many working in metals, silks, etc. Much of the fancy work is made by small boys and girls. They work by hand and are very expert. There are no conveyances in the old town for passengers, except the palanquin, which resembles a sedan chair.

After four days' stay in Shanghai we took the "Pale Horse,"—as the sailors call her,—in tow for Nagasaki, Japan. The distance is 469 miles and we covered it in three days, which was doing pretty well. Nagasaki is a long, narrow town of about 10,000 population. There are English and Russian consessions, with the usual number of foreign consulates. The harbor is an arm of the sea which makes in some four miles. The shores are lofty peaks, terraced for farming purposes as usual. A prominent feature of the port is a Japanese navy yard, where a considerable amount of work is carried on.

The Palos is an old vessel of about 600 tons, and seems to have outlived her usefulness. The authorities are holding a survey on her, and it is more than likely that she will be permanently retired. As for the Marion, she still pursues the even tenor of her way. Many men in the fleet would like to join her, and none of her company wish to leave. Our scrub band has increased to twenty-one pieces, and gets there every time. We have two clarinets and expect another, besides another cornet in addition to the four that we already have.

We have only one thing to regret, and that is the fact that our Captain is soon to leave us by reason of promotion from Commander to Captain. While we rejoice in his good fortune we deplore our own misfortune in losing him. We hope to be able to congratulate him further, as he aspires to be a "Pirate" King. We trust that his desire may be gratified, for it is believed that there will be no finer command in the service than the new 8000-ton ship Pirate.

I can't say that we are all enjoying the best of health, for the terribly hot weather is beginning to tell on some of us. However, we are getting on fairly well, and here's hoping that my present communication may find the readers of the BEE healthy and happy.

C. E. T.

Nagasaki, Japan, June 22d, 1892.

The following letter from a Rich[illegible] boy in Central America will be read[illegible] interest.

BLUEFIELDS, NIC., JUNE 10, [illegible]

*To the Editor of the Bee*:—Life in a t[illegible] cal country may suit some people, but[illegible] my part I prefer the United States, esp[illegible] ially at this season of the year when t[illegible] heat is so intense as to be almost unbea[illegible] able, and one gladly seeks a shelter fro[illegible] the rays of the sun. Then again the sk[illegible] will become darkened by the clouds and [illegible] seems as though night had come; bu[illegible] listen, you can hear away off in the distan[illegible] a roaring sound like the beating of th[illegible] waves of the ocean upon a rocky coast. I[illegible] is the rain coming. Presently it strike[illegible] you, cold and disagreeable. Almost in[illegible] stantly you are drenched as though som[illegible] one were turning barrels of water on you[illegible] head. Then the shower is gone as quickly[illegible] as it came, and out pops the sun hot and[illegible] fierce as ever. Oftentimes the showers last[illegible] only five minutes; oftentimes two or three[illegible] days, but that is only in the rainy season[illegible] and in the dry season the rain is less fre[illegible] quent and the climate more agreeable.

The inhabitants of Nicaragua are composed of Spanish, Indians and Creoles, or Negroes they are called in the north. The government is a republic and the president, Zalaya, is a Spaniard, and in fact the whole country is controlled by Spaniards, with the capital, Managua situated in the interior. There was a time when the coast of Nicaragua was controlled by the Indians, or Mosquitos, commonly called. These people are small in stature, very strong physically, but this race has been driven from place to place and is now almost extinct, thus giving the Spanish absolute control. The money of this place is silver coins, no certificates or paper being used. The paper money was tried here, but the men who did printing made the most out of it, (just printed a lot for themselves). The people caused a revolution, which are frequent in this land of revolutions. It resulted in the abolishment of paper money. The silver dollar, or "sol" is worth fifty-two cents gold. Thus it takes two to make one American dollar.

The chief industries are tobacco and banana raising. There are more bananas shipped out of Bluefields than any other southern port, and affords work for thousands of Creoles. Gold mining is carried on quite extensively, but not profitably, as more men go "broke" than make a "stake," but the gold can be mined much easier and under better conditions than in the Klondike. Thus the country is overrun with prospectors and adventurers hoping to obtain something for nothing. But the old reljable is the cutting of cedar and mahogony timber, and is handled by the firm of George D. Emery & Co., of Boston. They have the sole right or contract to take out the mahogony by paying the government of Nicaragua one dollar gold per log for that privilege and protection. They also have the same concessions from all the Central American republics and Columbia in South America, also with camps in Cuba; in fact all the mahogony trade is controlled by this firm.

The labor of this country is very cheap. The average man gets twenty-four dollars, solos, per month, or twelve dollars in gold, for native help; the Creole demands fifteen dollars gold. Clothing and food stuff are correspondingly high, shoes are five dollars per pair, overalls six dollars, tobacco $3.50 a pound for leaf, and plug is $7.50 a pound and pretty poor stuff at that. These prices are regulated by the government in the form of taxes. Every salable article is taxed two or three different times, at the will and pleasure of the president and his cabinet, which is the government, not the people. If the president is in need of funds he levies a tax, as the "country" is in need of revenue. If the people fail to pay the tax their goods are confiscated. Thus the government is by the few for the few and is the cause of the many revolutions, most of them harmless, as the Spaniards are not very courageous.

## A COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the TIMES:

**In naming the masts of the six-master why not apply terms that have been used on board vessels for ages, viz:**

**Fore, main, mizzen, spanker, jigger and driver sounds much more shipshape. Here is another: First fore, first main, first mizzen, second fore, second main, second mizzen and when they get in the seventh mast, call it spanker.**

C. E. TALLMAN.

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Boston Post
Oct 10. 1916

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"Dear Observant Citizen—One of the most interesting persons to ad... list of spry old New Eng... Charles E. Tallma... Mr. Tallma... cally all h... in the arr... the navy ... "When ... the Union ... the State ... an arrange... care of the ...

notified that ... chosen fron... designs sent ... "Mr. Tallma... of age, is rer... been told time... not look over... a fact.

TRATED MA...

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...here this week ... As I have pre... ...ports we are ...not care to re... the readers of ... some time to ...ance, however, ...long, and per... ...nas, in which ... find something ...then adieu. ... C. E. T... At its con... ...ng the hap... ...and highly ... Among the ... ...ouns... ...du pa... ...two ... ...ran ... ...from ... ...ear- ...coal ...sue. ...-us ...-In... ...ice ...se- ...si ...ro ...jc ...y ...g ...l ...

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...Wes... ...Joh... ...house. ...Miss... ...last Tu... ...F. H. ...Hub last ...Mr. Bel... ...ing two w... ...Mrs. A. J... ...made a bus... ...Rev. Mr. ...ing sermon a... ...Rev. Mr. M... ...very interesti... ...Sunday, in the ...Mr. E. W. H... ...at Cedar Grove. ...fessor has anoth... ...two bands which ...From the hills ...presented a beaut... ...ing. From the N... ...the village was a ...rockets of unusual ...fireworks made a ...clanging of bells an... ...from different mills ... ...make up a Thanks... ...long be remembered.

## South Dresden.

S. D. Houdlette made a business trip to Portland one day this week.

Logan Jones is spending the winter with his aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Costellow.

C. H. Seigars has treated his barn to a new coat of shingles and clapboards.

Milton Carlton and Gussie Hatch are spending a few days with their parents. They will soon return to Lincoln Academy for the winter.

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John Seigars was observed at their home in South Dresden on the evening of Nov. 10th. About fifty of their relatives and friends were present. Supper was served by the hostess, and the evening passed pleasantly with music and social conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Seigars were the recipients of many useful gifts.

## Richmond Corner.

Fall term of twelve weeks, in District No. 2, taught by Miss Marcia E. Payne, closed Friday, Nov. 18th. Names of pupils not absent one-half day: A. Blanche Randall; Alberta M. Randall; Edith M. Knights; S. Helen Randall. Annie A. Knight was absent only one-half day. Number attending, 10; average number, 9.

This school raised a fine large flag over the house Columbus Day, with very appropriate exercises by the school. The political complexion of teacher and all the pupils was such that the flag was at half mast after the election news was received. Miss Payne is one of our best teachers, and the past term has been a very profitable one.

C. E. D.

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...OF MAINE.

...SAGADAHOC, S.S. To the Honorable ... Probate for the County of Sagadahoc.

Cynthia P. Bates, one of the administrat... the will annexed, of the estate of Frederick ... late of Richmond, deceased, who claims th... was due her from said deceased the sum of ... dred twenty-five dollars and seventy cents ($... according to the account annexed, and who ... her account to be allowed to appropriate th... from the estate of said deceased; and Joan ... Reed of Richmond, Maine, a person interes... said estate, who disputes the allowance of said ... do hereby agree to submit said claim to the deter... tion of Dr. A. Libby and James R. Cunningham ... of said Richmond, as referees, whose award if acc... by said Court shall be final.

Dated this 27th day of October A. D. 1892.

{ CYNTHIA P. BATES
{ JOAN THWING REE...

SAGADAHOC, SS. At a Court of Probate he... Bath, on the first Tuesday of November, 1892.

On the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice ... given by publishing a copy of said petition, with t... order thereon, three weeks successively in the Ri... MOND BEE a newspaper published in Richmond, th... all persons interested may attend on the first Tuesd... of December next, at a Court of Probate then to ... holden in Bath, and shew cause, if any, why th... prayer of said petition should not be granted.

WM. T. HALL, Judge.

A true copy—Attest: Cyrus W. Longley, Register.

SAGADAHOC, SS. At a Court of Probate held ... at Bath, within and for the County of Sagadahoc, ... on the first Tuesday of November, A. D. 1892.

Sarah E. Gile, Widow of Orrison L. Gile late of ... Richmond in said County, deceased, having presented ... her application for allowance out of the Personal ... Estate of said deceased:

On the said Petition, ORDERED, That the said ... Widow give notice thereof three weeks successively ... in the RICHMOND BEE printed in Richmond in said ... County, that all persons interested may attend at a ... Probate Court to be held at Bath, on the first Tuesday ... of December next, and shew cause, if any they have, ... why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

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L. D. Small Administrator on the Estate of Mar... Small late of Bowdoinham in said County, deceased, ... having presented his first account of administration of ... the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice ... to all persons interested by causing a copy of this ... order to be published three weeks in the Richmond ... appear at a Probate Court to be held at Bath ...

...Only ... ...Broadcloth ... ...And ... ...Who ...

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...Only ... ...Broadcloth ... ...And ... ...Who ...

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SOME JAPA...

The Marion left ... 17th, for Chemulp... of the Inland Sea. ... very pleasant one, o... tion being 240 miles ... and at the west end ... managed to run day... night. The scenery h... of mountains and plai... no finer in the world. ... of the passage there ar... lages and highly cultiva... are terraced, some to th... tain tops. Every foot o... be utilized, on account ... banks.

At the end of seven d... nas, in which ... Chemulpo, Corea. It ... worst places I ever st... then adieu. ... obliged to lie at anchor ... C. E. T... from the town, which ... Sept. 26, ... ing some 3000 inhabit... "China town," of cou... also getting in their work. Th... English, American, German and ... consuls, and there is an America ... ing company from New York th... an extensive business. A story ... the agent shows how the auth... enforce the law. It appears th... company had a consignment of ... sene oil to be delivered at Seo... capital of the country. Several ... were missing, and the agent req... the officials to look them up. A... while a man was found who was ... might be found. A few cases were ... produced, and further influence was ... brought to bear, and three different lots ... were found. At this juncture the po... liceman said he didn't know whether ... the man could stand any more "influ... ence," as the last dose had nearly killed ... him. It seems that they had been "in... fluencing" the culprit with bamboo ... rods on the bare back, and they kept ... [illegible] all the oil was restored to its ...

The Coreans are a peculiar people, ...

**A Perfect Complexion**

Your social duties demand that you look your best and in good taste at all times. Ladies of Society for nearly three-quarters of a century have used

**Gouraud's**
**Oriental Cream**

15

to obtain the perfect complexion. It purifies and beautifies. The ideal liquid face cream. Non-greasy. Its use cannot be detected.
Send 10c. for trial size
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York City

**Digest Well**
**Sleep Well**

**Sanfords Ginger**

Helps digestion that goes on during sleep. Intestinal indigestion is a common cause of sleeplessness.

A delicious combination of ginger, aromatics and French brandy for the relief of cramps, pains, colds, chills, weakness, nervousness and insomnia. Look for the Owl Trade Mark on the wrapper, lest you get a cheap, worthless or dangerous substitute. Forty years the standard of purity, flavor and strength. Sold by all druggists and grocers.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
**HOTEL CHELSEA**
West Twenty-third St., at Seventh Ave., New York City.

# RICHMOND MAN'S 52 YEARS EXPERIENCE, UNCLE SAM'S NAVY

## Charles E. Tallman Served in Both Army and Navy During Civil War and Then Continued Long Naval Service in All Parts of the World — Interesting Experiences Afloat and Ashore.

CHARLES E. TALLMAN OF RICHMOND, ME.
Who Has Had 52 Years of Experience with Uncle Sam's Navy, and I
don setter "Ted."

Charles E. Tallman of Richmond, Me., the subject of this sketch, was a recent caller at the Journal office, on his way home from the reunion of his old regiment, the 19th Maine, at East Vassalboro and the Journal had an interesting chat with him. Born on March 14, 1842 in Richmond, Mr. Tallman deceives almost everyone as to his age, appearing much younger and as youthful in demeanor in action and speech as the writer remembers him 40 years and more ago.

Mr. Tallman has had a life full of experiences in all parts of the world, having been a sailor practically all his life and having seen service in both the army

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The time passed in the old Saratoga was a busy and interesting series of cruises, many ports on both sides of the

Boston Post

**European Plan**

**500 Rooms 400 Baths**

Room with adjoining bath, $1.00 and $1.50.
Room with private bath, $2.00.
Suites parlor, bedroom and bath, $3.00 and upward.
Club Breakfast, 25c up.
Special Luncheon, 50c up.
Table d'Hote Dinner, 75c up.
Cafe attached.

**To Reach Hotel Chelsea.**

From Pennsylvania Station, 7th Avenue car south to 23d Street;
Grand Central, 4th Avenue car south to 23d Street;
Lackawanna, Erie, Reading, Baltimore & Ohio, Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley R. R. Stations, take 23d Street crosstown car east to Hotel Chelsea.
Principal Steamship Piers, Foot West 23d Street, take 23d Street crosstown car.

WRITE FOR COLORED MAP OF NEW YORK
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**GORDON**
BIBLE COLLEGE
School of Theology
School of Missions
National, Evangelical, Interdenominational, Vocational, Cultural.
New Fireproof recitation building with dormitories in Boston's finest educational district. For catalog address Dean Nathan R. Wood, Gordon Bible College, Boston, Mass. sept16,sat,3t

**In the Bath**

Before retiring, use with warm water and insure a restful night. It

**Glenn's Sulphur Soap**

**Refreshes**

(All Druggists.)
Contains 30% Pure Sulphur.
Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c

# A Head Full of Ache

There are many forms of headache, but the sick headache is about the worst ever. When it once fastens on you, it lasts a good while, unless you know how to get rid of it. Sick headache usually comes from the stomach or liver, and you must help these organs before the head can be relieved. A few doses of "L. F." Atwood's Medicine will put your stomach to rights, regulate the bile, and act on the bowels. As soon as good order is secured, the dizzy feeling and nagging pain will leave your head, and soon you will be as well as ever. No medicine is better for sick headache or biliousness.

**Buy a 35c bottle at your nearest store, or write to-day for free sample.**

**"L. F." Medicine Co., Portland Me.**

# TRY A JOURNAL WANT AD AND YOU'LL GET RESULTS

Commer... in a so... ...ship and

...and navy in the Civil War and in the navy during the Spanish war.

One incident in which he is always interested and ready to talk, is the circumstances surrounding the present arrangement of the stars in the American flag. Oklahoma was admitted to the Union on Nov. 16, 1907 and soon after that date he sent to the state department at Washington an arrangement of the stars, taking care of the new state. The state department acknowledged the receipt of his design and referred it to the navy department, which has jurisdiction over the matter and he was later notified that his arrangement had been chosen from the numerous designs sent in.

Mr. Tallman was thoughtful of his home people and after the adoption of his arrangement of the stars secured and presented one of the new flags to each schoolhouse in Richmond, giving to the teachers and students a much appreciated address concerning the honor and treatment due the flag at all times and on all occasions.

Mr. Tallman was born in and has always made Richmond his home. He was a young man when the Civil war broke out and his first taste of war was when he enlisted on Jan. 9, 1864 as a private for three years in Co. A, 19th Maine, Capt. J. W. Spaulding of Richmond company commander and Col. Isaac H. Starbird of Litchfield colonel commanding the regiment. The 19th Maine was part of the 2d Corps, Army of the Potomac.

He had but short service in the infantry branch, being discharged on April 25, 1864 and entering the navy, joining the USS North Carolina at the Brooklyn navy yard. He was in May, 1864 assigned to the Bienville, which was soon sent to the West Gulf blockading squadron, for service under Rear Admiral David G. Farragut. The Bienville saw blockade and patrol duty in the gulf of Mexico and was in the famous battle of Mobile, when Farragut electrified the whole North with his entry into Mobile bay. She also took part in the bombardment of the Galveston forts. She was on guard off Mobile and Pensacola until April of 1865.

Mr. Tallman was then transferred to the Richmond, where he felt much at home. Acting Rear Admiral Henry K. Thatcher was in command and also commanded the Gulf squadron. He (Tallman) was transferred after a few months to the Estrella, at Pensacola and she was soon made the flagship of Rear Admiral Thatcher. Tallman was here promoted and made a sailmaker's mate, and in those days a sailor had to and did know how to make anything that could be made with canvas and twine. About a year was passed in cruising about the gulf with frequent visits at the various ports, and he was then honorably discharged from the service.

The next few years were passed in following the sea and with various occupations at home, until on June 24, 1876—Centennial year—Mr. Tallman again enlisted in Uncle Sam's navy, and six months later he was promoted to sailmaker From that time his life was a busy one and he saw many parts of the world. Many of the officers and men with whom he sailed have passed beyond, yet he often meets an old shipmate whom he well knew and also an old officer, who was but a middy when they sailed together. Curious too, they invariably make some remark to the effect that Tallman was the best weather forecaster in the navy, a reputation which he to this day holds, some of his forecasts having been nothing short of remarkable.

He was in January, 1878, assigned to the Ossipee and for some time cruised in the Caribbean sea. In November, 1879, at the

...etter from a Rich... ...merica will be read... Atlantic being visited. He left the S... toga with regret in January, 1884 and ... at home on waiting orders until Dec... ber, when he was sent to the Un... States Naval Academy at Annap... where he assisted in the instruction ... sail making department.

He was sent in January, 1887 to ... navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., wh... he served in the storekeeper's dep... ment until July, 1890, when he ... placed on waiting orders. Orders c... in April, 1891, to join the Marion, as ... sailmaker to Rear Admiral G. E. ... knap. The Marion was the flagship ... sailed to join the Asiatic fleet, cruising ... the Chinese and Japanese waters and ... East Indies. He had an uncomforta... time in 1893, being confined for seve... months with a fever in a hospital in ... Kohama.

He was detached in 1894 from ... Marion and returned home, receiving... ders in May, 1895 to report to the g... nery schools in Washington, where ... remained until November, when he ... sent to the Kittery, Me., navy yard, ... maining on duty there until October, 1...

Along came the Spanish war and ... was recalled to active duty by the n... department, being ordered to report ... March, 1898, to the receiving ship V... mont at the New York navy yard. ... was at the close of the war sent to B... ton, where he was on duty on the ... ceiving ship Wabash, on which he h... before served.

He was retired from active service ... the United States navy on Oct. ... 1899, by reason of disability received ... the line of duty.

He was called upon to serve as recru... ing officer in the district of Maine in 1... and in June, 1906, was promoted to t... rank of chief sailmaker.

He visited ports in all parts of the wo... during his life on the ocean and has ... collection of curios and relics which ... the envy of all who are favored with ... opportunity of seeing them. He is ... member of John Merrill Post, G. A. ... of which he is a past commander, and ... also a member of the Masons, Pilgr... Fathers and Naval Veterans.

He married on Sept. 11, 1866, in Bost... Miss Mary Thomas, to whom four ch... dren were born, Cynthia E., Daniel ... Lizette and Harry T., the latter nam... for Rear Admiral Harry Taylor of t... United States navy, an old command... of Mr. Tallman. Mrs. Tallman died ... Feb. 9, 1902. He again married on Ju... 14, 1907, Mrs. Georgianna Hersey ... Richmond. They reside in Richmond.

The dog which appears in the pictu... with his master answers to the name ... "Ted." He is a Gordon setter and ... master says "has the reputation of bei... a very smart and intelligent dog, ... dogs go, but he is Dog just the same."

A splendid likeness of Mr. Tallman a... pears on Page 71 of the recently publish... "noted Men of Maine."

## CLINTON

NORTH—Mr. and Mrs. Josep... Jones of Burnham visited at th... home of their son Evellen Jones Sun... day and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Geral... visited there Monday.

Wayne Gerald is attending scho... at the village.

Mrs. Frank Hanscomb has been i...

Mrs. Mabel Watson went to Au... gusta Friday for a visit.

Mrs. Mary Huff is in Pittsfie... where she was called by the seriou... illness of her son's wife, Mrs. Evere... Steen.

Ralph Gerald has a new 8 cylinde... King automobile.

...the oil was restored to its ...

The Coreans are a peculiar people, ...

# ...OND BEE.

...MBER 25, 1891. NO. 14


*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES, NO 30.

THE U. S. SHIP MARION IN UNALASKA BAY.

We arrived at Unalaska Bay at noon, on the 7th of August, after an uneventful passage of ten days from Victoria, B. C. We had a head wind all the way, and cold, dirty weather set in as soon as we were fairly clear of the coast. The sea was comfortably smooth, and that is about all that can be said in its favor.

I have called the passage uneventful, but its monotony was broken by one little incident which perhaps is worthy of mention. One morning, while at quarters, we heard the engine stop, and learned that "Dick," the dog, had been too eager in chasing gulls and had jumped overboard. The life boat was instantly called away, and in twenty minutes from the time the animal went over the rail he was on the ship's deck again, and the boat was hoisted. This was quick work for first trial, and in sea way, too.

On arriving in the Bay we found the U. S. ship Mohican and the English ship Porpoise. The town is only a small settlement owned by the Alaska Commercial Company, who lease it from the United States for sealing privileges. Oh, girls, you should have seen the seal jackets playing under our stern this morning. There were hundreds of them, but they were all on deck. The creatures would stick their heads out of water and stare at the ship with all the curiosity imaginable. Seals are naturally gray in color, and their skins have to go to London to be cured, as the English have the secret, which they jealously guard. The seal looks gray because of the long hairs which sparsely cover its body. These hairs are picked from the skin, one by one, leaving only the brown fur which we admire in the finished garment. The under part of the skin is white, or nearly so. This is dyed to match the back by a coloring process known only to the dressers. Enough for a coat can be bought for about $35; but they would be dear for anyone in this country, because no one knows how to prepare them. A jacket ready-made is better and cheaper than the raw material.

There are a few sealers around here, but few vessels have been captured in this vicinity. Three were taken, two American. The steamer chartered in Frisco to carry [illegible] here, left the Bay this morning for Sitka Alaska with three [illegible]

[illegible] harbor, land-locked [illegible] tree in sight [illegible] or [illegible] it save a [illegible]

be had for love or money. After we coal up we expect to take a trip to the Bibilof Islands, which are about 180 miles northwest from here, and in the middle of the Bering Sea. It is a great sealing station.

I wonder if the readers of the BEE would care to know how we live on shipboard. Let me give a brief description of the routine. In port the revielle is sounded at five in the morning. All hands are called, fifteen minutes being allowed to "up all hammocks." In fifteen minutes the men get their coffee and are "turned to." At 5:30 they wash clothes, scrub paint work and clean up generally, the task usually occupying them until 7:30, when they go to breakfast. Then the smoking lamp is lit,—the ship's cook having kindled the galley fire at three o'clock, a. m.,—and after half an hour at breakfast the men have fifteen minutes in which to dress in the uniform of the day. Then they clean the gun deck and bright work, each man having his part to do and getting credit or blame for his manner of doing it. At 9:30 the men go to quarters. After quarters each division has an hour's drill, receiving instruction in great gun, small arm, sword exercise or divisional tactics. After drill, at 10:30, the mechanics get their men at their several jobs.

Some may wonder how it is that so many men are kept at work all the time. Well, they are not. One or two men from each part of the ship will do all there is to do in a short time, while others are at work mending their clothes, or amusing themselves as best they can. Dinner is at noon, when the smoking lamp is lit for one hour. At one o'clock the men "turn to," and the afternoon passes in much the same manner as the last part of the forenoon. Supper is at five and "hammocks" at eight. We have sail and spar drill two forenoons in the week, when possible, and we are called to "fire quarters" every Friday, general quarters every Monday, and general muster on the first Monday in the month, when the articles for the better government of the United States Navy are read, and every man passes in review before the commanding officer when his name is called. In cases of tarring down, or scraping spars, all hands are set at work and the job is done at short notice. Sea routine is the same as in port, only the men have watch and watch.

The crew is divided in different parts [illegible] top and after guard—starboard and port watches of each. Our ship being bark rigged we have no mizzen-topmen. The divisions are first, second division, marine and powder division. Our crew is composed mainly of Scandinavians, the non-alien law to the

the service. In tow of this boat was the dingy, in which was the coffin, covered with the union jack. The pall bearers also were in this boat. Then came a boat with the marine guard, as firing party, and others. Next came a boat from our ship, filled with officers. It was followed by a boat carrying the Captain of the Mohican, and other officers. There were three boats filled with officers and men from the English ship. All the boats had flags at half mast, as did the three war ships in the bay.

Upon landing on the beach the band received the party with three ruffles of the drum, and afterward played "Flee as a Bird." The procession formed with the band ahead. next came the remains, borne by six sailors and escorted by the marine guard. Other divisions followed in order and a crowd of shore folks brought up the rear. We had to march half a mile, through bush and bramble, to the brow of a hill where the burial took place. It was a hard matter to march over the rough ground and blow a horn. At the grave the band played "Nearer My God to Thee," after which the funeral service was read and a prayer said by the Captain of the Mohican, the marine guard fired a volley of three rounds, taps were sounded by the bugle, and—poor Jack was at rest.

The men fell into line and marched back to the boats on a quickstep, and embarked for the ships, the flags were mastheaded and the naval routine was resumed.

C. E. T.

Written for the Bee.

# BUBBLES, NO. 32.

## THE CRUISE OF THE MARION.

After more than a week's delay the
Amer St. Paul arrived from
ncisco bringing our mail and a
res. We got a few of the latter
sistent begging and paying ab
ee times as much as they w
rth.

We also got orders to proceed
China station forthwith; so w
tled sixty tons of coal into th
rion from the United States shi
etis, and got underweigh for Hon
n, so as to strike the trade wind
Japan. We ran out of Unalaska
ore a northerly wind, but we had
got far before it drew ahead, as
ual; "the same old——," but that is
hestnut by this time.

Before leaving Unalaska we trans-
red a number of sick men to the
hican, as she is going to San Fran-
co to fit out for China. All the

Seats on Sale at Mansir's Book Store

Admission 35 cts. Children 25 cts.

Reserved Seats 50 cts.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, DENVER.

"They are simply unapproachable."
DETROIT FREE PRESS.

"They have no competitors and can
have no successors."
REV. CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

"I never so enjoyed music."
Harrison.

Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and
special invitation for Presidents
Prime Ministers, and that sung by
quests of Kings and Queens and
fully successful tours aboard, the
University, that made two wonder
earnings to the building of Fisk
that devoted over $150,000 of its

THIS IS THE COMPANY

UNIMITABLE CONCERTS

—FOR ONE OF THEIR—

CHARLES MUMFORD, MANAGER

ORIGINAL COMPANY,
From Fisk University,
Nashville, Tenn.,

FISKE JUBILEE SINGERS

Engagement, of the
world-famed.

Saturday November 21st, '91

—One Night Only—

RICHMOND OPERA HOUSE

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

Written for the Bee.

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ARY 15, 1892.



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### Newspaper Notes.

The *Republican Journal* of Belfast, ap-
peared last week enlarged and improved. It
has been changed to quarto form, and is
now one of the handsomest eight-page
papers in the State. Its typographical ap-
pearance, however, could not be improved.
In this respect it was always so near per-
fection as to render further advancement
impossible. The *Journal* is known all over
New England as a model paper, and in its
present convenient form it will be heartily
welcomed by its old-time friends and sup-
porters. The Bee admires the *Journal*, and
wishes long life and prosperity to its en-
terprising publishers and editors, who are
doing good work in the newspaper field.

To congratulate the Belfast *Age* on its
change from a blanket sheet to an eight-
page paper is to offer tardy recognition.
However, it is never to late to bestow de-
served praise on an esteemed contemporary,
and in this connection we will say that the
*Age* is now one of the best printed papers
in Maine, while its subject matter equals
its typographical appearance. Belfast seems
to have a monopoly of ~~any two~~ printers
employed in more pretentious es-
tablishments in larger cities. The *Age* has
reason to be proud of itself. It is a credit to
the State.

### A Good Hound Lost.

A hound belonging to J. W. Alexander
started a fox a few days since, near the new
road. The frightened animal made across the
country, coming out at the river just below
the campground station, with the dog close
at his heels. The fox ran out on the ice, and
broke through, and was drowned before
the dog put after him. The hound, however,
help could reach him. The fox got safely
across, and ran out of sight over the Dres-
den hills. The hound was a good one, his
owner having refused twenty-five dollars
for him.

### A Good Sheet.

Copy for the High School advertising
sheet is in hand. The village tradesmen
have engaged space with their accustomed
liberality, and if the publication is properly
distributed it will prove as good a medium
as has ever been issued for local circulation.
The BEE hopes that it may prove alike pro-
fitable for the publishers and advertisers.

### Fox Hunters.

A grocer's clerk called at the home
Dorr, the other day, and was unable
inside the wood-shed, it was so full
skins. He came straight to the Bee
and reported the remarkable circumst
Fred Webber started out, the othe
and after a rather hard run killed a f
that Webber got two foxes yesterday.
carcass. Speaking of carcasses remi
the trail later, arrived in time to
skinned him. Daniel Huntington,
he was sick abed.

### A Group of Artists.

In speaking of the concert to be gi
Brunswick January 21st, the *Tel*
says: "Among the players
who for a number of years
Bliss orchestra at Berlin, and afterwar
Haus Richter in London. On coming
this country he was violin soloist wi
Mendelssohn Quintett Club of Bosto
excells in quartette and solo playing. H
Weiner, flutist, was also with the B
the principal European countries. H
chestra and played with great success
also been a member of the Thomas orc
and the Boston Philharmonic Club
accompanied Mme. Eleika Gerstal
Damrosch Musical Festival."

| Years | Kennebec River | Penobscot River | Cathance River | Coast and Interior |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1880 | 1,102,600 | 42,300 | 5,300 | 41,200 |
| 1881 | 399,600 | 1,000 | 279,000 | 815,000 |
| 1882 | 309,525 | 9,500 | 20,500 | 837,000 |
| 1883 | 317,190 | 50,030 | 151,000 | 793,030 |
| 1884 | 683,850 | 21,601 | 116,030 | 638,000 |
| 1885 | 418,930 | 8,603 | 101,630 | 938,900 |
| 1886 | 197,700 | 10,003 | 58,500 | 921,830 |
| 1887 | 297,900 | 22,700 | 112,300 | 971,900 |
| 1888 | 247,100 | 32,000 | 146,000 | 927,030 |
| 1889 | 180,030 | 20,303 | 81,000 | 690,000 |

### Ice Statistics.

Paymaster Ballard of the Knickerbo-
Ice Company, furnishes an interesting
cle on "Maine's Ice Industry," to b
lished in the next report of the Comm
er of Labor Statistics. The account,
is too long for publication in these co
cludes with the following table
senting the Maine ice harvest for
ten years:

### Farmers' Institute.

[illegible] who operated it was frightened, and told
[illegible] did its work so easily that
[illegible] recommendation reminds the Bee
[illegible] ought to speak a good word for him.

pledge was placed on the platform and sign-
ers invited to come forward. "Loony"
Oliver headed the list, Mel Crooker followed
and soon fifteen names were on the paper.
In the evening a similar session was held,
at this time the hall being packed, and fifty
names were placed on the pledge before ad-
journment, several being added afterward.
Mr. Doutney asks all people who want to see
alcohol put down to unite in the work—not
to endorse him, but to present a united force
that shall make itself felt for the destruction
of the saloon."

BUBBLES, NO 29.

SIGHTS O

We left Port
morning, July 1
Victoria, B. C.,
family is to remai
alaska, when they
er to Yokahama

Victoria is a c
tants. It is situa
extremity of Va
it finely located,
spot of ground at
little bay, which
for a small craft,
go inside with
only from fou
water.

Sunday after
went on shore a
for a ride about
the same "Big
of the carriage
starboard after-
did not oblige us
ever so after el

served as a
ed at the edge
upon it was
admission to
When he had
stions, and had
or and shaved
umped without
from whence
nd blowing, to
his tormentors

"allowed he
anyway." He

Our boys could not resist the
tion to become monkey h
four of them were allowed
shore in a boat and try
The mud, however, prove
for landing, and as they ha
to take along a supply of
on the monkeys' tails they w
to return to the ship empty
After three days' stay in
we left for Labuan, which
reached after a run of two da
we found a small settlement o
fifty European-built hous

The Post Commander

show some of
these days.
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ng has got
erhaps their
ng; at any
ments were
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anson, East
Livermore
, Belgrade;
salboro; Au-
nd, N. H.;
fus Webber,
ham; C. B.
Vinalhaven;
; Edward
Smith, Au-

Augusta
ound a box
enjoyed by

fine band
en left for

# ANNUAL REUNION NINETEENTH MAINE

The 19th Maine Regiment Association held its annual reunion at the branch Wednesday and the day was thoroughly enjoyed. The party commenced to arrive early and were taken in hand by guides of interest d dinner at roceeded to business

rder by the Richmond, secretary,

Col. William
ranch greet-
well chosen
ere given a
ring commit-

ter, H. F.
Rufus Max-
W. S. Vinal
e on resolu-
nes Phillips;
kers, H. W.
fus Maxwell,
President,
salboro; vice
of Belgrade;
s Adams of
was chosen
has been re-
nimous vote.
as appointed
John McKay

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t year were
A, John F.
Smith; Co.
James Col-
B. Norris, C.
. Treat; Co.
Charles H.
Co. K, Jo-
. Poor and

# 46 STAR FLAG DESIGNED BY TALLMAN OF MAINE

York Daily
June 20th 1906

It is not generally known that the person who suggested the arrangement for the stars on the United States flag which became effective July 4 last is a Maine man.

After the admission of Oklahoma to statehood, Charles E. Tallman, U. S. N., retired, of Richmond, made a sixteen inch flag with forty-six stars and forwarded it to the state department at Washington.

The state department referred the matter to the navy department.

A few days later Mr. Tallman received notice to the effect that his arrangement was one of those which was being considered. Later it was officially announced that Mr. Tallman's arrangement had been selected.

After the new flags appeared he presented one to each schoolhouse in his town and gave the teachers and pupils special instructions regarding the raising thereof.

Charles E. Tallman was born in Richmond, Me., March 14, 1842.

On September 11, 1866, at Boston, Mass., he married Mary Thomas and they had four children—Cynthia E., Daniel C., Lizette and Harry T.. Mrs. Tallman died February 6, 1902. On June 14, 1907, he again married, his second wife being Mrs. Georgianna Hersey, of Kittery.

On January 9, 1864, Mr. Tallman enlisted for three years as a private in Company A, Captain J. W. Spaulding, Nineteenth Maine Volunteer infantry, which was commanded by Colonel L. H. Stairbird . This regiment was attached to the Second army corps, Army of the Potomac.

He served but a short time in the army, being discharged at Brandy station, Va., April 25, 1864, and transferred to the navy, where he first saw service at the Brooklyn navy yard, on board the United States revenue steamship North Coralina. In May, 1864, he was assigned to the United States steamship Bienville, then at that yard. The ship soon joined the West Gulf blockading squadron, which was under command of Rear Admiral David G. Farragut. She continued on patrol and blockade duty in the Gulf of Mexico and participated in the battle of Mobile, when Farragut made his famous entry into Mobile bay. The Bienville also assisted in the bombardment of the forts at Galveston and continued to do duty off Mobile and Pensacola until the next April.

Mr. Tallman was then transferred to the United States steamship Richmond, bearing the pennant of Acting Rear Admiral Hervey K. Thatcher, who had assumed command of the gulf squadron. After a few months' service on the Richmond he was transferred to the United States steamship Estrella, at Pensacola. The Estrella was at about the same time made the flagship of Rear Admiral Thatcher. Mr. Tallman was promoted and rated as sail-maker's mate. He spent a year cruising in the gulf and visiting various ports.

He was then honorably discharged from the service.

On June 24, 1876, Mr. Tallman again enlisted in the navy. Six months later he was made a warrant officer with grade of sailmaker.

In January, 1878, he was assigned to duty on the United States steamship Ossipee, on board which vessel he cruised in the Caribbean sea. At Portsmouth, N. H., in November, 1878, he was assigned to the United States steamship Ticonderoga, which was detained on special service and carried important despatches.

In June, 1879, Mr. Tallman was detached from the Ticonderoga and placed on waiting orders until December, when he was ordered on duty on the United States revenue steamship Wabash, at the Boston navy yard. He continued on this duty until the latter part of the next year, when he was assigned to the United States training ship Saratoga, which carried the apprentice boys of the navy.

In 1882 the Saratoga, as flagship of the training squadron, made an extended cruise, visiting many ports on both sides of the Atlantic.

In January, 1884, Mr. Tallman was detached from the Saratoga and awaited orders at home until December of that year, when he was assigned to duty at the United States naval academy and assisted in the instruction of the midshipmen.

In January, 1887, he went to the United States navy yard at Boston. He was assigned to duty in the storekeeper's department, and remained there until July, 1890, when he was placed on waiting orders.

In April, 1891, he was ordered to the United States steamship Marion as fleet sailmaker to Rear Admiral G. E. Belknap. With the Marion as flagship Admiral Belknap joined the Asiatic squadron and cruised in the waters of China, Japan and the East Indies.

In 1893 he was for some time confined at the United States Naval hospital at Yokohama, Japan, with a severe attack of fever.

In 1894 Mr. Tallman was detached from the Marion, and returning home in May, 1895, he was attached to the gunnery schools at Washington, where he remained until November, when he was ordered on duty at the Portsmouth navy yard. He remained there until October, 1897, when he was retired.

In March, 1898, he was ordered to duty on the United States receiving ship Vermont, at the New York navy yard. He was at this yard until after the close of the Spanish war, when he was sent to Boston, doing duty there on the United States receiving ship Wabash.

On October 29, 1898, he was again retired from active duty in the United States navy by reason of disability incurred in the line of duty.

During his terms of service Mr. Tallman visited ports in all parts of the world, and has a traveling record of 350,000 miles.

In 1902 he served as recruiting officer for the district of Maine, and in June, 1906, he was promoted to chief sailmaker.

—Mr. Tallman is a member of John Merrill post, G. A. R., of which he is a past commander. He is also a member of the Masons, Pilgrim Fathers and Naval Veterans.

He has at his home a large and valuable collection of curios and relics which he collected during his travels in all parts of the world.

their homes.

recorded of the opening and closing of
the Kennebec River above Bath, sent
the Times the following postcard this
morning: "The Kennebec is plugged
up again tight as a bottle up this
way. Men are staking out a road
across the ferry this morning."

# TOOK HIS LIFE AFTER PLANNING CREMATION

### Aged Man Paid Burial Company Ten Dollars to Insure That Body Would Be Burned, Then Shot Himself

New York, Jan. 19.—Almost immediately after completing arrangements for the cremation of his body, an old man, later identified as Thomas H. Hutchins, of this city, committed suicide on the steps of the West Twentieth street police station tonight by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. Hutchins visite the office of the Stephen Merritt Burial company early in the evening and after a casual chat with the manager, R. W. Radcliffe, expressed a desire to leave a deposit of ten dollars to insure the cremation "of his body" in case of accident. Hutchins gave no indication of harboring intention of putting a sudden end to his existence and hummed and whistled to himself as Radcliffe made out a receipt for $10.

He exchanged a few pleasant remarks about the weather and then asked to be permitted to sit at the manager's desk to write a letter.

The letter written, Hutchins, still in apparent good humor, asked to be directed to the nearest police station and departed.

At the West Twentieth street station the old man engaged the door keeper in a desultory conversation concerning some fancied family trouble, but soon turned away. On the doorstep, however, he paused and pulling a revolver from an inside pocket, fired a bullet through his head. Policemen carried the old man into the station house, but before the ambulance could reach the scene the old man had passed away.

It was in searching him for papers or other marks of identification that the receipt from the burial company, less than an hour old, was discovered.

## HAD DUCKS IN A BAG

### Negro Suspected of Theft Held for Further Hearing

Baltimore, Jan. 19.—"What have you in that bag?" asked Patrolman Edward Stempl of a man walking on Pratt street this morning with a bag on his shoulder.

"I don't think it's any of your business," replied Herbert Kinner, colored; but "Quack! quack!" resounded from the bag and then there came a fluttering.

"That's all right, young man; I'll make it my business," and Kinner and his cackling bag were brought to the Central police station, and now Captain Henry and his men have three prisoners, as the bag contained two large green ducks.

"Where did you get the ducks?" asked Justice Grannan.

"I bought them from a man," replied Kinner.

"Where does the man live?"

"I don't know, but they're my ducks."

"Where do you live?"

"Up town; but that makes no difference."

"Well, I'll hold you for a further hearing a week from today, and in the meantime the police may [illegible]

work done at Washington challeng the wonder and respect of the expe of the world. Whoever will take t trouble to read the reports which sue from these 200 offices will fi that he is reading the work of m and women whom he cannot he respecting, who are thoroughly with the times. The winter seas is a little age to call together t chiefs of administration from all pa of the world, indeed, where they ha been engaged in their duties. Of t the consequence is that for the months of winter there are an unus number of scientific men of the fi ability joined to such men who always there. Probably no univers in the world could bring together large a body of accomplished men science as could be collected at o in the winter months at Washingt The educators of America have fou this out. Different religious bod have found it out, and, wholly ap from the larger system of popu education maintained by the distr commissioners and by the other n tional schools which I have nam there are five universities in Wa ington, some of which are largely e dowed. They bring together a la number of students—men and wom —who have found out the advanta of Washington as a place of stu There are a great many priv schools, mostly for young wom which collect scholars from all pa of the nation. I do not wish touch any personal susceptibiliti but I will say that there is not pu library in America where one wo with more thorough satisfaction th he does in the Library of Congre The Carnegie library, also, admira ly administered, is an object les for people who are learning how administer a public library.

I hope this severely abridged ske of the work of a capital city n give a hint to visitors as to w they can see and hear and learn they want to. Shall I give an ill tration or two? I fell in one even with a distinguished metallurgist w told a funny story of a little house whose scanty quarters he had b able to turn round and look on the platinum in the world—abo below and on the four sides. A again, I remember that Mr. Kipl told me that he had come to Wa ington to study the habits of s beasts in the zoological gardens. once saw in Washington the larg plantigrade in the world as he st on what I supposed were his h legs and reached out what I s posed was his hand to the tree ab him. I also saw in Washington greatest man of the 19th cent When my daughter was a little I took her to the observatory, and we came home I said to her: "" can tell the other girls that you h seen the largest planet in the s system through the best telescope the world, and that it was shown you by the most distinguished astr omer."

## Man and His Ways

That an artist should be alive painted Lord Palmerston, Cob Kingsley and Maurice is remarka but that was the case only a week in the person of Mr. Lowes Dickin whose name has just appeared in obituaries. There have probably few painters not in the first rank have limned such a series of the g men of their age, and certainly n who have so completely illustrated great Victorian era. In addition to above, Queen Victoria, King Edw Gladstone, Bright, Ruskin Hughes, Mather, A

# ANNUAL REUNION NINETEENTH MAINE

The 19th Maine Regiment Association held its annual reunion at the branch Wednesday and the day was thoroughly enjoyed. The party commenced to arrive early and were taken in hand by guides and shown all the points of interest about the grounds. They had dinner at the Home Hotel and then proceeded to Grand Army hall, where the business meeting was held.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Charles Tollman of Richmond, prayer being offered by the secretary, Silas Adams of Waterville. Col. William P. Hurley, governor of the branch, greeted the party with a few well chosen words of welcome which were given a rousing applause. The following committees were appointed:

The committee on the roster, B. F. Charles, H. W. Nye, E. Gray, Rufus Maxwell, Benjamin Fairbanks, W. S. Vinal and W. F. Willis; committee on resolutions, C. E. Burrill and James Phillips; committee on election of officers, H. W. Nye, Melville Smith and Rufus Maxwell, who reported as follows: President, James Phillips of North Vassalboro; vice president, B. F. Fairbanks of Belgrade; secretary and treasurer, Silas Adams of Waterville. Comrade Adams was chosen for this office in 1879 and has been re-elected each year by a unanimous vote. The executive committee was appointed as follows: James Phillips, John McKay and J. L. Merrick.

Comrade H. M. Nye of Forth Worth, Texas, extended a vote of thanks on behalf of the association for the many courtesies shown by the officers and members of the Home to the visitors.

Letters of absent members were read. The next meeting will be held some time in August, 1918, in East Vassalboro.

The regiment went into the service with 1000 men, recruited up to about 1800. It has today 135 original members, 37 recruits and 28 transfers, making the total of 200.

The deaths for the past year were reported as follows: Co. A, John F. Chadbourn; Co. B, Edwin Smith; Co. D, B. C. Sherman; Co. E, James Colson, John Baker, Charles B. Norris, C. E. Campbell and James M. Treat; Co. G, Frank Parlin; Co. H, Charles H. James and Henry Elliott; Co. K, Joseph W. Winter, Levi M. Poor and General Selden Connor.

Among those present were: B. F. Charles, Oakland; T. J. Caribert, Richmond; Oscar Mayo of Waterville; H. W. Nye, Fort Worth, Texas; Moses Lambert, Monroe; J. W. Wilbur, Lisbon Falls; Henry A. George, Norridgewock; Herbert T. Scribner, Searsport; J. F. Connor, Boston; C. H. Jackson, South China; B. D. Hanson, South China; Daniel B. Hanson, East Vassalboro; A. J. Davis, Livermore Falls; B. F. Fairbanks, Belgrade; James Phillips, North Vassalboro; Augustus Washburn, Vineland, N. H.; C. E. Burrill, Canaan; Rufus Webber, Clinton; C. H. Stuart, Gorham; C. B. Vinal and W. S. Vinal, Vinalhaven; W. J. Willis, Winnegance; Edward Curtis, Bath, and Melville Smith, Augusta; also many ladies.

Walter Poor and son of Augusta were present and passed around a box of fine cigars which were enjoyed by the comrades.

The party attended the fine band concert from 3 to 4, and then left for their homes.

## WAR TAX

(Continued from Page One)

Hollis offered an amendment with rates graduated from 20 to 70 per cent. Both systems would begin the tax at profits over 15 per cent and have the maximum apply to those over 300 per cent.

Support of the committee amendment was announced by Senator Poindexter, Republican, who said he be-



Henderson and family, Walter Henderson and family, and Jerry Henderson, who have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Frank Messenger, have returned to Boston by auto.

Mrs. C. E. Arthur and sons Robert and Charles and Miss Florence Cobb of Uplands, Ind., have gone to Kent's Hill for a visit with friends.

The Knights of Columbus are planning a big winter in the entertainment line, also in the Knights of Columbus war fund, having already formed committees to go ahead to report ways and means.

Mrs. Kate Swift of Boston is the guest of her brother, Augustus Whitney, Grant street, Farmingdale, called here by the illness of her sister, Miss Nellie Whitney.

Mrs. A. A. Walsh and children, Grace and Dwight, have returned from a few weeks' stay at their farm in Leeds. They were accompanied home by Master Calvin Hutchings, who has been their guest.

### Mrs. Frances B. Ferrell

Mrs. Frances B. Ferrell passed away Tuesday night at her home on Spring street, aged 73 years. She came to Gardiner about seven years ago from Whitefield. The remains will be taken to Whitefield and the funeral held at Saint Dennis church Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

### Bradstreet-Jones

Married Sept. 3 by Rev. R. W. Plant, Horace Arthur Bradstreet and Ruth Hodgkins Jones, both of Gardiner.

### This Is the Day

At 2.30 o'clock the Red Cross sale will open on the grounds of Mrs. H. A. White, (Pleasant street entrance). Every preparation has been made for a very unusual event. Something of interest for everybody, not forgetting the children. No admission charge. Come and help Gardiner maintain the high standard of its Red Cross Chapter. If the weather forbids the sale will be the next day. The children will be especially interested in the monkey and the little "Shaker" will prove a decided attraction.

## SCARBOROUGH

(Continued from Page One)

killed and five injured, but little material damage was caused.

The official announcement reads:

"A hostile submarine appeared off Scarborough about 6.45 o'clock last night and fired about 30 rounds, about half of which fell on land. Three persons were killed and five injured. The material damage was slight."

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Our boys could not resist the temptation to become monkey hunters, and four of them were allowed to go on shore in a boat and try their luck. The mud, however, proved too deep for landing, and as they had forgotten to take along a supply of salt to put on the monkeys' tails they were forced to return to the ship empty handed.

After three days' stay in Sarawak we left for Labuan, which port we reached after a run of two days. There we found a small settlement of perhaps fifty European-built houses, and twice as many bamboo huts. We remained three days and entertained half a dozen English and Dutch residents (God knows for what or for why) and left, after procuring a supply of the worst coal I have seen yet—and the best is bad enough.

Labuan is a small island on the west coast of North Borneo. The village is called Victoria. While in port some of the ship's officers went on a gunning expedition. They shot two deers and a tame cow. For the last named animal they paid twenty-nine mexicans, and left her carcass with her owner.

While in port we were visited by Captain A. M. Curtis of Bowdoinham, Me., at present commanding the Bath ship James Drummond. She is loading sugar and expects to sail for the States in about three weeks. It was good for sore eyes to see "the old man" looking so hale and hearty, and in the course of an hour's conversation we traveled all over Richmond, Bowdoinham and vicinity.

From Labuan we steamed to Iloilo, across the Sulu Sea. We arrived after a three days' passage. Not having clearance papers from our last port there was some difficulty about getting *pratigue*, and on our arrival we were not permitted to land. In a short time, however, *pratigue* was granted and landing permitted. "Yloilo" (as it is spelled here) is under Spanish control and numbers about 10,000 inhabitants. There are a few English and Americans doing business in the place, but not enough to make their influence felt to any extent. The houses are mostly adobe, with corrugated iron roofs. They are all of two storys. The lower, or street floor, is occupied by horses and carriages. In case a family owns no teams the house is built on stilts, thus leaving the lower story open. The upper, or living floor, consists of one apartment divided into dining, sleeping room and parlor by Japanese screens. The culinary department is outside. As it is always warm weather fires are not needed; consequently, chimneys are unknown.

Some of the influential citizens furnished a box at the opera for the officers of the Marion, and also invited them to a banquet and ball. We returned the compliment by giving a rousing reception on board the ship. It came near being a stag party, however, for there were only three ladies to twenty-five men. At the ball on [illegible]. Our artist has taken many fine views, which I hope to show some of the BEE's readers one of these days.

The customary functions were omitted at Manila. I guess the gang has got tired of the business, and perhaps their pocket books are weakening; at any rate, the foolish entertainments were dispensed with, and on the 4th of May we sailed for Hong Kong where we arrived in due season, making the run of 755 miles in three days and seven hours. How long we are to stay, or where we are to go, no one knows. Our chance for New York looks favorable at present, and I hope to see the "home colors" flying soon. Meanwhile, we are all well on board, and your correspondent concludes with kind regards to all inquiring friends in Richmond.

C. E. T.

Hong Kong, May 7, 1893.

## SHE CAUGHT THE COACH.

IF A WOMAN WILL, SHE WILL.

Some workmen, raising a safe to one of the upper windows in a house on Fifth Avenue, two or three doors south of Twenty-ninth street, the other day, stretched a rope across the walk to prevent pedestrians from getting in the way. A placard marked "Danger" was placed near it, and no one was allowed to pass without remonstrance from some of the workmen. The rope was about three feet from the walk and stretched taut.

A well dressed lady, apparently sixty years of age, came up the walk as fast as her feet could carry her. She had a shopping bag in one hand and in the other was a parasol, with which she was trying to attract the attention of the driver of a Fifth Avenue stage. She did not see the rope or the "Danger" sign.

"Don't go there," said one of the workmen, as she approached.

"I want to catch that coach," she said in a shrill voice, as she came up to the rope.

"You can't pass," said the workman.

"I'm a-goin' to catch that coach on the next corner," she said. "You've no business to tie ropes across the street like this."

"You'll have to go around," replied the workman.

The old lady looked toward the street. Two teams were lined up against the curb-stone, and she could not pass between them.

"I'm a-goin' to catch that coach," she cried, and in an instant she passed her parasol into the hand which held the shopping bag, and placing the other on the rope, vaulted over it, gave her skirts a little brush, and was gone before any one could stop her.

She caught the coach.—*New York Times.*

MOND BE

Y, JUNE 16, 1893.

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city I saw but little of the place, the weather being too warm for exertion. Batavia belongs to the Dutch, and is the only important city in Java and the largest in the Eastern Islands as well, numbering 600,000 inhabitants. The day before we sailed we entertained a party of ladies and gentlemen (all Europeans) from the shore. Our band furnished music for dancing. Having mentioned the band in previous letters, musically inclined readers may be pleased to learn that its membership is unchanged, and that it is flourishing.

We left Batavia for Sarawak, Borneo, where we arrived after a three days' passage. We went up the river some fifteen miles to the mouth of another stream, where a guide-board, directing the way to Kichiong, was planted. The town is situated nine miles up the river. Sarawak is a tract of land on the northwest part of Borneo. It is governed by a Rajah—an official similar to a king, or literally, "king of kings." The town is small, numbering perhaps 10,000 inhabitants, among whom are about twenty Europeans. We gave the usual entertainment, our guests consisting of five ladies and ten gentlemen. To entertain people one never saw before and never expects to see again is a perfect nuisance. If Government paid the bills it would help the matter somewhat, but it does not. The cost is a matter of personal expense to the officers, and some of them are beginning to get tired of it. The people, however, were very friendly and agreeable, and the Rajah gave us his steam yacht to use in going to and from the town, which was extremely obliging on his part.

The story goes that the uncle of the present Rajah, Sir James Brooke, was a midshipman on board an English ship and was put on shore for some misdemeanor or other. His banishment was a fortunate thing for him, as he managed to get a large tract of land from the natives, and was backed up in the deal, after using his influence toward getting the island for an English coaling station. Sarawak is rich in antimony, iron and coffee, its revenues yielding the present Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, the comfortable income of $120,000 annually.

We failed to discover the wild man of Borneo, but along the river banks we saw scores of monkeys and birds of beautiful plumage. One day we saw on the shore a whole family of monkeys, ranging in size from two (supposed to be the parents) as big as men and women, to little bits of babies

shore twenty ladies were present. The reader can draw his own inference.

We shall be glad to get into a civilized country once more, for we are running short of grub. We can't buy anything in these latitudes but pineapples, bananas and poultry, and the birds are tough as India rubber. Then, too, provisions are very expensive. Potatoes are four dollars a bushel, and are unfit to eat at that. Other necessaries of life are proportionally high.

The mens' names were posted on the bulletin, one day recently, with the request that each man mark against his name his choice of destination between California and the Atlantic states Seventeen were for California, while out of 185 men all, with two exceptions, were for the East. The two men referred to declared that they didn't care a D—n where they went: a statement indicating total depravity, or something very near it.

Our course from Iloilo lay to the eastward of Mindora, passing between it and Luzon. It was a fine passage, marked by lovely scenery and moonlight evenings whose coolness was refreshing after the extreme heat of the day. At night we saw along the shore fires built by the natives engaged in making sugar. It is so warm in the day time that all the work is done at night.

After a two days' run we arrived safe and sound at Manila. Like all Spanish cities it has its spacious plazas, its cathedrals and theatres, its cock and bull fights. It is the greatest cigar market in the world. Some of the cigar factories are 300 feet square, on the ground, and there are scores of smaller concerns. The inhabitants are principally Celebeans, with quite a number of Spaniads and a sprinkling of Chinese, of course. A little river, running through the town, is very convenient for mercantile purposes.

We found a mail,—the first we had received for a month,—awaiting us in port. It brought a swarm of Bees buzzing into my room, and though they were a trifle aged they were none the less welcome, I assure you.

A ripple of amusement occasionally disturbs our monotonous sea of existence. We enjoyed one recently when "our special artist" undertook to photograph the happy family on board the ship. The said family consists of a monkey, a parrot, a Japanese pug and an Angora cat. Anderson, who probably has had a somewhat similar experience in attempting to photograph "the baby," can appreciate the situa-

# HE RICHM

RICHMOND, MAINE, FRID


## Poetry

### PATHWAYS THROUGH LIFE.

You say that your life is a failure,
Your future holds naught that is sweet,
That the troublous years bring little but tears,
But always, always defeat.

Mistakes—aye, sins you call them—
May cover your past like a pall,
But the soul that is strong to outlive its wrong
Is the bravest soul of all.

You long to go forth in battle
But your feet are fettered quite;
Remember, who serve in corps of reserve
May be able as those who fight.

You chafe to enter the races
For pleasure and gold and fame;
Yet many who win 'mid the plaudits' din
Find the prize but an empty name.

The toil that is yours seems fruitless,
Your days are dreary and long,
But the lowliest duty may glow with beauty
When wrought with a cheerful song.

The world's best sweets are denied you,
You have tasted earth's cup of woe;
But who suffers to give that others may live
Has the noblest life, I trow.

Oh, let us, my friend, do bravely
The work that to us is given,
And smile in belief that what causes us grief
May keep us the closer to heaven.

The pathways we traverse are many,
And some are by barrenest strand;
But with vision grown wide we shall wonder,
For they led to the Beautiful Land.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES. NO. 42.

### A CRUISE IN EASTERN PORTS.

Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary I am happy to inform you that your correspondent is still on deck, and able to dispose of his rations with an unusually good appetite. I was surprised to hear that I had crossed the Great Divide, but was reassured by the ever-hopeful and always-truthful BEE, which informed me that I was still in the land of the living.

'Tis true that I was a little under the weather, due to the fact, as the hospital ticket had it, "of general debility brought on by sedentary habits concomitant to life on board ship." My illness, however, though troublesome, was not necessarily alarming. I was sent from Shanghai to the United States hospital at Yokahama, and after spending fifty-four days in that institution was ordered to report on board the United States ship Marion at Singapore.

they were obliged to worry along on four meals a day. Among the latter passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, missionaries at Tokio, who were on their way to visit New York. Another second-class passenger was Mr. Foley of Boston, who, by the way, was quite a star. One evening we started a concert, which was so well received that the Captain gave the ship up to us entirely. Mr. Foley kept on toward home, while I was obliged to leave at Singapore. Before my arrival, however, the Captain and several passengers invited me to attend a spiritual seance that was held in the grand saloon, the Captain informing me that everybody was sorry to have me leave the ship as "I had so ingratiated myself into their hearts that I would ever be remembered."

At the end of a very pleasant passage of sixteen days I went on shore at Singapore. As the Marion was not in port I put up at a four-dollar-a-day hotel—the meanest place for feed that I ever struck in any quarter of the globe. I was there eight days, and my only wonder is that I am alive to tell of it. There are two hotels in the place that are miscalled "first-class." They cover lots of ground and comprise several buildings, none of which are more than two stories high. This rule holds good all over the town, and there is not a chimney in the city except a few at some of the factories. The hotels make some pretense to style, but they don't break their necks doing it: in fact, it's too hot here for exertion. At the table I was struck by a new idea, and that was the name of the soup *in* the soup; the letters spelling the word being made from flat macaroni. The rooms in the house are cool and neatly kept, but are not provided with gas or bells. All the servants are Chinamen, and if one is wanted the guest must shout for him. An old fellow whose room adjoined mine must be a regular fog horn by this time, if lung exercise has been of any benefit to him.

Singapore is an English settlement on the lower extremity of the Malay peninsular. It looks old, though its existence dates back only half a century. It is under British rule but there are not more than 5,000 Europeans in the place. The city is well laid out, its streets are clean and it has many fine drives and parks. In a botanical garden I saw a plant called "Ramin," which is used to adulterate silk. The stalk is pounded and combed

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I left Yokahama on the steamer Caledonian, bound for Singapore, and touching at way stations. At Shanghai we changed to the steamer Sydney of the same line, which carried us to our destination. On these steamers no pains or expense are spared to promote the comfort and pleasure of passengers. It is seldom that English speaking people travel on this Marsellaise line, but on board the Sydney there were several English merchants and travelers. On my right at the table was Sir Richard Musgrave, and on my left a Chinese Mandarin. Opposite sat a young lady from Ohio—a veritable "globe trotter"—and a merchant from Singapore. There were, of course, several others at the table, but these being my nearest neighbors I naturally mention them.

There are nine iron steamers belonging to this line. They are built of iron, are very sharp forward, are 450 feet long and of 4,000 tons displacement, and can easily make seventeen knots an hour. The meals served are of the best and there are six a day—i. e., Coffee from six to eight, a. m.; Breakfast, 9:30 to 10:30; Tiffin, 1, p. m.; Tea, 4; Dinner, 6; Tea, 9 o'clock. Refreshments, including wines and liquors, are to be had at all hours, and hot and cold baths may be enjoyed at any time. Every room in the ship is provided with electric lights and bells, while a smoking room, music room, etc., adds to the comfort and convenience of the passengers. First-class is aft on board these ships, second is forward of 'midships, while third and fourth are still nearer the bow. The spar deck aft is one grand promenade—say for 250 feet; forward it is used by the third and fourth-class passengers. Then come the stables, where are the live stock consisting of oxen, calves, sheep, swine, poultry, etc. A large-sized ice house furnished an agreeable luxury which was appreciated after leaving Hong Kong. The foremast hands, aside from the requisite number of French seamen, consist of Lascars, Sepoys, Cingalese, Chinese, etc. It is the greatest mess of men I ever saw—worse than the fourteen nationalities on board the Marion. All the officers and waiters are French, and scarcely one of them understands a word of English; but your correspondent knows what he wants and isn't afraid to ask for it, and you can bet that he generally manages to make himself understood.

It was expected that all would appear at dinner at the same time. Full dress was not insisted upon, though gentlemen, as a rule, wore dark clothes. Ladies dressed as they pleased. The various courses were served with much ceremony and great deliberation, and I felt like the old farmer who told a New York hotel waiter to "fetch on the victuals and he'd help himself, b'gosh." The second-class passengers had the same food that was served aft, though it was accompanied by fewer silver forks and napkin rings, and so that it puzzles an expert to detect it.

The inhabitants are chiefly Malays, and their native language is mainly spoken in the city. The weather is so warm that the people do not venture out until half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, unless they are obliged to: then they enjoy their drives, play cricket, tennis, and other games. In the club grounds opposite the hotel I saw a few matched games of tennis played by professionals. It made me tired. If the boys in Jim Proctor's back yard couldn't put up a better game they'd throw down their rackets in disgust.

The most interesting creatures here are the ponies—pretty little horses of about 600 pounds weight and capable of going like the wind. The Victoria seems to be the favorite among private carriages. It generally is drawn by two ponies and is accompanied by a coachman and footman. The wealthy Chinese,—and there are many in the city,—own the best turnouts and put on the most style. I saw a fine carriage, drawn by two English horses and with a coachman and footman on the box and a "tiger" in the rumble. The top was down but the gate was closed, and on top of the gate rested a naked human foot. It belonged to a big Chinaman who, dressed in light marching order, was lying back on the cushions quite at his ease. A yard of dungaree will make a whole suit for a Chinaman, and some of their out-door costumes would create a sensation if worn on Boston Common or in Central Park.

The oxen used here for beasts of burden resemble an alleged "sacred ox" that I once saw in the Barnum show. They have very long, smooth horns, and carry a hump between their shoulders. At the hotel is a curiosity in the form of a deer with hair on its horns and a tail like a horse's. This, I presume, is another "sacred" animal. The game in the adjoining county consists of deer, snakes, wild pigs, turkeys and a few tigers. The latter are by no means the tame looking creatures exhibited in cages at home, but are regular royal Bengals. While I was in the town one of them ventured inside the city limits. He came too far and was captured. He was ten feet long and looked dangerous.

The Marion arrived in due season and I was glad to get on board of her. I was warmly welcomed by all hands, and was soon comfortably installed in my little pen, where I feel quite at home. Since I left the ship in Shanghia she has visited several ports, and judging from the accounts of parties, balls and junketing generally, her officers have enjoyed a continual Fourth of July picnic. After five day's stay in Singapore we sailed for Batavia, Java. All went well until one Saturday evening, when the ship was hailed and ordered to heave to. Some of the youngsters rushed to the conclusion that we were about to be attacked by

A camp stool, barber's chair, w
of the forecast
seated the candi
Neptune's king
answered the us
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by the barber, h
ceremony into t
he emerged pu
the great delig
and the lookers-

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having stationed
the foretop and
order: "Down

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The bearer of th
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Given under ou
day of March, 18
reign the 37,493d.

(Signed)

| Recorder's Stamp. |
|---|

After His Ma
joyed the hosp
and officers, th
and the royal v
kindly wishes fo
sailors.

Then the Ma
ducks, chickens
monkeys and sa
decks in true
for at sea all ar
sailors will mak
bird, beast or re

In due season
where we laid f
ment yard, sev
the city. Thou
running betwe

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES, NO 29.

### SIGHTS ON THE SOUND

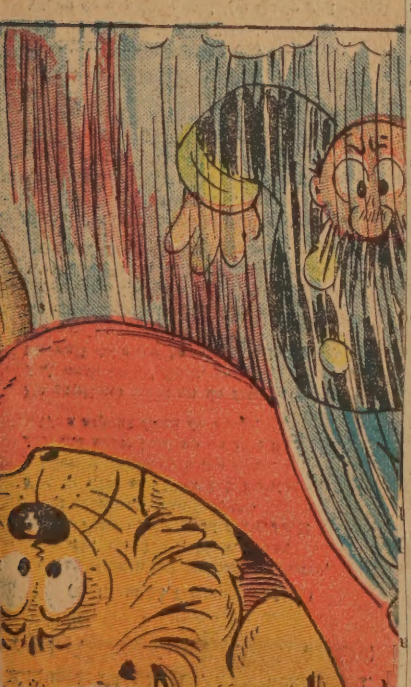
We left Port Townsend Saturday morning, July 11th, and steamed to Victoria, B. C., where the Captain's family is to remain until we leave Unalaska, when they will take the steam-

we are bound, is a coal mining station. Active Pass is narrow and the current runs swiftly. Semour Narrows, we cannot enter, though it would shorten our journey by several miles. In these Narrows there is a twenty knot current.

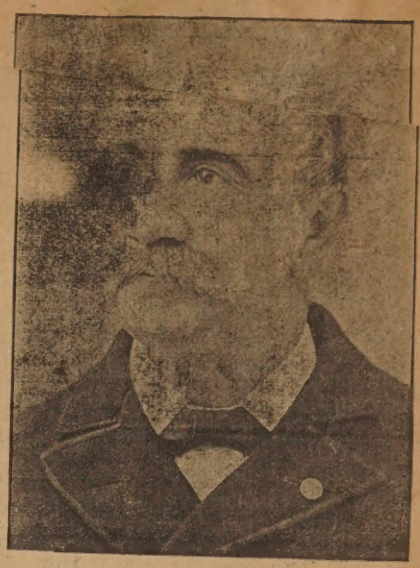
We took a pilot on the morning of the 21st, and shaped a course for Departure Bay, eighty miles distant, arriving at six o'clock, p. m. Departure Bay is a coaling station, and all the way on our passage we saw no signs of any habitation, with the exception of an occasional light-house. Since I have been on the coast I have seen more American ships than I have seen in the last twenty years. Nearly all the vessels and steamers in these waters fly the American flag. In this little bay there are four American ships, they are all down-easters.

there are the tallest girls in that I ever saw. They ride is almost great extent. With the five feet eight feet ten. It is broad guage, the rolling when, but this stage of the journey is a fine one by way of the Union Pacific. Council Bluffs we crossed Omaha, changing cars for Salt Lake opportunity of the Northwestern and Union Pacific ams. continued my journey west by way of metropolis from my overshoes and ly last,—no, mud,—of the western a struggle with malaria, I shook me." After two days in the city, "New England is good enough a place as Chicago for many a es. I don't think I have seen so ip, malaria and other similar lux- e of. No wonder they have the emen, a few ets as can be conveniently taken with as much mud and water in the The city is located on a vast plain, leave Niagara and pass on to Chicago. Kennebec at Richmond. But let us The river is not nearly as wide as the ill-brook at Richmond makes as much iss, sometimes, during a spring freshet. the banks steep, but great Scott! the It is true the water was turbulent and fifty miles; but instead I saw—what? cataract whose noise could be heard fume in torrents feather white, and a high, water rushing down a mile wide perpendicular banks a hundred feet sight in the world. I expected to see me to believe that it was the grandest was at Niagara. Descriptions had led disappointed in any scenery than I to see the country. I was never more morning, though it was light enough We crossed Niagara early in the way journeys are now-a-days.

Having been ordered by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy to proceed to Mare Island, California, and report for duty on board the United States ship Marion, your correspondent packed his grip and forthwith started for that far distant land, leaving Richmond on the 19th of April, 1891, and enjoying the first trip of the season on the good steamer Kennebec. I left Boston April 19th, by way of the Albany line, at 2:15 p. m., and arrived next day at Chicago, on time, at 4:15, p. m. The trip was without incident, as most railway journeys are now-a-days.



## The Post Commander,



C. E. TALLMAN.

*C.* E. Tallman, the newly installed commander of John Merrill Post, is no stranger to our readers. His home is in Richmond and has been for so many years that he is one of the best known men in the community. One good thing about Mr. Tallman is that he stands by his home town through thick and thin. Few men have seen more of life than Charles, but not even the sunny lands he has visited have ever had so great a charm for him as the place of his birth on the Kennebec. Mr. Tallman is both soldier and sailor, having served in the 19th Maine Infantry before going into the navy. He is a veteran of two wars and is now on the naval retired list.

Being a man of considerable executive ability, his election as commander of the Post seems most fitting and should result in great good to the order.

## OLDEST SCHOONER AFLOAT.

### C. E. Tallman of Richmond Would Have Polly at Ter-Centennial.

Charles E. Tallman, U. S. N., and wife, of Richmond were visitors in Bath today. Mr. Tallman was saluted by a friend as looking as happy as a bridegroom and confessed that that was exactly what he was, having been married in Kittery on May 14, about three hours later than the time his daughter, Miss Lizzette Tallman became Mrs. George A. Hall in this city. Mrs. Tallman was Mrs. Georgianna Hersey.

Mr. Tallman says that the Richmond people are taking an interest in the Ter-Centennial celebration and he suggests that Bath obtain the schooner Polly, the oldest schooner afloat, 102 years old, for an exhibit. The Polly is still in commission on the sea but he believes that she could easily be had for an attraction on Ter-Centennial week.

Mr. Tallman is the only veteran of two wars residing in the Kennebec valley. He was in the Civil War and Spanish War.

## Quick Work.

The steamer Kennebec arrived from Boston at nine o'clock yesterday morning, went to Gardiner and discharged her freight, and returned at noon in time to proceed to Bath

two days, we arrived at Fort Monroe tuesday eve at 9 on the 26th Nov.

Wednday at 8 A. M. Got under weigh for Norfolk Navy Yard. where we went into dry dock & examined Bottom. and found about 60 feet of Shoe gone & 30 feet of false keel. damage was repaired in two days. Floated out of dock. and took on coal & stores. & proceeded to Fort Monroe Dec 5th, to await the pleasure of Commodore Schufeldt.

Dec 7th Commodore Shufeldt came on board at 6 A. M. at 12 got under weigh for the Cruse.

Weather warm & pleasant.

Dec 11th Well. she is in a nice mess now. Had a smart blow. Jib boom. flying jib boom. Fore trysail gaff. & Dingy (small boat) gone. Fore topgallant mast on deck. considerable damage done about decks. Hope for better times hereafter.

Thurs Dec 12th Today a man fell from the main topgallant yard. On the passage down he caught ~~cast~~ on the Topsail buntline. then to the fore brace. and was assisted on to the main yard by some men who were there. then he walked down the rattlins to the deck. unhurt but somewhat shaken up.

ure and Christian life, his genial and bliging disposition, and sincere and earnest esire in all his dealings with his fellow man, o do unto others as he would wish them to o unto him, will long be sacredly cherished the hearts of those who knew him in this orld, which certainly is better by his living it.

### ot Exactly True.

Boothbay has beaten Richmond. Down the salt water town they have found a an with nerve enough to act as agent for ie local society for prevention of cruelty. Richmond a similar society was organed with some flourish some months ago, nd the man who will act as agent has not t been found.—*Bath Enterprise.*

Brother Upton is a good talker, but in the resent instance he doesn't appear to know hat he is talking about. As a matter of ct, the Richmond society found an agent the person of C. Q. Haley. Mr. Haley as appointed by Governor Burleigh, but r reasons best known to themselves the embers of the council refused to confirm ie appointment. No effort has been made secure another agent, though a dozen en, we dare say, would undertake to fill ie position if they were asked to do so.

### False Note.

*Puck*, the New York *Sun* and the Boston *Globe* are leading Democratic papers. There no discount on their Americanism as own by the extracts printed elsewhere in onnection with the Chilian correspondence. —*Belfast Journal.*

That's true enough, but right in Belfast ere exists a newspaper which says:

The "war with Chili" is over, and the pectacle of a great nation trying to bully a mall distracted country has passed into istory.

This is followed by nearly half a column of buse of President Harrison. So far as we e aware the Belfast *Age* is the only Demoatic organ to adopt this tone. If its editor an American he ought to be ashamed of mself. If he isn't his readers ought to be hamed for him.

### ight Enough.

A stock of bankrupt goods, brought from oston and offered for sale in Augusta, were xed $78, by the assessors of the Capital ty. Commenting on the circumstance e Maine *Farmer* says: "Our traders who ve for years been doing a legitimate and fe business, paying rent and taxes in this y, are certainly entitled to some rights, d a measure of protection from outside rties who come here and ruin their busiss."

## Died.

n Dresden, February 7th, Beniah Cate; aged 74 rs and 9 months.

company at their actual value, 2.561.330.19

LIABILITIES DEC. 31 1891.

| | |
|---|---|
| Net amount of unpaid losses and claims, | 132.817.69 |
| Amount required to safely re-insure all outstanding risks, | 935.66 .99 |
| All other demands against the company, viz: commissions, etc., | 27.410.15 |
| Total amount of liabilities, except capital stock and net surplus, | 1. 9 .891.83 |
| Capital actually paid up in cash, | 1.000. 00.00 |
| Surplus beyond capital | 4 5.4 8.36 |
| Aggregate amount of liabilities including net surplus, | 2.561.330.19. |

SPAULDING & STUART,
Agents at Richmond, Maine.

JAMES B. DRAKE, Agent at Bath, Me.


## Advertisements.

# A Bad Cold

If not speedily relieved, may lead to serious issues. Where there is difficulty of breathing, expectoration, or soreness of the throat and bronchial tubes, with a constantly irritating cough, the very best remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It removes the phlegm, soothes irritation, stops coughing, and induces repose. As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be in every household.

"There is nothing better for coughs than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I use no other preparation."—Annie S. Butler, 169 Pond st., Providence, R. I.

"I s[illegible]ered severely from bronchitis; but was

## CURED BY

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved my life."—Geo. B. Hunter, Goose River, N. S.

"About a year ago I took the worst cold that ever a man had, followed by a terrible cough. The best medical aid was of no avail. At last I began to spit blood, when it was supposed to be all over with me. Every remedy failed, till a neighbor recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took half a teaspoonful of this medicine, three times a day, regularly, and very soon began to improve. My cough left me, my sleep was undisturbed, my appetite returned, my emaciated limbs gained flesh and strength and, to-day, thanks to the Pectoral, I am a well man."—H. A. Bean, 28 Winter st., Lawrence, Mass.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

### D. W. ALEXANDER.

Dealer in Raw Fur Skins Chestnut St., Richmond Me.

### FOR SALE.

The Barker House, corner Front and Maple Streets. W. T. HALL

### FOR SALE CHEAP.

An incubator in good order, and self regulator. It will turn its own eggs. For further particulars inquire of GEORGE KILLAM, Cedar Grove, Me.



BUBBLES, NO. 85.

can raise the faintest shadow of a
tache he is as proud as Punch.

Mr. Beniah Cate, an old and much respected citizen of this town, died Monday night.

Mr. O. W. Getchell was stricken with the grip, but under the treatment of Dr. Price is improving.

Captain B. E. Reed has been slightly indisposed the past few days, but at present is on the mending hand.

Everybody and their boys are working on the ice just at this season. The ice business is a godsend to hundreds.

There has been more sickness in the immediate vicinity of West Dresden the past three weeks, than for the past ten years.

Fourteen daily papers and sixty-five weekly papers come regular to the West Dresden office. Few small offices have more reading patrons.

Mr. Frank S. Hall, his wife and two children, have been sick with the grip the past week. At the present writing they are all gaining. Dr. Price attends them.

Gannett Brothers are running ice night and day. This enterprising concern deserves to succeed. They have an excellent field of ice and plenty of men. Their plant is at Day's Rocks, so called.

## A Good Man Gone.

The BEE, in common with many readers, laments the death of Everett E. Robbins, which occurred on the 3d inst., at the late home of the deceased in Gardiner. Mr. Robbins was a man whose daily walk would lead the most skeptical to believe in the divine reality of religion. He may not have left a large fortune, but he certainly has left that which is rather to be chosen than great riches—a good name. From many appreciative notices of the deceased, we select the following, written by his friend and neighbor, W. J. Landers, and published in the *Kennebec Reporter*. The writer says:

Mr. Robbins was born in this city (Gardiner) July 15, 1835, attended Gardiner schools, and finished his school studies at the old Lyceum. He early exhibited a mechanical taste, and at the conclusion of his school days entered the machine shop of Messrs. Holmes & Robbins, where he served his apprenticeship, and continued to work at his trade until a fine position was tendered him in the Waltham Watch Factory, which he accepted. After a time, failing health induced him to seek another business, and in 1869, in company with his father, the late Charles A. Robbins, and brother Albert, he commenced business in Gardiner at the foot of Highland Avenue. The firm made a specialty of ice tool repairing, and at once started into a large and lucrative business. In 1882 the big fire swept away their works, and with them about their all. The firm's work, however, was too valuable to lose, and soon after, the present shops were built, and the Company has enjoyed a good business since that time, the deceased having charge of the financial part of the business, and those who have come in contact with him in the line of his duties will cheerfully testify to his honorable, upright and square dealing. He always evinced a lively interest in city affairs, has served in the City Government, and for a number of years, up to the time of his death, was a Director of the Gardiner High School. He was a staunch and faithful member of the Methodist church and for a number of years has officiated as its Treasurer and Chorister. He was qhite prominent in the order of the Golden, Cross being a quarter member of the lodge in this city. For the past four months he has been a most excruciating sufferer, but no murmur escaped him, and when it was announced Thursday morning that the end had come, the universal response was: "I am glad he is through with his sufferings." Although dead he still liveth, and the memory of his


Fire Insura...
OF HARTF...
Office, Company's Building, Grove str...

Cash capital
Reserve for re-insurance
Outsanding claims
Net surplus

Total Assets, Jan. 1, 1892

John D. Browne, President.
Charles R. Burt, Secret...
L. W. Clarke, Ass't
Chas. D. Newell, A...


SAGADAHOC, SS. At a ... Sat Bath, within and for th... hoc, on the first Tuesday of ...

Eliza M. Varney widow of ... late of Bowdoinham in said Co... presented her application fo... Personal Estate of said deceas...

On the said Petition ORDE... widow give notice thereof thr... in the Richmond BEE printed ... County, that all persons inte... Probate Court to be held at Ba... of March next, and show cau... why the prayer of said petitio...

A true copy.—Attest: Cyrus ...


NOTICE OF FOR...

Whereas the Odd Fello... ciation, a corporation e... and having its office and ... in Richmond, county ... State of Maine, by its mo... the fifth day of October A... corded in the Sagadahoc ... in Book 64, Pages 299, ... conveyed to the Aubur... whose office is in Auburn ... Androscoggin, a certain par... the buildings thereon, situa... mond, in the county of ... bounded and described as fo... at the North-West corner of ... occupied by Lucy D. Tallma... Lake and son, on Main street ... North-West on said Main str... merly in possession of Daniel ... in possession of Laura E. ... three and one-half rods; thenc... West seven rods to White stre... thence Easterly on White stree... and one-half rods to land of sai... and son; thence North North... Lake's land seven rods to th... tioned bounds. That on the ... February A. D. 1892, for a v... sideration, the said Auburn Sa... duly assigned and transferred sa... and the debt thereby secured, to ... ard, the undersigned, said assign... recorded in Sagadahoc Registry o... Book 64, Pages 300 and 301 ... And whereas the condition of said ... has been broken, now therefore ... of the breach of the condition ... as assignee and owner, claim a ... of said mortgage .Dated at Richm... this fourth day of February, A. D. 18...

T. J. Smi...

Hanover Fire Insura...
—OF—
40 Nassau Street, New York.
Incorporated in April 1852.
Commenced Business in April 1852.
I. Remsen Lane, President.
C. L. Roe, Secretar...
CAPITAL PAID UP IN CASH $1,000,0...
ASSETS, DEC, 31, 1891

| | |
|---|---|
| Real Estate owned by the company, unincumbered | |
| Loans on bond and mortgage (first liens). | $250,000 |
| Stocks and bonds owned by the company, market value, | 23,000 |
| Loans secured by collaterals, | 2,030,817.2 |
| Cash in the company's principal office and in bank, | 850.0 |
| Interest due and accrued, | 86,178.9 |
| Premiums in due course of collection, | 8,942.4 |
| All other property, | 119,426.98 |
| Aggregate of all the admitted assets of the | 2,154,2... |

Dec 24th After somewhat of a stormy passage of seventeen days, we are anchored in Funchal Madaira

We arrived at the Island yesterday morning but as the sea was rough we sailed round the island and came in at 4 this P. M.

Madaira is a highly cultivated island. Many tropical fruits such as Oranges, grapes, Olives, pine apple &c &c. The land is very high and seems inhabited even among the clouds it belongs to Portugal, is inhabited by Portugese, English American & Spanish. there are many points of interest of which I may notice later. The thermometer seldom reaches lower than 62° in the shade, northern aspect. The average temperature at night ranges from 51 to 57°. This is extraordinary, that within five days of England such perfect summer should evenly reign amid scenes so lovely, combined with every comfort, and yet that invalids should not take advantage of it.

Madeira is a beautiful and interesting place, and there is an English Hotel where the accomodation is most excellent, and charges much lower than in England.

The island has about 100,000 inhabitants, Funchal the principal place has about 10000 inhabitants.

In wandering about the city one sees many things of interest

prominant among which is "Mound Church", a Cathedral which is situated about four miles up the mountain at an elevation of upwards of two thousand feet. The view from there is very pleasing. Giving one something of an idea of a trip "up in a Balloon".

The statuary in the Church is of the highest works of art.

To go up there one has to hire a horse and ride up, or go up with an ox team if you go by horse back, two men go with you & one brings the horse back while the other takes you in a basket sleigh, & you ride down in about 7 or 8 minutes a distance which takes one hour & a half to go up. There are no wheel carriages here, the Hacks are sleds drawn by oxen.

Another mode of conveyance is in a hammock on a pole carried by two men, which seems to be the favorite mode for ladies travel. They lie in the hammock, reading or sleeping as they wish and ride most comfortably.

Foot travel is very hard work as it is all up & down hill.

The streets are paved with small cobble stones, which makes them very smooth, & the mountain rains keep them clean.

ion, yet she bore the affliction without complaint, and attended to her household duties until January last, since which time she failed rapidly until death granted her a merciful release from life's troubles. Funeral services, conducted by Rev. H. A. Clifford, were held Monday afternoon at the residence. They were attended by many relatives and friends, among whom were noticed members of various local societies to which the deceased belonged. The floral tributes were costly and beautiful and the service, though brief, was impressive. Among the mourners were Mrs. James Knight of Worcester, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Durrell of Lewiston, and Mrs. Fred J. Close of Pine Point. The interment was in Cotton's Cemetery.

Mrs. Knight, who leaves a son ten years of age, will long be remembered as a faithful and affectionate wife, a devoted mother and an obliging neighbor and friend. Her buoyant nature and happy disposition made her a favorite in every circle, and scores of friends unite with the bereaved father and son in mourning a common loss.

## Easter Services.

Easter services at the Methodist church last Sunday was well attended, and the music was exceptionally fine. The sermon by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Clifford, was from the text: "If a man die shall he live again?" The question was ably answered and the discourse was an effort worthy of the occasion.

The pupils of the Free Baptist Sunday school gave an Easter concert in the church Sunday evening. The programme was well arranged, and the performance was enjoyed by a large audience.

The musical service was an appropriate feature of the Easter observance at the Universalist church. The choir rendered the following

PROGRAMME.

Organ Voluntary.
Doxology.
Easter Anthem, Christ our Passover.
Female Trio, two sopranos, one alto.
Response, Bow down Thine ear.
Easter Hymn,
Composed by Rev. J. H. Little.
Oh, Lord, Most Merciful.
Consider the Lilies, Solo and choir.
Organist, Mrs. C. D. Newell.
Soprano, Miss Alice Farrin.
Contralto, Mrs. J. P. Ridley.
Tenor, J. P. Ridley.
Basso, W. E. Whitney.

## The "Bee" Congratulates Him.

The United States Government has at last recognized Mr. Alden Smith's claims upon his country, and has granted that deserving veteran a pension. The reward, tardily bestowed, is by no means as great as it should be; but it is better than nothing, and the BEE congratulates the recipient and wishes him a speedy increase, with millions of "back pay."

term, and it hopes that the school may furnish a long list of "Punctual Pupils" for publication in these columns.

## A Sleepy Skipper.

Pilot Bates, of the steamer Blonde, overslept one morning recently, and his engineer blew the steam whistle until he woke up half the town, in order to bring the sleepy skipper to his senses. Bates is seldom caught napping, but when such an event occurs it occasions quite a stir in the community, and the BEE feels called upon to take marked notice of it.

## Rebekah's Daughters.

The Daughters of Rebekah held a sociable Friday evening at the home of Mrs. James A. Hathorne near the Richmond Ferry. A bountiful supper was served, and before taking their departure the guests presented the lady of the house with several pleasant reminders of their visit. The occasion was an enjoyable one.

## Gleanings.

The building on Main street, belonging to James M. Hagar and occupied by the Richmond National Bank, has been painted.

The breaking of a shaft caused a suspension of business Tuesday at the saw-mill. The damage was speedily repaired, and work is at present going on as usual.

Rev. H. A. Clifford preached Sunday morning in the school-house in District No.6 to a congregation of seventy. It is intended to hold meetings regularly, twice a month, until further notice.

Fire was discovered, the other day, in the grass near the cotton mill. It is supposed to have caught from sparks from the shoe factory smoke stack. It was easily extinguished without damage.

The members of John Merriil Post, G. A. R., hoisted their flag at half-mast, Monday, in recognition of the death of Mrs. Ellen M. Knight, who had long been a member of the Woman's Relief Corps.

A Togus veteran, overcome by fatigue and whiskey, was found sleeping on the railroad track near Iceboro one morning recently. He was aroused, and led into a neighboring pasture to finish his nap.

The Universalist sociable was held last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson on Centre street. Notwithstanding the stormy weather there was the average attendance, and the occasion was an enjoyable one.

The steamer Blonde, commanded by Pilot Bates, is chartered to transport the "A. F. F.'s" to Day's Ferry Monday evening. A small army of friends will accompany the players. Those who have not procured tickets for the excursion will do well to secure them at Ames' book-store.

L 29, 1892.

mpty at eight o'clock, at the sound of wedding march by Miss Lizzie May wford, a former school-mate of the bride, bridal party descended the stairs and red the parlor, Miss Lillie M. Card act- as bridesmaid and Mr. C. B. Day as best . The bride was attired in a cream lford cord, en train, low point waist, nmed with cream silk lace, and carried a ch of twenty white roses, the number bolizing her age. The bridesmaid wore vender dress, low point waist front and k, and carnation roses. The ceremony s performed in the presence of a large pany of relatives and friends, by Rev. H. L. Abbott of the Universalist church, of ich the bride was a member. The pres- s were numerous. Following is a list the names of the donors:

easy chair, S. W. Decker, Gardiner; dozen er knives and forks, Weston Lewis, Esq., J. S. Maxcy, Esq., Gardiner; parlor nd lamp, Mrs. G. B. Randlette, Mrs. A. Theobald, Mrs. F. J. Mitchell, C. B. Day; er service, T. J. Southard, 2d, George w, Samuel Brown, Charles Morang, W. we, J. W. Randlette, A. K. Millett. Lor- a Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allen, Mr. Mrs. J. H. Fellows, Gilbert Maxwell, . and Mrs. J. C. Flagg, Mrs. Lizzie nchard, Julia C. Richards, Charles Whit- y, Jr., Loyal Leavitt; silver cake basket, . and Mrs. C. H. T. J. Southard and T. Southard, 2d; toilet set, by the parents of bride; silver berry spoon, Mr. and Mrs. R. Charles, Fryeburg; silver tureen ladle, R. and P. C. Drew; gravy ladle, Gertie I. ew; placque, Mabel Moore, Antonio, xas; silver desert spoons, Mrs. A. P. ew; silver sugar spoon, H. A. Fleming; oked rug, Mrs. A. F. Martin; table cloth, s. W. G. Randall; silver spoon holder, iversalist Sunday school; pair linen towels, s. S. E. Walker, Dresden; picture, "The er Stream," Mr. and Mrs. William Har- , Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Spaulding, Mr. and s. M. T. Costellow; carving set, F. S. and W. Card and W. A. Foster; silver jelly on, Lillie M. Card; silver sugar spoon, . and Mrs. H. A. Abbot; linen table th and napkins, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Card Nellie Card; cabinet album, Mrs. A. F. rtin; sofa pillow, Mary A. Drew; silver e basket, Mrs. H. C. Shaw, Mrs. Ira aw, Mrs. W. H. Densmore, Mrs. William ncaid; table spread, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. aulding, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harlow, Mr. d Mrs. M. T. Costellow; water set, Mr. d Mrs. Alfred Lilly; silver pickle jar, Mr. d Mrs. C. H. Seigars; desert spoons, Mr. d Mrs. P. R. Pushard; silver napkin ring, iss Annie Griffin.

As slight tokens of remembrance many beau- ful bouquets were received. Before leaving the Pullman, refreshments were served, d the couple received the congratulations the company.

## bituary.

The death of Mrs. Ellen M. Knight, which curred in this village on the 23d inst., is gretted by a wide circle of friends. The ceased, who was a native of Bath, was in rly life united in marriage with A. B. night at Richmond Corner. Soon after eir marriage the young couple moved to is village which, until the death of Mrs. night, was their home. For the past five ars the deceased suffered from consump-

tion Tuesday at Auburn was as foll J. Buker, J. R. Cnnningham, W. J. S. Chapman, C. D. Newell, W. ber and J. H. Fellows. Delegates State convention in Bangor, Apr were also elected as follows: W. H ney, Noble Maxwell, A. D. Alexan E. Wood, W. A. Bibber, T. G. Herb K. W. Small.

So far as we are aware Richmond represented at either convention.

## Easily Extinguished.

A fire, which is supposed to have from the sparks of a passing locom broke out Sunday afternoon in a sa pile near the Orient ice houses. The mains do not reach within a mile of buildings, and for awhile the danger to be serious. In this emergency a tele was sent to the tug boat Perry. She down from Gardiner, making the ten run in forty-five minutes. Hose from Richmond fire department was conne with her powerful force pump, and short time the flames were subdued. fire occasioned no damage worth mentioni

## Wedding on Main Street.

The marriage of Thadues W. Card Miss Z. Bell Stewart, both of this villa took place Wednesday evening at the ho of the groom's parents on Main street. ceremony, performed by Rev. H. A. Cliff in the presence of a few relatives and frien was followed by refreshments, after wh the happy couple received the congratu tions of the company, and the array of w ding presents was duly admired. Mr. a Mrs. Card are well known in this communi and hundreds of friends will join the BEE wishing them long life and prosperity.

## Firemen's Ball.

The Independent Hose Company of th village, will give a ball, complimentary to t Kennebec Steam Fire Engine Company Bath, next Tuesday evening at the Cpe House. Nearly a year ago the Bath firem invited the Independents to the Ship in City, and gave them as good a time as the ever enjoyed. Our boys have never forgotte the courtesies extended to them on that o casion, and they now propose to repay the in some measure. It is safe to say that th visiting firemen will receive a warm welcom

## Fun Coming.

Manager Levi Long's next attraction a the Opera House will be the New Peck' Bad Boy Co., who will appear on Friday May 6th. Messrs. Griffin & Wilson, th managers, have had the play entirely rewrit ten and improved, have introduced new characters, and without doubt are carryin the strongest company of comedians eve with the play. The specialties are all righ and catchy, and they carry quite a numbe of charming ladies who sing tuneful song and wear elegant costumes.

## A Fair Start.

The spring term of school in District No 6 opened Monday, with Miss F. Belle Car of Bowdoinham Ridge, as teacher. Th school-room has been furnished with new seats, and tastily papered. It has also bee painted inside and out. The BEE looks t see the boys and girls put in extra licks thi

We shall finish coaling in a day or two, then we proceed on our way.

Dec 30th After a stay of five days at Madeira, where the men were given liberty on shore, we proceed on our way towards Teneriffe.

Dec 31st Arrived at Teneriffe at 6 P.M. did not stop there but kept on towards cape de Verds. Snow on the top of Teneriffe.

1879 Jan 5th 1879 Arrived at Port Grande at noon today, this ~~town~~ is a neat little village of perhaps one thousand inhabitants, principally a coal station.

The island is not so high as some of the others, 1400 ft being the highest elevation.

The productions seem to be principaly Oranges and bananas, there are no mountain stream here as at most of the islands, so they have to depend solely on the rains for their supply of fresh water. The name of this island is St Vincent belongs to Portugal.

Port Grande the only town is situated at the head of a pretty little bay, which is one of the best harbors on this side the atlantic it is ~~com~~ land locked on three sides by its own land and on the north by the island of St. Antonio. Our 2nd Cutter 12 men and 3d Cutter of 10 men, had a race this afternoon of 3 miles. 2nd cutter coming in ahead.

In rambling round the town we do not find many objects of

interest. The buildings all are built of stone that is small stones put up in mortar, and have a very neat appearance. They manufacture their own lime. I should judge by the look of the several lime kilns about the mountain sides.

There are three cemeteries here one English & American, or Protestant strangers, and one Catholic, and one native.

The top of one mountain on the right of the harbor going in shows a profile called "Washington face." Probably it is about two miles from the forehead to the collar bone.

There are very few (perhaps a dozen) white people in this town, mostly negro, some Portugese. They pay little attention to fashion, we foot up to about twelve years of age, the fashion is generally natural.

While passing a "ballroom" I looked inside and saw about a dozen couple enjoying the "poetry of motion" to the music of Violin & two Guitars. Some of the men and all the girls were bare foot.

I wondered then what some of our belles would say if they were obliged to go to a ball barefoot.

After filling with coal here we owed more start on

*Written for the Bee.*

# BUBBLES, NO. 33.

## FROM HONOLULU TO JAPAN.

After my last letter from Honolulu was written, I had a chance to go on shore and pick up a few more points, which I will try and give to the readers of the BEE.

To a person who has just arrived from the States the first impression of the fair Kanaka land is very favorable. There is a novel, tropical look about it—the docks crowded with Kanakas, dark and swarthy, wearing broad-brimmed palm leaf hats and belts of native shells, while Americans, En-

an enterprising company. A short

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A large number of the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Dorr of Dresden Mills, were pleased to receive invitations to attend a card party at their home December 11th, and the promptness with which the invitations were responded to showed how confident all were of a good time. By eight o'clock their cosy rooms were filled with a merry party. After the usual amount of joking and laughing had subsided, five tables of progressive euchre were organized, and the contestants went to work with a will. As nearly all were good players there were some sharp games as well as remarks. Checkers and other games were in order for those who did not care for cards.

At 10:30 the host announced that refreshments were waiting, and all repaired to the dining room, where the alacrity displayed in disposing of the oysters showed both a good appreciation of the stew and an eagerness to return to the games. As soon as convenient the playing was resumed. Just before mid-

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...wonder its members have hard work ...rise the wind; they've undertaken to do ...e much blowing.

...Wild cat is reported as prowling about ...Bath Woods. Probably the same ...al seen near Birch Pt.—*Bath Independent.*

...rhaps it's "Black Maria?" At all events ...stantly displayed in Wiscasset this ...e.—*Wiscasset Lilliputian.*

...ere has been a good deal of practical ...must have been a sight to astonish the ...ves.

...e minute hand of the south dial of the ...clock blew off during the heavy gale ...week, and there is no time by that ...—*Herald and Record.*

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...gress; four minutes to the degree is eight minutes; thus at noon the clock is eight minutes fast of yesterday, or twelve hours, eight minutes. We set the clock back to twelve, and must go over that eight minutes again, thus losing sixteen minutes in twenty-four hours. Therefore we drop a day out on the 18th meridian, in order to make the time, or days of the week, come out even. In going east things are reversed. We take up a day, thereby having two Sundays in one week, supposing we cross on Sunday. I hope the school children will understand this, but I must say it is awful bothersome.

We pass Mela Head and Cape King, steam up the Bay among the fishing junks and sampans, pass the various towers, light-houses and forts along the shore, pass the buoy which marks the resting place of the ill-fated Oveida—the United States ship which was run down and sunk by the steamer Bombay. It is said that when the Captain of the Bombay was told of the close proximity of the Oveida, he said:

"G—d—n the Yankee ship her."

And sink her he did; but he will never sink another ship, for he is said to have died in a mad house.

At 4:30 on the morning of November 2d we dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokahama, after one of the most remarkable passages ever made by a sailing ship—twenty-nine days and ten hours from Honolulu; a distance of 4000 miles. The Omaha made the run in twenty-eight days and eighteen hours.

In my next letter I will try and tell you something about Japan. Till then "Ohio." Any letters from friends at home—either ladies or gentlemen, will be highly appreciated by

C. E. T.

Yokahama, Japan, Nov. 2, 1891.

---

...ans and discounts, $86,082.58
...S. Bonds to secure circulation, 50,000.0
...ue from approved reserve agents, 13,863
...nking-house, furniture and fixtures, 20,000
...rrent expenses and taxes paid, 295.07
...remiums on U. S. Bonds, 6,800.00
...hecks and other cash items, 825.00
...ills of other banks, 3,55 .00
...ractional paper currency, nickels and cents, 1-8.6
...pecie, 2, 63. 0
...ederal reserve notes, 950.00
...ent circulation), 14,441.97

LIABILITIES.

...apital stock paid in, 50,000.00
...urplus fund, 10,000.00
...ndivided profits, 3,568.88
...ational bank notes outstanding, 43,000.00
...ividends unpaid, 9 .0
...ndividual deposits subject to check, 34,783.09
Total, 14,441.97

*State of Maine, County of Sagadahoc, ss:* I, J. M. ODIORNE, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. M. ODIORNE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14thday of Dec. 189-.

F. J. BUKER, Notary Public.

(Correct—Attest:
C. H. T. J. SOUTHARD,
T. J. Southard.
WM. T. HALL,
} Directors.

---

## First National Bank.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Richmond, will be held at said Bank on the second Tuesday of January, 1892, at three o'clock p. m., for the election of officers and transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

J. M. ODIORNE, Cashier.

Richmond, Dec. 14, 1891.

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## Richmond Savings Bank.

The annual meeting of this Corporation will be held at the banking room of said Bank on the first Tuesday of January, 1892 at two o'clock p. m., for the choice of officers and transaction of any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

J. M. ODIORNE, Asst. Treas.

Dec. 14, 1891.

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## The Richmond National Bank of Richmond Me.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Richmond National Bank of Richmond Maine for the choice of directors, and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their banking rooms on Tuesday January 12th 1892 at ten o'clock a. m.

WM. STUART, Cashier.

Richmond Me. Dec. 11 1891.

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## WANTED.

A girl to do general housework. Apply at GINN'S Hor t. f.

---

## WANTED.

Dry, Hard and Soft Wood, seasoned under cover. Orders filed at any time. Apply to HARMON SMITH, or at his former place of business.

N. B. Parties in debt to me must settle soon, or their accounts will be left for collection. T. F.

---

## FOR SALE.

Dry, Hard and Soft Wood, seasoned under cover. Orders filed at any time. Apply t HARMON SMITH, or at his former place business.

N. B. Parties in debt to me must sett soon, or their accounts will be left for colle tion. T. F.

---

## TO THE PUBLIC.

For the accommodation of customers who wish to buy bread, cakes or pastry I shall keep my shop open every Sunday morning until nine o'clock.

Respectfully,

A. F. MARTIN,

Main St., Richmond, Me. t. f.

---

## FOR SALE.

Dry, Hard and Soft Wood, seasoned under cover. Orders filed at any time. Apply to HARMON SMITH, or at his former place of business.

N. B. Parties in debt to me must settle soon, or their accounts will be left for collection. T. F.

---

## TO THE PUBLIC.

For the accommodation of customers who wish to buy bread, cakes or pastry I shall keep my shop open every Sunday morning until nine o'clock.

Respectfully,

A. F. MARTIN,

Main St., Richmond, Me. t. f.

---

## WANTED.

Plain sewing to do at home.

MRS. L. E. ROGERS,

3 t 25. Pleasant Street, Richmond

---

## WANTED.

3 t J. T. PALMER.

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## STRAYED.

On the premises of Thomas Passmore on the Goshen Road, a four-year-old buck sheep, or more, which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges.

---

## Farm For Sale.

Farm for sale in in the town of Richmond 6 miles from Richmond Village, and 7 miles from Gardiner. The farm is known as the James Lennen farm, and consists of sixty acres of clay loam, thirty acres in field, twenty in pasture, and ten in wood land, mostly hard wood.

It has an orchard of fifty grafted trees just come to bearing, besides several older trees. The farm has a shore front of 300 feet or more on Lake Cobbosseecontee, which is one of the best lakes for boating and fishing in Sagadahoc County. The buildings consist of a 1-2 story house, ell and barn all in good repair. It has two wells of fine water and a never failing spring in the pasture. The farm must be sold to settle an estate. For further particulars inquire of Dr. J. W. Curtis, Brunswick, Maine.

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An incubator in good order, and sea...ulator. It will turn its own eggs. For fur...her particulars inquire of GEORGE KIL...LAM, Cedar Grove, Me.

ne clock cannot be expected to run if it ort handed.

## ...d Advancement.

ne BEE visited Augusta, not long since, was shown over the brick block, which then being built for the Gannett & Morse cern. The building is now nearly com- ed, and the following description, pub- ed in the Kennebec *Journal*, will give readers an idea of the rapid advance- nt of this famous Augusta publishing se.

his week the office force of the Gannett Morse Concern took up their quarters in new building just to the south of the establishment. The building is not as completed on the interior and so they e not got themselves arranged as will be en all is done.

t is, however, worth the busiest person's e to look through this structure which sprung up, as the concern itself, in a rvelous manner. The old building became few months after the concern began its erprise to grow too small and an annex 30 and two stories in height was built. e business kept growing and now there nds a new brick building, 50 feet by 70 comprising five floors. It has a main rance on Willow street and is connected th the old building by means of two bridge ys. The new building is being finely fin- ed throughout, is heated by steam and hted by electricity, the power now coming m the power station but will soon be fur- hed at the establishment by means of a w dynamo.

On entering the main entrance one comes o the hallway that is well lighted and fin- ed in whitewood, maple and cherry. On e left as one enters the main door are the ices. First on the left is the large office oking out on Willow street. This is de- ted to the business and advertising de- rtment, and where Mr. Chas. A. Price, the nial superintendent of the publishing de- rtment, has his desk. Next on the same de of the building and opening off this ffice and the hallway, is the editorial rooms, nd the cashier's office. These offices are l finished in the natural wood, whitewood, aple and cherry being used. Off from the shier's office is the private room of Mr. annett. This office is a model and is fin- ed in cypress. The doors of these office e lighted with ground glass and colored [illegible] glass. The floors are of hard wood ost of the ceilings are of wood, but on me a new substance called ligomur will b sed.

Up stairs there is more room, and lots of . One large room on the northwest corner f the building is where the large premium epartment is situated. Here there are tiers pon tiers of boxes, about 140 in number. cross the hall is a large room, 30x70, tha ill be used for mailing purposes. The pper floor will be made use of for the pres- nt for storage purposes. There are wha re termed two basements. One, the first own, will be partly taken up with the aboratory and bottling establishment. The ower basement is where the 40-horse power ngine is running. The concern can run s plant with either steam, or electricity om their large dynamo. While they have een waiting for the new building their busi- ess has gone on increasing till they have ecome crowded in their old quarters. One ay they printed 80,000 *Comforts*. They lso have enlarged this publication from ixteen to twenty pages. About $25,000 has been expended in the changes and in the [illegible] this year and Mr. Gannet

night, with considerable reluctance, the guests dispersed, all feeling that this had been one of the pleasantest occasions enjoyed for a long time. A pretty book, entitled "The Mysterious Island," was awarded to Mr. Frank Houdlette as first prize. The booby prize was won by Mr. Fred Goodwin, who was obliged to leave before the company broke up. All join in pronouncing the party a success, and thanking Dr. and Mrs. Dorr for their thoughtfulness for the enjoyment of each guest. E.

## Press Club Meeting.

The members of the Kennebec Valley Press Club will meet to-morrow at the Hotel North in Augusta at ten o'clock, a. m. The BEE cannot attend the meeting, but there is sure to be enough level-headed fellows present to place matters on a satisfactory footing, and whatever measures the majority decide to adopt, we will subscribe to. Meanwhile, we trust that the meeting may prove pleasant for those who attend, and profitable even for those who are unable to be present.

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Old Town is to have two Merchants' Days, next Wednesday and Thursday having been set apart for the commercial festival. The Maine Central extends the usual courtesies in the way of half rates, and if the tradesmen of Old Town have half the *Enterprise* of their local paper the affair will be likely to prove a success.

## Married.

In Richmond, Dec. 15th, by Rev. H. A. Cliffor d Mr. Will L. Stinson and Miss May Woodward; both of Richmond.

## Legal Notices.

Report of the condition of the Richmond National Bank at Richmond, in State of Maine, at the close of business, Dec. 2d, 1891.

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and discounts, | $144,044.10 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, | 30,000.00 |
| Stocks, securities, etc. | 6,2 0. 0 |
| Due from approved reserve agents, | 39,3 8.53 |
| Banking-house, furniture and fixtures, | 1,2 .0 |
| Checks and other cash items, | 45 2. |
| Bills of other banks, | 3,415.00 |
| Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents, | 72.35 |
| Specie, | 2, 25.00 |
| Legal-tender notes, | 9 0.0 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer 5 per cent of circulation) | 1, 5 .00 |
| Total, | 228,560.23 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital stock paid in, | 120,0 0.00 |
| Surplus fund, | 24,000.00 |
| Undivided profits, | 9, .2 |
| National bank notes outstanding, | 22,840.0 |
| Dividends unpaid, | 32,00 |
| Individual deposits subject to check, | 5 ,915.64 |
| Due from other National Banks, | 51.35 |
| Total, | 228,56 .23 |

*State of Maine, County of Sagadahoc, ss:* I, WM. H. STUART, cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

WM. H. STUART, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of Dec. 1891.

F. J. BUKER, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

GEO. H. TEOBALD,
CARLTON HOUDLETTE. } Directors.
ABIAL LIBBY,

Report of the condition of the First National bank at Richmond, in the State of Maine, at the close of business, Dec. 2d, 1891.

RESOURCES


Ayer's Cherry Pec
PREPARED BY
Dr J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell,
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bo

RICHMOND OPERA
—Two Nights O

MONDAY & TUES
Dec. 21st and
The World's Grea
Wizard,
Prof. Skin
Magician, Mesmerist, Ventr
and Wonder Worker.
The "Keller Cabinet" Seanc
The "Cazenvre Trunk" M
"Kado" The Talk
—ASSISTED BY—
Mr. R. T. Wil
Swiss Bell Ringer and Musica
MISS EDITH WI
Violin, Mandolin and Piano
FUN, MYSTERY AN
A Refined Entertain
Reserved Seats 50
Admission 35 cts. Childr
Seats on Sale at Mansir's B

D. W. ALEXAND
Dealer in Raw Fur Skins Chestn
mond Me.

TO RENT.
The Tenement over the Mil
occupied by Mrs. Royal. Apply
Lois
No. 47 Main street. t f 23.

ANNOUNCEMEN
Prof. W. L. LOVELL of Ya
give instructions on the Violin
for particulars inquire of Mrs.
Front Street

FOR SALE CHEA

our way towards the island of St Jago.

Jan 9th Left Port Grande at two P.M. yesterday, arrived at Port Praya at 12 today.

This town is on the south side of St Jago of the Cape Verde group, the town is situated on a level table land at about fifty feet elevation, with mountains in the back ground. This is a very pretty little harbor, the scene of a naval engagement during the war of 1812 when the Constitution (American,) came in & cut out the English sloops of war Levant, and Cyane.

The Constitution sailed round Quail island, where now, there is hardly enough water to float a small boat.

Today we saluted the Portugese flag with 16 guns, and responded to by the fort. We were visited by the Capt. of a Portugese man-of-war. The American Consul came on board and was received with the usual honors, and saluted by 7 guns.

Jan 10th We were visited today by Governor Geral and staff. They were saluted with Portugese national salute of 17 guns. Respond to by the fort with U.S. Salute of 21 guns. At 5 P.M. 10th, started on our way towards Sierra Leone.

Jan 15th Arrived at Freetown Seirra Leone. This is an English colony, but very few white people here. The town is situated in a grove of Cocoa nut tree, near the mouth of the Seirra Leone river

Today we were visited by Officers from the English men-of-war here, we saluted the English flag, after our salute the American flag was saluted from the Fort, Commodore Schufeldt went ashore to pay his respects to the Governor, & was rec'd by the Military.

Jan 16th We were visited by the Liberian Commission, Liberian flag saluted, At five P.M. the Governor returned the Commodores visit, and was recieved by the Ship in Style, Officers in full dress and side arms Men at quarters in clean blue.

Governor saluted by 17 guns with English flag at the fore

Jan 17th Visited by the American Consul 7 gun salute, American flag at the fore

Jan 30th There is nothing of much interest going on here now

The object of Commodore Schufeldts visit here is to act as referee in a court of Arbitration, to be held at this town, to settle some diferences in regard to a boundary line between Liberia & Seirra Leone. The Commissioners have not all arrived as yet one English Commissioner yet to come, as soon as all are here the court will convene,

We were visited today by the English Commission accompanied by the Colonial Governor and General of the Army here stationed. British flag was saluted by the usual salute of seventeen guns

Feb 4th Lieut F. A. Miller joined the ship today as Commodores Secretary

Feb 10th The court of Arbitration went into session today.

Feb 14th Court has adjourned till Apr 1st Englands instructions to her Commissioners were to work on the Boundary question from certain points, but Liberian Com: would not agree to it; as they might as well concede the whole at once.

So they adjourned to await further instructions. 16th We expect to leave here tomorrow & let them fight it out & suit themselves

Mon Feb 17th Left Sierra Leone for Monrovia, before sailing, transfered three men to Sch Hattie in Crowds, to be sent home sick.

Feb 21st Arrived at Monrovia. We stopped at two places on the way down, to do a little surveying & for general information. The first place we stoped at is a factory, in the western states they would call it a trading post; it is owned by an English man, who trades among the inland natives, sending his purchases home by the steamers that ply along the coast. The next place is a small settlement of american negros, village is called Robertstown, Cape Mount.

The town of Monrovia, is situated

on the eastern incline of a hill. the only a small portion of the town can be seen from the anchorage.

On the hill which is a headland is located a light house & signal station.

As soon as our anchor was down we were boarded by the harbor Master who is an American, a Gentleman of African decent. He was dressed a' la American Naval Officer of the Rank of Master. Wearing the uniform of blue, with buttons, stripes. & shoulder straps complete.

Oh! but he is a style. he was pulled along side by a boats crew dressed in the uniform of the U.S. Navy. and sent his card up before he would venture over the side. I forgot to mention, that at Cape Mount, three men left the boat on shore with out permission, and stayed all night. Next morning a search party was sent on shore to hunt for them; two were brought back while one took to the bush. It is not a very good place for a white man to be adrift. and I think that "Mollie put the Kettle on". would be a pleasant sound to him about meal time. Or at night. "Put me in my little Bed" would be equally acceptable.

Feb 22nd "Washingtons birthday".

The ship was dressed ov with American flag at each mast-head, Spanker peak & jack at Bowsprit cap. At 8 a. m. the Liberian flag was saluted with 21 guns. At 12 M. U.S. national Salute was fired in honor of the day.

Feb 24th Today we were visited by Mr Smith U.S. Minister to Liberia He was saluted with 15 guns, with American flag at the fore. Mr Smith is a native of Philadelphia. He is one who may be classed among the "Colored Gentlemen". He has quite an intelligent appearance, and a dignified bearing.

Feb 26th While cruising on shore yesterday, I observed that the town of Monrovia has a Southern aspect. many of the people who live here are from the Southern states. & their buildings very much resemble houses in the Southern country towns.

Monrovia is the Capital of the Liberia. it has a population of about 2500. all blacks. I was entertained by Post-Master General Wiles. (a native of Barbadoes) and Attorney-General Davis. (a Baltimorean) and American Minister Smith (a Philadelphian. Was also introduced to the Vice President. There is a village near the town of Monrovia, owned and occupied by Krumen a native tribe they are allowed to retain their customs & rites, & traditions.

This Morning Lieut-Drake & master Vreeland started on a surveying tour in the interior.

Feb 28th We were visited today by President A. W. Gardiner & Staff. Fired salute of 21 guns with Liberian flag at the main.

Mar 2nd A man came on board today, for medical treatment. He was wrecked here from an American.

probably get there, in time, without any of our help.

Bark. and was taken sick,
so no one would take him away
& not having American protection,
could not get help from the Am-
erican Consul. While on board the
men enquired into his condition,
as sailors will, and made a con-
tribution to send him home; thus
showing the proverbial generosity
& free-heartedness of the American or
English sailor. "Jack" has been down-
trodden & villified by his fellowman
on shore, but nowhere in the world
or among no class of men, can be
found any more generous or free-
hearted, than "Poor Jack." of course,
when on shore he is bound to
have a good time, & nine out-of
ten will drink more or less. Many
blame him for his intemperance, &
heathenism; but they must remem-
ber that the sailor is often depri-
ved of those privilages, and of course
cannot be expected to know how
to behave like "shore folks". But in
a case of charity, Jacks money is
always ready. As in the case of
Jack Morrison, an old sailor
who we sent home from Leirra
Leone in the Sch: Hattie M Crowell,
a purse of about $15.00, was present-
ed him on leaving.

Apr 4th Lieut. Drake and Master
Freland have returned from the
interior. They do not give very
glowing account of the country,
they went about 50 miles, the
country is very sparsly settled.

The people cultivate Coffee, rice, and <u>casada</u>. There is very little game in the woods except deer, the bottom wood is very thick & hard to get through. They passed through some native Villages, the most industrious seemed to be of the Galah tribe; the king of this tribe seems disposed to forward industry, in cultivating the products of the Country. About 25 miles from Monrovia is a mission, called Mühlenberg Mission, conducted by Rev Mr. Day of Penn. He establishes a mission at some place for a while, then moves on to another place.

Mar 7th Arrived at Cape Palmas today
" 8th " Left Cape Palmas at 9 A.M. & arrived at Tahou at 3 P.M.

This point is claimed by the Nation to be the Southern boundary to Liberia. Though the Liberian claim is 80 mile further south to the San Pedro River. There is an American & Scotchman here who have established a trading post, and refuse to pay duties to Liberia. Today (Mar 10th) an armed party attempted to land, to try to influence the people to pay duties to Liberia, but on account of so much surf the landing has not been effected as yet.

It seems that the Liberian Government wants to sit round Monrovia & let the United States fight their battles for

them, and collect their revinues, and, in fact, do all their dirty work. & they lay back and enjoy the spoils. They are an indolent set any how, and try to ape the United States in every way they can, they have their paid President & Cabinet, congress &C, but they have no means of defence or rather attack, but want U.S. to do it for them. Last year, their Expenses was $122,000, & their receipts was $119,000, a money making country, truly

Mar 11. King Kimbly was invited to call on the Commodore, but he did not see fit to come himself, but sent an ambassador, to make Palaver, the old chap was dressed in a high style, he wore the native Tepte, a tall Greely hat & long frock coat, no shirt no pants. We left Ile Jahou at noon today, to return to Cape Palmas to return the Governor of that place, who came down here with us, as Passenger.

Mar 11 Arrived at Cape Palmas. This place was first settled by Slaves that were captured in slavers, by American Men of war, at present there are many here from the states, Emancipated slaves.

Mar 14th We were visited today by the Provincial Governor, & 3 Native Kings & their followers, fired 15 gun salute to the Governor.

Mar 17th Left Cape Palmas at 6 this morning for Monrovia.

The rainy season is about setting in. And it does rain too.

Mar 19th Arrived at Monrovia at 8 this morning.

Bishop Pennick is a passenger with us.

Mar 23d Sunday. Left monrovia at 6 this morning for Cape Mount where the court of Arbitration is to be held on Apr 1st. Church service was held on board at 10 this morning.

An able discourse was preached by Bishop Pennick, from Mark 4-36 Hymns sung were. 1st Jesus Lover of my Soul. 2nd Bethany. closing with the Doxology.

Arrived at Cape Mount at 2-30 P.M.

Mar 24th Had target practice today with great guns. distance 1400 yards. Broadside guns. 9 inch smooth bore did the best shooting.

Mar 29th today had target practice with small arms best shot 4 out of 5 at 100 yards.

Apr 1st left at 9 A.M. for Solima arrived at Solima at 12 M.

Apr 4th H. M. S. Boxer arrived here this morning, bringing the English Commissioner. & the Court of Arbitration.

Apr 9th Left Solimon at 4 P.M. today for Sierra Leone.

Apr 11th Arrived at Fratown S.L. at 2 P.M. today. Freetown looks quite a city. after what we have seen since leaving here 2 months since

Apr 19th We have taken in coal & provisions. and are now ready

to go on our way. We shall be glad to get off this coast as it is hot & disagreable. No one feels well here. Left Greetown at 1 P.M. today for Solomon

Apr 21st Arrived at Solimon today at 11-30 A.M. We anchored last night about 20 miles from here, as we did not want to approach the land in the night.

Apr 24th The Commission is ended at last, and no decision arrived at. So affairs stand as they did before we came here, perhaps a little more enmity between the Liberians & English than before. The English Commissioners were little disposed to give any fair play or justice to the Liberians. They would not allow any references whatever to Commodore Schufeldt the Jefferee, so he was of no use at all, & the convention broke up in confusion.

Apr 25th We left Solimon at 8 o'clk this morning, for down the coast. arrived at Cape mount at 11 A.M.

Apr 26th Left Cape Mount at 8 this morning & arrived at Monrovia at 3 this afternoon. This morning President Gardiner of Liberia came on board as passenger to Monrovia. The Commodore flag was hauled down & the Liberian flag hoisted at the main in honor of the distinguished passenger. When the President left us at Monrovia, the Liberian flag was saluted by 21 guns, then hauled down & the blue Pennant of the Com'drs

was reinstated to it's former high position.

Apr 2 8th When we were here a little more than a month ago, two men. Geo Ross and Frank Gillespie were ashore on liberty, and stayed all night, when they should have been on board at sun down, on the day of leave. We left here the next morning, and the men were left behind. When we returned here, 3 days ago they were still here, sick and poor, through exposure & neglect.

On sunday (27th) they were sent for to come on board, but Ross died in the boat on the way.

Gillespie is improving.

Today at 8 a.m. the funeral of Ross took place, he was taken on shore & buried in the Cemetary.

Apr 29th Left Monrovia at 5 P.M.

May 5th Last night at 8 P.M. a man was knocked overboard by the clew of the main trysail, the ship not going very fast, gave him a chance to catch the jacobs ladder over the quarter, by which he "returned on board." truly a narrow escape. The life boats crew were promptly on hand, but their services were not required.

May 7th We arrived here at Fernando, P.O. at 4 P.M. today. This is an island belonging to Spain.

The town of Clarence, situated in Clarence Cove, is the principal town of the island. It is a coal station & Military post.

In coming on shore I find that

this is a neat little village of about 500 inhabitants. nearly all negros except a few albinos.

There is a nature tribe on the island, called Boobys. by the way a very appropriate name, they wear no clothing except a straw hat & a little covering in front a la fig leaf. the body is ornamented by marks of yellow wood the only way to tell the women from the men is. that the women most allways have a load of some kind. This string of islands, Fernando Po, Princes, St Thomas & Anibon. seem to be a continuation of the Cameroon Mountains on Africa. the indications (Geologically) are that it was once all dry land & the intervening straits were caused by Volcanic eruptions. The water is full of sharks. the streams full of Alligators, the woods full of Snakes, & the air full of bugs, truly a delightful country. There are no wild animals here except the Gazelle & antelope, & a few small apairs that are not much account. Some Boobys brought in a Boa Constrictor two or three days ago. that measured 23 ft in length & about 11 inches in diameter.

We have taken our coal & tomorrow we start for Gaboon River.

While on shore today I counted 12 different kinds of fruit growing wild within view viz. Orange, Pine Apple, Bread fruit Guava, Mangose, Sour Sop

alligator Pear
Sweet-Sop Banana, Plantain, Lemon
Lime, Shaddocks, Cocoa nuts. The exports are mostly Palm oil. All these grow along side of Sweet-corn, String beans Squash Pumpkin &c &c. This place is where the expatriated Cubans were sent as prisoners of war in 186—

May 14th Left Fernando's at 4 P.M. for Gaboon.

May 16th Arrived at Gaboon today at 4 P.M. This is a french settlement and the headquarter of the French fleet on the african station.

There is an american mission established here at Glass Village.

May 20th Left Gaboon at 5.30 A.M. for Mayumba, a small place down the coast. We crossed the line about 5 P.M. Father Neptune did'nt as much as hail us.

Perhaps he did not think us worth while, or that there were so many strangers to him on board that he would not have time to see them all, any way he gave us the cut direct—

May 22nd Arrived at Mayumba at 6-20 this evening. 23d Commodore went on shore this morning, but soon returned with orders to go along as there is nothing of interest here.

May 23d Left Mayumba at 11-30 A.M.

May 24th Arrived at Kebenda at 4 P.M. This is only an english trading post & a few scattering native villages, governed by native Kings King Jack & King Frank.

floating logs

May 27th. Left Kebenda at daylight this morning for Congo, where we arrived at 4 P.M. The Congo is a swift running stream about 3 miles wide at the mouth the current is about 3 mile pr hour, it throws its waters about 60 mile to sea. we are anchored in a snug little bay on the north shore, close to a Dutch settlement & trading Post.

May 30. Lieut Drake, our exploring officer, took the steam cutter & whale boat today to go up the river on an expidition. *Some years ago, a treaty was made between England & 6 of the native Kings in this vicinity, to the effect that if any English or other vessels should be wrecked on the coast, that they would render all assistance they could, It seems that about two years ago, that an american schooner was wrecked down the coast, and that King Bolo Bolo (one who signed the treaty, broke the treaty, and killed the crew & plundered the vessel, Another clause in the treaty was, "that if any one broke the treaty, he was to be called to account by the other Kings; therfore Mr Drake visited one of the Kings up the Congo & sent a messenger into the village to summon the King to a palaver, King sent word that he was sick & could not attend, but sent the treaty, Mr D. took a copy of the treaty & sent word back that he should wait there till the King made his appearance, and no nonsense about it either.

June 1st *

So the King saw fit to pay attention

to the invitation; and when he did he had his whole tribe to back him. while Mr D. had only his boats crew armed with revolvers, but he read the treaty to them through an interpreter, and informed the King wherein he had broken the treaty. Mr D. then drew up another treaty, to the effect that this King was to go down to King Bolo Bolo, & demand satisfaction. Palaver said. About this time as the machinist in charge of the cutters engine having got some thing to drink by some means, he neglected his duty & let the water get low in the boiler, & burned out a tube so the engine was no use & they were obliged to abandon the rest of their expidition (which was to visit the other Kings on the north side of the river) and return to the ship where they arrived last night.

Tomorrow, we propose to start for St Paul de Loando & get our mail, then return to this place & finish up the job.

June 2nd Left the Congo at 5-30 this morning for Ambriz.

June 4th We arrived at St Paul de ~~Loando~~ Loando, last night at 5-15; did not stop at Ambriz, this is a Portugeese town, extensively fortified & contains about 15 000 inhabitants. It is the head quarters of the Portugeese African fleet.

In cruising on shore I find that the extensive fortifications are mostly in looks from a distance, thus verifying the adage that "distance lends enchantment to the view." I went through fort St Miguel

and out of some 75 guns there was hardly a serviceable gun in the lot the fort was generaly dilapidated & the soldiers slovenly verily a poor defence,

June 9th Today the Commodore visited the Portugese frigate & was received with a salute of 15 guns, with the American flag at the fore,

June 10th Today we were visited by the Governor & staff, he was received by the usual honors, & salute of 21 guns with the Portugese flag at the main,

June 11th There seems to be considerable amount of sickness on board now; there being about 52 on the sick list African coast-fever, we propose to start tomorrow morning for St. Helena, to recruit the health of the ship, we hope that a day or two at sea will blow the fever out of the ship,

June 12th Left St. Paul de Loanda at 6 oclock this morning for St Helena we have about 70 on the sick list this morning,

June 13th We have 105 on the sick list today. Some are getting better while others come on, No one seems to get seriously worse as yet.

We tried the sailing qualities of the "Ivon" yesterday, without steam, She sails a good deal like a galloping crab one knot ahead & three sideways, this morning they put steam to her again,

so now with a smart S. E. trade wind, & steam she gets along about 6 knots. She's quick.

June 16th Yesterday we hauled fires & are now trying sails for it. but she sails very slow. If it were not for the propeller, (which weighs 500 tons,) she would sail very well.

The fever seems abating some, now have only about 103, on the list. have had 107, on at one time about 180 have been sick. The weather is getting quite cool now.

June 18th Carries away flying jib-boom today. The fever is abating.

June 20th Francis Huxley O.S. died this evening age 18, he was a native of Philadelphia. Shiped in the Navy about two years ago as apprentice boy.

June 21st Arrived at St. Helena at 12 m. today. The village of Jamestown is located in a deep ravine, the only place on the whole island where a landing could be effected. it is on the north side of the island.

The island itself is literaly "a lone barren isle." The town contains about 1200 inhabitants.

June 24th Edward J. ~~Flock~~ Fleck Ordinary Seaman apprentice boy, died this morning.

July 2nd The quarters in which the Warrant Officers live in the "Dicon" have been condemned by a board of Survey. consequently the Warrant Officers, together with our servants have been ordered home. On the 2d of July

we took passage for New York on the English Bark "Kentish Tar". In Lat 13 N & Lon 38 W. we discovered that we were out of "fresh provisions" (?) So after a palaver we concluded we would keep away for Barbadoes & fill up.

We arrived in Barbadoes Aug 4th remained there two days, replenished our side board & larder & boldly made sail for New York. Where we arrived Aug 28th 1879

Thus endeth the cruise

# Cruise of the U S Training Ship

## Saratoga

### 1881

The U.S. Training Ship Saratoga is an old style Sailing Ship, used as a training ship for Naval apprentice boys. Under the Command of Commander H.C. Taylor

The left Baltimore for Washington Sat Feb 19th 1881 at noon, with a fair wind and pleasant weather. The first 14 hours brought her to anchor about 25 miles up the Potomac river. the wind having changed to the S.E. and died out ~~the~~ were obliged to anchor. The morning of the 20th we got under weigh, and attempted to go on our way, but the wind again dying out we were obliged to anchor. after making only about 15 miles of our remaining distance.

The 21st was a fine day with a strong head wind, it was no use to try to "beat" up the river on account of the freshet.

But the time was usefully occupied during the day, & the evening was pleasantly enjoyed by the boys in singing, & by the Officers in listening.

~~Wednes~~ Tues. Feb 22nd Washingtons birthday, at noon fired a ~~na~~ national salute of 21 guns, in honor of the day.

Wednes Feb 23d After sundry anchorings on account of light or head winds we arrived at Alexandria Va. after a passage of 4 days from Baltimore.

We expect to lie here a few days to enlist boys, for the glorious(?) service of their country.

Apr 28th " 1881.

We have laid here lying at the navy yard just two months. The ship has been well overhauled & fitted out for the summer cruise. Capt- E.B. Luce is flag officer of the training squadron, selecting the Saratoga for his flag ship. We shall soon be on our way towards Newport- R.I.

May 2nd " At 3-30 P.M. Got under weigh for Fort-Monroe, Fleet Capt- E.B. Luce on board. On the way down river we met the Presidents Yacht- with President Garfield & Sec. Blaine & Sec. Hunt- with Duke of Sutherland & suite on board. We fired a salute of 21 guns, as did the Portsmouth ahead of us. In passing Mount-Vernon, all hands stand with heads uncovered, the flag is at half mast & the bell is tolled.

At 8 P.M. the wind died out so we anchored till 6 next morning, when we again got underweigh with the wind N.E. & rainy.

May 3d At 10 A.M. Having reached a bend in the river which made a head wind we anchored to wait for a more favorable opportunity. At about 6 P.M. a fire broke out in the Seamans store room, caused by the ignition of a barrell of shellac.

All hands behaved splendidly, there was no excitement whatever, & no unnecessary noise, in one minute from the time the alarm sounded, three streams of water was on the fire, & in five minutes the fire was out. It was a very narrow escape, considering the situation, the room being in the extreme bows of the ship, which made a very chance to work.

The Captain complimented the Officers & crew for their efficiency & good discipline, as "all's well that ends well." At about 8 in the evening a lot of the boys were called aft to sing, the Marine officer

played the organ, & several fine songs were rendered by the boys. in Solos duetto & chorus. there are some fine voices among the boys, & they are encouraged to use their voices in song. The wind still holds ahead this moining (May 4th) I hope we shall have a chance to get along soon.

Sunday May 8th We have been a week from Washington & have only got to the Rappahannock River. Head winds ~~all~~ and calms all the way. I wonder when we shall get to Norfolk. I am lonesome today & imany.

Monday May 9th We arrived at Fort Monroe at 5 P.M. today with a head wind as usual Capt Luce transferred his flag to the Constitution just before getting in.

May 11th After sundry anchorings & head winds, we finally took steam at Fort Monroe, & succeeded in reaching the Navy yard at Norfolk at 5 today, and hauled into the dry dock to repair copper & clean bottom.

May 19th Hauled out of the dry dock at 12 today Boy Manton fell into the dry dock today & broke a wrist, & was sent to the Hospital.

May 22nd We unmoored this morning to try to get to Craney island, after anchoring three times we find ourselves at the Hospital ground, no wind, showers of rain & gleams of sunshine. Serves us right for attempting to start on sunday. I never knew ~~sunday~~ any good to come from sunday work when it was not actually necessary.

Sun. May 29th We started again this morning for Fort Monroe, & only got about 3 miles when the wind died away & we were forced to anchor, At 4 P.M. the wind came fair a good breeze, & we started again & succeeded in reaching Fort Monroe in one

hour. A distance of 9 miles.

June 4th. Yesterday we expected President Garfield to visit the fleet, but he did not come. Today at 8 A.M. he arrived on the Steamer Despatch, & was received with full honors, 21 gun salutes & yards manned by U.S.S.S. Saratoga & Portsmouth & German Corvette Nymphé. To night he is at the Hotel ~~Hygea~~ Higea we have had an invite to an impromptu hop there to-night but we dont see fit to "take it in".

Sun ~~May~~ June 5th. Pres' Garfield, Sec Hunt, Admiral Porter, with Mrs Hunt Mollie Garfield, & other ladies, visited the different ships of the fleet today. They were received with all the ceremonies. (manning yards &c) except gun salutes. The party left the Roads for Washington in the Despatch at 5 P.M.

Mon June 7. We left Fort Monroe at 7 this morning, with a head wind of course. We beat to sea, in six hours, along towards night the wind had hauled far enough to the Southward as to enable us to lay our course, I hope the wind will hold fair, that we may have a good run. We are bound to Newport R.I.

Sat June 11 Head winds have prevailed ever since the first day out. Rain & fog & cold weather when shall we get in "queen Isabel".

Sun June 12 Arrived at Newport R.I. today at 3 P.M. the Portsmouth arrived one hour earlier.

Thurs 23d. The Naval Brigade from all the school ships landed today on Coasters Island, & were reviewed by the Governor of R.I. &

Gen. Burnside & others.

June 25th Today we transfered 30 2nd & 3d class boys to the Constitution, & recieved 40 1st class boys in return.

We are under sailing orders for New London, & a cruise in the sound.

A boy just fell overboard & was saved by one of the men, who jumped after him. Both were picked up by one of the boats.

The Brass Band of 20 pieces from the Fort was on board today & discoursed sweet music for about 2 hours.

June 27th We got under weigh today at 2 P.M. & went up the Bay as for as Westford where we anchored. on account of head wind. We most allways have a head wind when we want to go any where.

June 29th We got under weigh tuesday morning & beat down to Dutch Island, where we anchored again. In the afternoon got out the boats & went fishing & boat sailing. Wednesday morning (29th) the wind was W. N. W. a fair wind out for a wonder, so we got under weigh at 9-30 & went to sea.

June 30 Arrived at New London at 11 today.

July 1st Got under weigh at 1 today to go up the river to witness the boat-race between the Harvard & Yale clubs. We had a splendid position at the finish they pulled 4 miles, in 22' 13" Yale winning by 6 seconds.

July 2nd We are about to get under weigh to go down the river again, for a departure. (10 A.M.)

Mon July 4th is more like sunday than yesterday was. we dressed ship in the morning. but at about 10 a.m. the flags were hauled down. no salutes fired today.

July 5th " Got under weigh this morning for New Bedford. the wind being ahead as usual, we ran across the sound & anchored in Gardiners Bay for a fair wind.

July 10th Yesterday afternoon we went up the Bay towards Greenport. when about half way. the ship stuck in the mud.

Position could not be ascertained on account of the buoys having been removed. We got afloat with little difficulty. & anchored there, and sent a boat to town. This morning (Sunday) a light wind came from the S.W. and we got under weigh at 9 A.M. for New Bedford. And arrived off the harbor at 10 P.M. expecting to go up town in the morning.

Last July 2 we while going down the harbor, we received news of President's assassination which took place at about 9 this morning. We came to anchor & await further news

July 11th " This morning the weather is foggy. The wind has come out ahead. & we are stuck here for the day any how & how much longer it is impossible to say. Mr Collins Navigator was detached today. We are all sorry to lose him.

July 14th " Left New Bedford this morning starting for Plymouth, but we got fairly clear of the harbor when the Capt concluded that he would go to Marion first. So we ran up the Bay about 12 miles & anchored off Marion.

July 15th " Got under weigh again this morning & started down the Bay. Got down to Quicks Hole, & met the tide & being a head wind as usual, we could not get through. Anchored again.

" 16th " It is a splendid fair wind today, but a little thick. Capt dont like it to start today. It is too bad to let such a good

chance & blow away. every body is disgusted & sick of the business. I hope we shall get started somewhere before long, this is dull music. All we can do is to go fishing & catch nothing.

july 17th Got under weigh at 5 this morning & started over the Shoals. Started with a fair wind & got as far as shovelful Light-Ship. when the wind died away & suddenly came ahead. we put back to about 3 miles west of Handkerchief Light-Ship & anchored.

july 18th Started again at 5 this morning with the wind N.W. ran over the Shoals, & headed up the coast of Cape Cod. the wind hauling to the west.

At 5-30 this evening. Cape Cod bearing S.W. distant 10 miles. the ship caught fire in the fore Hold. The fire was caused by ignition of a tank of asphaltum. from a lantern not much damage done as the fire was soon out. Arr at Plymouth july 19th.

july 23d Got underweigh this morning for Bath Maine.

After leaving Plymouth we jogged along slowly for the day. at night we got a fair wind. & carried it to the Kennebec river.

We got in sight of Seguin Sunday night. laid off & on through the night till daylight. then run inside Seguin island. met the ebb tide & anchored till one P.M. then got under weigh & went up to Parkes flats. & laid there till Tuesday morning. Got under weigh with a South wind & ran up to Bath. We lay in Bath till

aug 3d Then dropped down to the "Reach" where we now lay. patiently waiting for a fair wind out.

aug 8th Monday morning the wind came out N.W. The ship got under weigh and

sailed safely down the river and put to sea, leaving behind many new formed friends, and taking with her pleasant reminiscences of Bath, and the good lucks of the people.
At about 11 A.M. she went into Boothbay Harbor, and anchored in between Mouse and Squirrel islands.
The anchor was hardly down before she was surrounded by boats of all descriptions. Our decks were soon swarmed with visitors. Ladies being the most prominent as usual. There seems to be a facination about a ship, that makes ladies desire to visit. ~~more than~~
And they may be sure they are always welcome. After a pleasant sojourn at Boothe Bay till Wednes.
Aug 10th the ship again started at 8 A.M. with a fair wind for Mt Desert. arriving at So West Harbor at about 10 P.M. laid there through the night.
At early morning again got underway for Bar Harbor where she arrived at about 9 A.M. Bar Harbor is a summer resort of great note & style. There are many places of interest to visit here. There are at present some 5,000 visitors resorting here, occupying about 17 large Hotels and about 25 cottages, beside other private residences where they can get in. We have many visitors & the ship here, and each try to make it pleasant for the other.
Fri Aug 19th We received, at 10 today, an unofficial visit from Gen W.S. Hancock U.S.A. he was received by full dress, and salute of 18 guns.
Today is our sailing day, but there is

lots of fog, but no wind.

Tues Aug 23 Left Bar Harbor this morning at 9 for Halifax, with the wind N.W. but as soon as we got fairly clear of the harbor the wind come out South with dense fog. We run into So W. Harbor and anchored at 1-30 P.M.

W. Aug 24 Got under weigh at 8 this morning & beat out of So W Harbor, Wind east.

T. " 25 Wind came out N.W. this morning clear weather

Sat " 27 After three days of fog, we arrived at Halifax at 5-30 today. While going up the Harbor we were escorted by an excursion steamer, having a Brass Band on board. They cheered us, & we cheered them, their band played "Red White and Blue," & ours played "God save the Queen". After arriving at anchor before the city, we fired a national salute of 21 guns, with English flag at the fore. The salute returned from fort. Monday the ship was visited by the American Consul General, saluted by 9 guns on leaving the ship. The boys were given liberty here, as has been the custom at other ports. Some of them behaved very well, while others did not.

Tues Aug 30 We got under weigh at 1 P.M. & worked out of the harbor, by a long tack & a short one, and put to sea with the wind ahead as we most always do. It does not seem to make any material difference to us where the wind is ahead starting as long as there is wind enough to work ship. It blows pretty fresh from the S.W. many of the boys are seasick. I dont think they would be much to depend on with bad weather. We have been fortunate so far in having good weather, and we hope it may continue so.

Mon Sept 5th After a run of 6 days, we arrived at New London at 9 this morning

Tues " 6th Today is the celebration of the massacre of Fort Trumbull, at Groton heights. At noon all the saluting ships fired a salute of 21 guns. The scene was enacted as in 1781, when the British attacked fort Trumbull At that time a preconcerted signal was made between the American Army & Navy, to fire 2 guns from the fort in the morning. & if all was right, to be answered from the flag ship by one gun. The morning was foggy & the British fleet came in, with Benedict Arnold (the traitor) on board the flag ship. The two guns were fired from the fort, and Arnold being aware of the American signal, caused the answer of one gun to be fired from the British flagship, thus misleading the Americans. The British imediately landed on both sides of the harbor, & moved on the fort thus easily securing its capture. On this day (Sept 6 1881) the Constitution frigate took the ~~place~~ part of the British flag ship, in the drama, and fired one gun & landed the troops & moved on the fort, same as the British did a hundred years ago. The day was foggy as it was then. The smoke of the firing mixing with the fog, made it quite dark and gave the sky the appearance of a copper color. A feeling of depression seemed to be upon every one. It seemed that nature itself took part in the event of the day.

Sept 7th Today the 2nd day of the celebration, was devoted to the parade. Marines & sailors from the fleet landed & took part in the parade.

Thurs 8th Nearly all the fleet left today for different destinations. None are left but the Constitution & Saratoga.

Mon 12th The Constitution sailed today.

Wednes 14th We got under weigh at 6 this morning for Wickford R.I.

Thurs 15 Arrived at Wickford today.

Fri 16 Today we had target practice with the battery. & cleared ship for action.

Tues 20. This morning the flags on shore are at half mast. & the bells are tolling. & we infer from that, that the President is dead. A feeling of sadness prevails among all. Later. President died at 7. 35 Sept 17th

Sat Sept 24 We got under weigh at 9, 30 this morning for Newport. we passed the head of Canonicus island & was about to tack ship when she struck on hard bottom, throwing her out of water forward about a foot. We imediatly run guns aft to bring her by the stern, & got out lines to haul off, but as the tide was at ebb all our efforts were useless.
She went on at 11, 30. At 4, 30 the tide had raised so that the ship floated off at her own accord. No apparant damage done. After getting in 8 good water we anchored. & here she is.

Mon Sept 25. We got under weigh at 9-30 this forenoon & worked down to Newport against a strong head wind, and arrived here at 12-45 P.M. The New Hampshire Minnesota & Constitution are here. the Portsmouth is yet to arrive.

Wednes 28 The ship was inspected today by Capt S. B. Luce.

Thurs 29 The boys went out there for Brigade drill.

Fri 30 Boys have gone for Brigade drill again.

to day.

Sat Oct 1st. We got under weigh this morning at 6 & beat out of the harbor, bound to New York. The Portsmouth started before us, but collided with a schooner & carried away her own flying booms & the schooners mainsail & then ran ashore at the fort. She was towed off in about two hours, & started for sea again. We have our usual head wind.

Sun Oct 2 We arrived at New York Navy yard at 6 P.M. today. The Portsmouth arrived about one hour ahead of us. Last night (or at 2 this morning) the wind came out N.E. and gave us a good run up the sound. At Throg Neck we took steam & towed to the yard.

Sun Oct 9th. After lying at the Navy Yard a week, & getting in our stores, stoves, &c and surveys being over, we take steam at 7 A.M. and tow to sea, for a wonder the wind is fair this morning. The wind is allways fair enough, only we dont allways start when it is fair. We are now on our way to Yorktown Va.

Tues Oct 11 We arrived at Yorktown this evening at 6-30. making the run from Sandy Hook in 55 hours & 30 minutes, beating the Portsmouth by 25 hours. She arrived here the same time we did, but sailed 25 hours ahead of us. We have had the most remarkable passage of the cruise, having a fair wind every inch of the way. Last night we had a strong northerly gale, and as our latitude was nearly run down we hove the ship to, so as to not run past the capes. this morning the wind moderated, & we made sail & run in for the land, made Cape

Charles bearing W. N. W. we took a pilot at Cape Henry about noon, & arrived here this evening.

Oct 14 fri Capt Rhea of the Tennessee, draped dead body while in the act of shaking hands with Admiral Porter, on board the Despatch.

Oct 15th The funeral of Capt Rhea took place to day. The remains were placed on board the U.S.S. Tantic and conveyed to Norfolk and interred at the Naval Hospital grounds.

Tues Oct 18 The President arrived here this morning on the U.S.S. Star Despatch.

It was a grand sight in the harbor this morning, about 25 vessels including War ship, revenue cutter and yachts all dressed in rainbow colors, american flags at peak and main, French flags at fore, all with yards manned, and all firing the national salute of 21 guns, presented a view which will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to witness it.

Admiral Porter hoisted his flag on the Fenton. This evening the illumination is simply immense. There are about 120 vessels here of all sorts, and about 50 are illuminated by lanterns in red, white, & blue, at the yard arms & boom ends. Some of the small craft as yachts &c have up perhaps, 50 lights, we have over a hundred, some of the larger ones have as many as 200 lights up. Then the rockets & Coston signals, (fire balls in colors) add greatly to the display. It is 4th of July & 17th of June all jammed together.

Thurs Oct 20th Today all the sailors landed in parade
This afternoon the fleet is to have sail
drill. & fire a parting salute to the Pres-
ident. The fleet was inspected this P.M.
by President Arthur, from the "Despatch".
after which the Despatch steamed round
the fleet. All ship had yards manned
& marine guard in position. A parting
salute of 21 guns were fired. and the
President and suite, went on their way
to Washington.

Fri Oct 21 We got under weigh at 4 P.M. to try to
work out, but the tide turned against
us & we anchored for a more favorable chance

Sat 22 We got under weigh this morning at 7 with a
fair wind. The wind came out ahead at 10 A.M.
and we beat all day & got about half way
to Point comfort. & anchored for the night.

Sun 23d Arrived at Hampton Roads at 7 P.M. after
two days work from Yorktown,

Wedn 26th We started this morning at 10 to go to sea
bound to Newport R.I. we only got to the
tail of the Horseshoe, when the wind came
out N.E. and we anchored for a more
favorable opportunity.

Thurs 27th We started again today at 7 A.M. the tide being
against us. & the wind light from the south.
we did not get clear of Cape Henry Lite 4 P.M.
From that time till the next morning we
skipped along nicely, noon of the 28th putting
us off the Capes of the Delaware. Weather is fine
and warm. Wind South.

Mon Oct 31 Arrived at Newport today at 11-30 A.M.
Saturday night the wind increased to a strong
gale. breaking in squalls from the S.E. & S.W.
had a pretty hard night of it. Sunday
morning made the land south side of
Long Island, about 10 miles west of Mon-

Tank point We ran into the sound sunday The weather shut in thick with wind more moderate. Sunday night we found shoal water, but could not see any land, & judged to be west of point Judith on the north shore. Wore round & stood off S.E. till monday morning. then stood back to the N.W. & made the land ahead ~~west~~ east of Newport harbor. hauled close on the wind (wind S.W.) stood in & made Brentons reef light ship. stood on to windward of it & run in &

The Portsmouth left the Roads the same day we left the Capes, & arrived here through the sound at 8 this morning.

Sat Nov 12. The first part of this week the boys competed for the prizes for theoretical seamanship & gunnery. Wed'n the boys voted for the "Laurence Medal" to be awarded to the most popular boy in the squadron. The Saratoga's favorite is W. H. Assman Ord seaman 2nd class. Today the ships companys made an attack on Coasters Island which was defended by a battery manned by the Marines of the squadron, supported by men from the New Hampshire.

This afternoon all the boys of the squadron were invited on board the New Hampshire & a dinner given by Capt Bruce. at the same time the prizes were awarded. The first prize U.S. Gold medal went to R. H. Ford Ord. sea. 2nd class of the Portsmouth this prize as well as 2nd & 3d were for proficiency in seamanship & Gunnery. the 2nd prize a Farragut (silver) medal was awarded to W. H. Plinley of the Saratoga. The Laurence (gold) medal was awarded to W.S. Assman Ord. sea. 2nd Class of the Saratoga as the most popular boy in the fleet as was also the 3d a large

Photograph of Steam Whaler "Belvedere"
for proficiency in Sailmaking.
After the examinations were all over the 88 boys were transferred to the ship New Hampshire, and the Saratoga was sent to Boston for repairs. So ended the cruise of '81.

Mon 20 1882. After lying at the Boston Yard undergoing repairs, since the 28th of Nov '81 we are once more starting on our cruise of '82. The ship has been thoroughly overhauled, has been furnished with a new gang of wire rigging, & a new Gun deck, & some new sails, and is well fitted out for comfort & durability. We have 150 boys besides others including officers & make up the compliment - to 296. people.
We left the Boston yard Monday Mar 20th sailed down as far as President Roads, & there anchored, to get things in order before going to sea. Hours
Thurs Mar 23. The wind being fair we started for Newport. we only reached Montauk road, when the wind came out ahead & we are anchored again. Three boys were sent to the Hospital yesterday sick with scarlet fever. & one of whom has since died.
Fri Mar 24 Another case of Scarlet fever was sent to the Hospital today. The wind being fair, we got under weigh at 5-30 P.M. & proceeded to sea.
Sun " 26 After a run of 51 hours we arrived at Newport at 7-40 this P.M. We came out via South channel. The old boat can go if she has a chance. Today she has made as fast as 13 miles pr hour, under Top gallantsail Topsail & courses, with the wind on the

quarter. There are no new cases of sickness. Yesterday afternoon the flying jib boom carried away at the cap.

Mon Mar 27 The ship was quarantined today 'till further orders by the senior officer of the fleet. on account of sickness we have had. three cases of sickness showed up today but it is not developed as yet.

Thur Apr 13, We have been here since Mar 26th. The Portsmouth arrived yesterday, but on account of her delay. we have received orders & make the best of our way to Europe. Today we attempted to get under weigh cleared the ground & made sail, & drifted onto a schooner. cleared her & nearly drifted ashore. An anchor was let-go. & we dredged up & the Minnesota. We have had all the men except petty officers transfered away from us. so we have now about 150 green boys. some of them don't know which end of the ship goes forward.

Working aloft they are more like a lot of monkeys. as for as noise is concerned. all chattering & nobody minding.

A nice gang to attempt to cross the Atlantic with. It is most night & the chances don't look very favorable towards getting out of here to night.

Mon Apr 17th. After several days fooling round, doing nothing particular, we got orders to get under way & follow the Flag ship Portsmouth to sea. we did so, but no one knows where we are going & nor anything about the Commodores intentions. We left Newport at 8 A. M. We are all very much surprised to see the old "Sara" beat the Portsmouth, as we never knew her ("Sara") to sail so well before.

Fri Apr 21 We have had a big blow, it commenced wednesday night & lasted till thursday afternoon. We lost sight of the Portsmouth at about 3 A. M. thursday. We have had some squalls today, the wind shifted to the N. W. a good breeze. The sea is heavy & the ship rolls uncomfortably.

~~Thurs Apl 28~~ Sunday Apl 28th We arrived at Plymouth Eng. last night at 11 o'clock, the Portsmouth (which we lost during the blow mentioned above) arrived at 5 this morning. The usual salutes & official visits have taken place, and we are now ready to go on with our usual routine. Plymouth is a well fortified town it has about 110 000 inhabitants. It is one of the English naval stations & seems altogether a lively place. The city is made up of three towns, or parishes, we are, Plymouth, Stonehouse, & Devenport.

Wednesday May 17th Our officers were invited to a ball at the admiralty ~~was~~ given by Lady Stewart on monday eve. Tuesday, a ball was given on board our ship. About 25 couple were present from shore. They enjoyed about three hours of the "light fantastic" and went away seemingly well pleased.

Fri 19th Yesterday the new Eddystone light was lighted and declared open by H. R. H. the Duke of Edenburg. Seventeen steamers went out to the light. The steamer Galatea carrying the Royal party ~~&~~ and foreign guests, others carrying city council & the various military naval and invited civilians. After the ceremonys at the light were over, the company to about 200 assembled at ~~Guild~~ Guild Hall to partake of a banquet there provide. The American guests were received with éclat. Speeches

were made & toasts were given.
The American flag, American navy & in fact-every thing american were cheered & the full. It-is said that- our Commodore B. Bruce, made the king speech of the day. All together the affair was in every way enjoyable & every thing passed off- in a satisfactory manner.

Wed May 24 Today is the Queens Birthday age 68. she was born May 24th 1819. She assumed the throne at- the age of 18. June 20th 1837. She has therefore reigned successfully 45 years. The event is not- celebrated until May 30th this year.

Thur 25th Inst After 16 days in Plymouth of visiting & returning visits, parties, fetes & celebrations, we finally start- for Portsmouth at- 1 P.M. The Portsmouth has gone along, having left- an hour or so ahead of us.

Fri 26th Inst At- 6 last- night- we could just make out the Portsmouth ahead of us, she was carrying on all she knew. We were running easy, but- at- a little past- 6, we made sail, & shaped our course for Portsmouth where we arrived at 4-40 this morning, but- we were surprised not- to find the Portsmouth here. At- about- 6-30 this morning the Portsmouth came in It- was a surprise party to them to see us here, with our sails furled, yards squared & booms out- lying as comfortable as if we had been here a week. We made the run from Plymouth here in 13 hours dist. 150 miles. At- 6 P.M. we get- under weigh & sail up to Cowes Isle of Wight- where we arrive at- 8 P.M.

Thurs June 5th May 24th was the Queens birthday, but it- was not- celebrated till Sat. June 5th. We dressed ships in "rainbows" English flag at the main. At- noon we fired a salute of 21 guns.

last night we received a visit from the Marquis of Londonderry. The boys were called aft & sing a few songs, & after that the "darkie band" sang a few songs the Marquis left at about 10 P.M.

Mon June 12 After enjoying the sights and incidents of the Isle o' Wight for 11 days, we were signaled by the Portsmouth from Ryde to join her there, we got under weigh and sailed to Ryde and anchored about two miles off shore & wait further orders from the flag ship. In our evening exercise of sending down yards, we find that our boys have not forgotten anything, and their crew has not improved, for we beat them as usual

The weather is cold here as november, And it blows a gale all the time, I dont believe there is any time of year when they have what we call fine weather, in England, tho' the people here call it just lovely. I shall be glad when we get south where it is little warmer. Here it is too cold for light clothes and yet we do not like to wear overcoats,

The Saturday night before we left Cowes, the Brass Band belonging to the Isle o' Wight Volunteers, came on board and gave us a nice little concert. The boys availed themselves of the opportunity & have a waltz, and all enjoyed it hugely. The boys were allowed to go on Liberty at Cowes, and as a general thing behaved very well. There has been no desertions here as yet.

Thu 16th This morning, we got under weigh for Brest France. The weather is splendid, in fact the first real nice day we have had since we came here. The wind is moderate

but unfortunately dead ahead. tho' fair when we started. We hope for a fair wind of course. but as time is no object it dont make so much difference.

Wednesday 21 We arrived here (at Brest) at 11-30 last night. we had a head wind nearly all the way. The Portsmouth got in 8 hours ahead of us. The approach to this harbor is very rocky. tho' tis well lighted & marked. the harbor itself is nearly circular, about 3 miles across, & is perfectly landlocked. the entrance is narrow. but good water.

The city has but very little water front being situated on a hill. It is a walled city & well fortified. It is also a French naval station. There are several "men of war here. one large frame & one monitor. A small river runs through the town, in the mouth of which is the dock yard, for the navy. The two parts of the town are connected by a suspension draw bridge about 150 ft above the water. The streets are narrow. & there is very little trade business carried on the peasantry both male & female dress coarsely & wear wooden shoes.

Thurs 27th Two years ago, a torpedo was sunk at the mouth of the harbor, to be tested at the expiration of 3 years, the time expired today. An old frame of War hulk was towed out & moored over the torpedo. The hulk was girded with chains to raise her by in case she sank. She also had a lot of empty casks between decks to float her if possible. Several cows, goats, & sheep were put on board, to see if they were drowned or killed by the concussion

At 12 M. the torpedo was exploded by an electric battery from the shore the torpedo worked all right. A hole was made in the bottom of the ship & her back was broken. She sunk to a level of her spar deck. The animals were not injured. (Repeat from here)

Thurs. June 29th. We are ready for sea. The wind is still ahead. We were each ship furnished with a steamer by the French naval ~~for~~ commandant & towed about 20 miles to sea. It was purely an act of courtesy on their part. They gave us a good send off with steam & good wishes.

We started from Brest at 7 A. M. & made sail at 10-45 A. M. Wind S. W. & raing. I may here remark that the wind has been from N. W. to S. W. since Apr 1st with three exceptions. ~~one~~ two of 12 hours, & one of 4 hours duration.

We are now on our way to Lisbon Portugal.

Fri. June 30th. Yesterday the flag ship signaled us to go ahead. She evidently does not mean to lose sight of us this passage. During the night the wind came fair but light. The Portsmouth keeps a little astern of us.

To day, being the day when we suppose Guiteau to shuffle off the mortal coil by the aid of a hemp coil, the boys conceived an idea to hang him on board the ship. An effigy of Guiteau was made and hanged at the fore topsail yard arm. It was allowed to hang for a half hour. At noon it was lowered to the deck, placed on a stretcher, & marched round the spar deck, to the tune of the dead march by fife & drum, the boys

following in line, to the gun deck, thence to the sick bay, where the body was examined by the ship ~~apothecary~~ cook & pronounced dead, it was then taken on to the spar deck, dissected, then sewed up in old canvass, with the name "Guiteau" painted in large letters on it. It was then marched to the port gangway & buried in due form. A dirge was played, three ruffles sounded, the order given to "rouse him," the undertaker called out "watch-o-Watch" the inboard end of the plank was lifted & "Guiteau" was launched to his last rest. The effigy floated past the Portsmouth, when they soon had their curiosity satisfied as to what it was that had been hanging at our yard arm.

As soon as they discovered what it was they commenced to shoot at it with musket & revolver. Verily "Guiteau's" lot was a hard one, to be hanged, drowned & shot.

July 4th. We have had a delightful run so far, not remarkably quick but pleasant, making the run of 650 miles in five days. No one would ever think to see the bay of Biscay as we saw it that it is one of the roughest places in the world in a storm. We have had a fair wind ever since the first day out. We are now off the mouth of the river Tagus, with little prospect of getting in tonight. Today both ships fired the National salute of 21 guns. At one P M, all the officers were invited into the cabin, where a pleasant hour was passed in speeches, patriotic songs &c.

July 5th " We arrived at Lisbon Portugal at 2-15 A M. We came in without a pilot as usual

The Portsmouth did not follow us in as we expected, but hauled off till daylight & came in about 9 A. M.

Continued on Page 50.

*Written for the Bee.*

## UNCLE SAM'S SHIPS.

### NOTEWORTHY ADDITIONS TO THE FLEET.

Everyone knows the history of the old navy, which consisted of sailing ships, brigs and schooners, the "wooden walls" of America; vessels carrying from one gun to 120 guns in the ships of the line; frigates carrying 74 guns; sloops of 31 guns, carrying crews of from fifty men to 1000. Up to 1860 our navy consisted of just such vessels, manned by hardy sailors and efficient officers, the latter roughing it equally with the former in many ways. Everyone knows, too, how, at the commencement of "the war," that something must be done to keep up with the times, and contrive some vessels of speed and defense against the powers that might attack us in our crippled condition. At last, when Ericsson came to the front with his little Monitor, and proved her efficiency, it was thought that the climax had been reached. With her great guns of fifteen-inch bore, throwing a shell of 480 pounds, she did some terrible execution, and several vessels of that type, improved, were built, and all did good service. But they were slow and cumbersome, and hard to handle. Other countries began to produce fast vessels and powerful armaments, to resist the fearful pounding they would be likely to get from these same Monitors, should they ever be brought in contact. Their vessels were built to attack, also, therefore we must get up something to resist. A plan was devised to build ships combining both speed and durability, so if we could not fight we could run, and perhaps fight some other day. The Monitor turrets were supposed to, and did, resist all shot that was ever thrown against them.

While at home a year ago last summer I heard a Congressman assert in his speech that the United States Navy had only one gun; but we have guns now that can pierce one of those turrets through and through. The new guns are [illegible] and are breech-loading rifles. The mode of construction has been, heretofore, to take a bar of steel of the required length and diameter, put it in a lathe, turn out the body of the gun, after which bands of steel of different widths would be shrunk on, the gun bored and rifled. Though an improved method of building guns have been successfully tried at Pittsburg, Penn., whereby a heavy steel gun has been cast, which process will lessen the cost by about one-sixth of the cost of the former process.

The new guns vary in size from sixteen to twenty-four feet in length, and from six to ten inches in bore, and will do good work from three to seven miles. It would be a long story to enter into all the details of the manufacture and handling of these guns. Suffice it to say that where it used to take from fifteen to twenty-five men to handle one gun on board a ship, the new pattern can be much easier handled by four or eight men. So, instead of being obliged to carry a thousand men as in the old navy, they can get along very well with 200. Everyone who has ever been there, knows that there is no more comfortable vessels in the world than the old sailing ships of the navy. But they were getting old and played out, and could not offer the resistance of attack, as could the vessels of other nations.

The new vessels are comfortable in their way. They are fitted with all the modern improvements, such as electricity for light, bells, gun-firing, steam pipes for warming, blow pipes for cooling, hot and cold water, (steam condensed) torpedoes, and the best guns for armament. Vessels built of steel in compartments. Each vessel is provided with a suitable amount of life saving gear, such as boats, buoys, etc. We have all heard of the fuss over Roach's "Dolphin," the first of the new navy; she has turned out very well, after considerable tinkering.

Since then, several fine ships have been built, or are building. The "Boston," 3,189 tons, built by Roach, furnished by government, 270 feet in length, 3,189 horse-power, single screw propeller, carries a battery of two eight-inch breech-loading rifles, and six six-inch breech-loading rifles, costing $619,000.; "Atlanta," same as "Boston," except in cost, which was $617,000; "Chicago," built by Roach, furnished by government, 315 feet in length, 4,500 tons, 5,000 horse-power twin screw, four eight-inch breech-loading rifles, eight six-inch breech-loading rifles, and two five-inch breech-loading rifles, costing $889,000. This ship attained a speed of fifteen and one-half knots, equal to seventeen miles per hour, on her trial trip. The above named ships are now in commission.

"Charleston." Building at Union Iron Works, California, 300 feet in length, 3,730 tons. 7,000 horse power, twin screw, two eight-inch breech-loading rifles, and six six-inch breech-loading rifles, costing $1,017,000.; "Baltimore," building at Cromp's, Philadelphia, is 315 feet in length, 4,413 tons, 9,000 horse-power, four eight-inch breech-loading rifles, and six six-inch breech-loading rifles, costing $1,325,000.; "Yorktown," at Cromp's, 230 feet in length, 1,700 tons, 3,000 horse-power, twin screw, six six-inch breech loading rifles, and cost $455,000.; "Petral," at Columbian Iron Works, Baltimore, 175 feet in length, 890 tons, 1,100 horse-power, single screw, four six-inch breech-loading rifles, and cost $247,000.; "Newark," at Cromp's, 310 feet in length, 4,083 tons, 8,500 horse-power, twin screws, twelve six-inch breech-loading rifles, and cost $1,248,000.; "Philadelphia," at Cromp's, 315 feet in length, 4,324 tons, twin screw, guaranteed speed of nineteen knots, twelve six-inch breach-loading rifles, cost $1,350,000.; "San Francisco," at Union Iron Works, California, 310 feet in length, 4,083 tons, guaranteed speed of nineteen knots, twin screw, twelve six-inch breech-loading rifles, costing $1,428,000.; "Bennington," built by N. F. Palmer & Co., Chester, Pennsylvania, 230 feet in length, 1,700 tons, 3,400 horse-power, twin screw, six six-inch breech-loading rifles, costing $490,000.; "Concord," built by N. F. Palmer & Co., 230 feet in length, 1,700 tons, 3,400 horse-power, twin screw, six six-inch breech-loading rifles, cost $490,000; "Dynamite Cruiser," at Cromp's, 246¼ feet in length, 725 tons, guaranteed speed of twenty knots, twin screw, three dynamite guns of ten and one-half inch calibre, costing $350,000., including guns; first class torpedo boat, awarded to Herreshoff, Bristol, Rhode Island, 138 feet in length, ninety-nine tons, estimated speed twenty-three knots, twin screw, four automobill torpedoes, cost $82,750. The above named vessels are all building, except the Dolphin, Boston, Atlanta and Chicago, which are now in commission. The cost here quoted is contract cost for hull and machinery only. The guns here mentioned are the main batteries; each vessel has more or less smaller guns, such as Gatlings, howitzers, machine guns, etc.

Some may say, "What is the use of all this navy? we are not going to war." That may be all true; we hope it is. But all the same, the seas must be policed, and America must do her share of police duty. Were it not for the navies of the world, the seas would be overrun by pirates, and an honest vessel would have no show whatever. "Oh, well, the ships we have now are good enough for that." That is true, so far as they go; but the best one will not last more than nine years longer, and as we must have some kind of a navy, let us have a good one, and have done with it.

C. E. T.

# HISTORIC SHIPS

## Launched From the Charlestown Navy Yard.

### List of Vessels Built Since Its Establishment.

THE navy yard at Charlestown was established in the year 1800, but several ships of historical renown were previously built in private yards in Boston and vicinity, and this article would not be complete without mention were made of them.

In 1789 the ship Massachusetts was built at Germantown, in Quincy. She was the largest merchant vessel which had at that time been constructed on this continent. She was a frigate built ship, of 1000 tons burden, pierced for 36 guns, and of remarkably fine model. The day of her launch was one of jubilee and rejoicing. She had a prosperous existence, and was finally sold to the Danish East India Co.

Edmund Har.'s shipyard will be ever famous as the place where the U.S. frigate Constitution was built. The depredations of the Algerine corsairs on our merchant marine impelled congress to order the construction of six ships for its protection, and of these the Constitution was one. She was launched in 1797 and constructed in the most thorough manner, all the materials used being of home manufacture except that the guns of her first battery were of English make. Her first commander was Commodore Samuel Nicholson. In 1803 she sailed for the Mediterranean, where she earned for herself the well-known sobriquet of "Old Ironsides." During the war of 1812 her glorious career under Capts. Isaac Hull and William Bainbridge is familiar to all students of naval history. The grand old ship is yet afloat and it is to be hoped that, moored in some quiet haven, she will inspire lessons of patriotism in generations of Americans yet unborn as Nelson's historic Victory keeps alive the story of England's prowess.

#### The Boston.

The frigate Boston, 36 guns, (the second of that name) of 700 tons was the next ship of war built in Hart's yard and was launched in 1799. Her captures of "Le Berceau" and several French privateers are a part of our naval annals. In 1814 she was burned at Washington to prevent her falling into the hands of the British, who were advancing on that city. Here also was constructed the cruiser Argus, 16 guns, noted for her achievements in the war against Tripoli, and in that of 1812 she was captured in the English Channel by H.B.M. brig Pelican.

The first vessel of war built and launched from the new yard was the sloop-of-war Frolic in 1813. She made one or two captures, but in 1814 was herself taken by the British frigate Orpheus and schooner Shelbourne.

In 1814, the Independence, 74, was launched, but owing to defects in her draughting she was razeed into a fine frigate. She did not participate in the war with England, but cruised in Mediterranean waters during the subsequent war with Algiers.

In 1813 the frigate Chesapeake, under the command of the unfortunate Lawrence, refitted and recruited here, but was taken in sight of port by the British frigate Shannon.

The sloop of war Boston was launched in 1824, and after 20 years of almost constant service was wrecked in the West Indies.

In 1822 two 74-gun ships were begun. One of the 74s, the Vermont, was launched in 1853. She is known to every sailor in the country as the receiving hulk at the Brooklyn navy yard. The other, named the Virginia, was never launched, and, after remaining on the stocks for 50 years, was broken up.

The sloop-of-war Warren was launched in 1826. She did good service against the pirates in the Grecian Archipelago. The sloop-of-war Falmouth was launched in the same year.

#### Launch of the Cumberland.

Another historic ship was launched from the yard in 1842, when the frigate Cumberland slid from her ways. She mounted 60 guns and cruised in the Gulf of Mexico and Mediterranean and saw other service. She was afterward razeed into a decked sloop of war, with 22 heavy guns, and was finally sunk by the rebel ironclad Virginia (Merrimac) in the memorable conflict in Hampton Roads, March, 1862.

In 1852 the U. S. steamer Princeton No. 2 was launched. She was the successor of Princeton No. 1, broken up at the yard, and was built to contain her engines. The first Princeton was not only the first screw steamship added to our navy, but was also the first man of war screw steamship in the world.

In 1855 another famous craft was launched in the presence of thousands of spectators, the magnificent steam frigate Merrimac. She carried 40 heavy guns and was the object of general admiration, both at home and abroad. When the war broke out and the navy yard at Norfolk was abandoned she was sunk. Her conversion into an ironclad, and under the name of the Virginia her attack on the Union vessels in Hampton Roads, her defeat by the Monitor and destruction by the rebels are matters of history.

In 1858 the grand old Hartford, Farragut's celebrated flagship, was launched from the Charlestown yard from the same ways as the Merrimac. She mounted 22 guns and cruised extensively. Her participation in the brilliant actions on the gulf during the war forms a deathless page in our country's history.

Other vessels constructed before the war at the yard were the Alligator schooner, 1820, (wrecked in the West Indies while engaged in the suppression of piracy); brig Boxer, 1831; brig Porpoise and barques Consort and Pioneer, 1836; Marion, sloop-of-war, 1837; Cyane, sloop-of-war, 1839; brig Bainbridge, 1842; Erie, rebuilt 1842; Plymouth, sloop-of-war, 1843; Narragansett, crew sloop, 1859.

#### The Civil War.

Between 1861 and 1866 the Civil War caused great activity in the building, equipping and movement of vessels. During these years 39 vessels of war were built at the navy yard and in the neighboring shipyards of Boston, and 43 purchased vessels were equipped at the yard. Let us first note those which were built outright. In 1861 the following were launched: The Wachusett was a cruiser and was chiefly celebrated for her activity and vigilance in chasing the rebel privateers, such as the Alabama and Sumpter. The Housatonic, a splendid steam frigate, was one of the blockading squadron off Charleston. She was sunk by a rebel submarine torpedo boat, which also went down with all its crew after delivering the fatal blow. The Huron, Chocura, Sagamore and Marblehead were three of the celebrated 90-day gunboats, and served in the blockading squadron off Charleston.

In 1862 was launched the Canandaigua, screw sloop of war, one of the class of which the Monongahela and Lackawana were conspicuous examples. She participated in the battle of Mobile Bay and that with the rebel ram Tennessee in Farragut's flotilla. There were built also the double-ender gun boats Genessee and Tioga.

In 1863 the gun boats Massasoit, Osceola, Mattabahasset and Chicopee were launched. The Mattabahasset together with the ironclads Sassacus and Wyalusing fought the rebel ram Albermarle previous to her being blown up by the gallant Cushing in his torpedo launch.

#### Fought the Albermarle.

The Osceola, together with the Pequot, Wabash, Maritanza, Monadnock and Canonicus, all built at Charlestown, took part in the second bombardment of Fort Fisher.

The Tallapoosa, whose destruction in Vineyard sound in the summer of 1884 by a coal schooner, is fresh in all minds. The Tallapoosa and Winooski launched from the Charlestown yard in the same year belonged to the famous "double ender" class of vessels which were built expressly to meet a special demand in war time with a bow and a rudder at each end enabling them to move in either direction with equal facility. This was to allow them to navigate the deep but narrow southern rivers without having to turn around. They did good service.

The Pequot and Saco, small screw sloops, were also built in 1863 and in the same year the well-known monitors Nantucket, which saw fighting at Charleston, and Nahant, which under Dupont and Dahlgren did effective duty in the same waters, were floated.

#### First to Double Cape Horn.

In 1864 came the monitor Monadnock and the iron double-ender Winnepec and wooden Ammoneosuc. The Monadnock was a double-turreted ironclad, and first demonstrated the seaworthiness of that class of vessels by doubling Cape Horn and reaching San Francisco in perfect safety. Also the Canonicus, Casco, Chimo and Shawnee, ironclads, were produced.

In 1865 the Ashuelot, which performed good service in Chinese waters after the war, the Speedwell, Fortune and Guerrière were launched, together with four ironclads—the Shawnee, with double turrets, and the Nausett, Squando and Suncook, single-turretted. The Guerrière in 1871 took the remains of Admiral Farragut from Portsmouth to New York, and in 1873 brought the remains of Maj.-Gen. Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame from Nice to the same port.

In 1866 were launched the Leyden, Palos, Standish and Mayflower, screw tugs, and the Worcester or Manitou.

In reviewing the list of ships built at Charlestown during the war the number of New England names given vessels is worthy of particular attention.

The following vessels were purchased for the United States and equipped at the navy yard during the war:—

1861—P. Sprague, S.S., 963 tons, name changed to Flag; Cambridge, S.S., 858 tons; Ethan Allen, sailing bark, 566 tons; Fearnot, sailing ship, 1012 tons; Gemsbok, sailing bark, 620 tons; Ino, sailing ship, 985 tons (she chased the rebel privateer Sumpter thousands of miles); Massachusetts, S.S., 1115 tons; South Carolina, S.S., 1165 tons; Onward, sailing bark, 875 tons; W. G. Anderson, sailing bark, 542 tons; Young Rover, sailing bark, 418 tons.

1862—Kensington S.S. 1052 tons. For some time she was the flagship of the South Atlantic blockading squadron.

1863—Aries, prize S.S., 820 tons; Cornubia, prize S.S., 800 tons; Don, prize S.S., 390 tons; Harvest Moon, S.W. str., 546 tons; Howgush, 397 tons; Iron Age, S.S., 424 tons; Nipbon, S.S., 475 tons; Kershaw, prize S.S., 80 tons; Sun Flower, steam tug, 294 tons; Vicksburg, changed to Acacia, S.S., 500 tons; Victory, name changed to Queen, prize S.S., 630 tons; Wando, prize S.S., 645 tons.

#### Surrendered in 15 Minutes.

1864—Atlanta, prize ironclad, 1006 tons. The Atlanta was the famous rebel ram so carefully built and of which so much was expected. She was captured by the monitor Weehawken near Savannah after an engagement of only 15 minutes, during which the Weehawken only fired five shots. Azalia, steam tug, 176 tons; Bat, prize S.S., 530 tons; Belle, 52 tons; Cherokee, prize S.S., 602 tons; F. W. Lincoln, name changed to Phlox, str., 317 tons; Glide, steam tug, name changed to Glance, 80 tons; Little Ada, prize S.S., 196 tons; Phillippi, prize S.S., 311 tons; Thistle, prize S.S., name changed to Dumbarton; Union, name changed to Unit, S.S., 500 tons; Tristam Shandy, prize S.S., 444 tons.

1865—Ella and Annie, prize S.S., 627 tons, name changed to Malvern; R. E. Lee, prize S.S., name changed to Fort Donaldson, 900 tons; Trefoil, steam tug, 370 tons; Young America, prize S.S., 173 tons; Yucca, S.S., 373 tons.

In 1874 the iron torpedo boat Intrepid was launched, she being the first vessel of the kind added to our navy.

In 1881 there were on the stocks the Connecticut, a first-rate, 2869 tons; the Oregon, a double-turreted ironclad, and the Pennsylvania. None of these were ever launched. The Ohio, 74, was for a long while a familiar sight to visitors at the yard as a receiving ship and thousands have trodden her decks. She has since been broken up. The steam frigate Wabash lies off the yard in commission as the receiving ship for recruits. She was in her day a magnificent ship and saw active service under Admiral Dupont, whose flagship she was. She participated in the second and successful bombardment of Fort Fisher in 1861.

#### Cessation of Work.

Since the war the work has been gradually brought to a standstill, the force reduced until at length the yard has been practically closed. The only department remaining in operation is the ropewalk. This is one of the finest in the country, was built in 1836, and is 1360 feet in length. Here can be manufactured 2500 tons per year of all kinds and sizes of rope. All the rope used in the U. S. navy is here made. Facilities for the annual manufacture of 500 tons of wire rope exist. The machinery is almost automatic and very interesting and curious.

The Portsmouth did not follow us in as we expected, but hauled off till day light, and arrived in about 9 A. M.

July 8th Sat. The first death in the squadron this season occured yesterday, Midshipman George Sparhawk of the "Portsmouth" died at the Royal Naval Hospital, at Lisbon, of Typho Pneumonia. He was a native of Boston & a very promising young officer. His death is sincerely deplored by his class & mess mates.

Thurs July 13 A pulling of gloom & sorrow is hanging over every one today, because our Executive Officer, Lieut J. C. Soley is ordered away from us. He is ordered to report to the American Legation of Paris, supposed to be in connection with the Egyptian affair.

We left Lisbon today at 4 P. M. We had a nice fair wind out. After gaining on & passing the Portsmouth signaled us that "This ship is bound to Genoa, take your position ahead."

July 14th The second death in the fleet occurred last night, on board our ship, in the case of Edward Cook (colored) Wardroom boy, who died of consumption. At 3 P. M. this afternoon all hands were called "to bury the dead." The Battleships were hove to, the body was carried to the starboard gangway by 4 bearers, all officers assembled on the quarter deck in full service dress & side arms, the men assembled in the port gangway, Petty officers & marine guard in the starboard gangway. The funeral service was read by Master C. D. Galloway. The body was "committed to the deep." a volly of three rounds fired by a guard of 8 rifles commanded by a corporal of

Marines, called a Privates Guard,
I may here remark that the only time
when "Jack" uses the starboard gangway,
and is "piped" over the side, is when
he goes over dead.

Sat July 14 We passed Gibraltar at 4 P.M. today,
with a fair wind.

Tues " 18 We carried a nice fair wind till yes-
terday, when after a short calm, the wind
came out ahead. The two ships kept
in company till 4 P.M. today when the
flagship signaled us to make the best
of our way to Genoa.

The sail along the coast of Spain is very
pleasant & interesting. By reason of the wind
coming ahead we were obliged to shape our
course to the northward between the Balearic
islands & the main land. We first made
the land off Valencia, from there we kept
along close to the coast, where we can easily
see ~~with~~ by the aid of the glass, the little
villages which nestle in almost every valley
at the foot of the mountains, which rear
their majestic ~~peaks~~ Peaks in the background.
Now & then we pass a large city, as Tarragona
& Barcelona. We observe castles up the moun-
tains, some on the very peaks, veritable "Chateau
de Espagné." Now we see the peaks of the
Pyrenees in the distance, as we approach
the Gulf of Lyons. The old Mediterranean
cruisers say we will get a "brush" out of
the gulf of Lyons, but it seems to be the
wrong time of the year for we go across
the gulf with a light fair wind. At about
noon of the 24th we sight the land at
Toulon, the wind increases to a smart
whole sail breeze, & we flit along the
shore at the rate of ten knots per hour

The wind died away during the night but on the morning of the 25th we find ~~ourselves~~ our ship off Nice, now we pass Monaco, Villefranche, & skim along the land, with a good breeze which has come up with the sun. We run in to within eight miles of the land. so we can easily see the pretty villages which dot the sides of the Maritime Alps. Every village however small, shows one or more steeples, as well as forts, thus showing how they combine the church & state. Now we ~~leave~~ & draw near to Cape Mêle, where we again leave the land to strike across the Gulf of Genoa.

We arrived at Genoa at 10-30 P.M. Tuesday, 25th inst. The Portsmouth has not yet arrived. A telegram was sent to the New York Herald, to the effect that "the U.S.S. Saratoga had arrived at Genoa, the Portsmouth expected daily

Genoa is a very old town as is well known, the streets are very narrow, some not more than 6 ft wide. the buildings are mostly from four to nine stories high. they are built wholly of stone, having floors & stairways of stone. A burning building is not known. The town is located on a side hill, or rather the southern slope of the Alps. little villages dot the ~~side of the~~ mountain sides even to the summits, where are seen numerous castles. The parks are highly ornamented & very pretty. containing fountains, plants, statuary &c. one street of about two furlongs in length & 3 rods wide is entirely roofed in by glass.

The street cars are some like our open cars but they do not run on rails. but run on low ~~tired~~ wheels or trucks. Genoa exports a large amount of marble. Some people call Italians lazy. but in this case I think it is a mistake for every one seems to be busy, business of all kinds seems to be lively. there are some three hundred vessels inside the breakwater many undergoing repairs. There is not an american vessel in the lot; & I will say here, that I have not seen an american vessel of any kind except our own two ships since we left Newport R.I. That looks well for American commerce surely.

There are great improvements being made about the docks, an outer breakwater is in course of construction to make a harbor for the port; as there is no natural harbor whatever. the town is wholly open to the sea. Italy generally is a great place for fancy articles of virtu, as statuary, jewelry &c.

The people are pleasant to deal with. Some places, Naples for instance have many beggars. One cannot pass along the street without being continually beset by beggars or guides. But in Genoa we see nothing of the kind. One may walk about all day & not be accosted by even a hackman. tho' there are plenty of them.

We in America have been unfavorably impressed in regard to foreign countys such as Portugal, Spain, Italy &c, by their representatives, which we see in the States. We must not look upon the Italian organ grinder, which we see about our streets as a type of the country, for he is only too often a sort of the refuse of

## A Foreign Scrap.

C. E. Tallman sends the BEE a copy of the Yokohama *Weekly Box of Curios*, with the following marked dialogue:

*Bob*—Say, Pa, now the "first gentleman of Yokohama" is dead, who will take his place?

*Pa*—Can't say, Bob.

*Bob*—It wouldn't do to let the position go vacant, would it? Isn't there anyone that can fill it, Pa?

*Pa*—I am not clear as to the qualifications, my son, so I can't inform you.

*Bob*—There seems to be several who did what he asked them to do, Pa, couldn't they take the job?

*Pa*—They may feel they are qualified to fill it my son, but I doubt if Society or the old followers would recognize the virtues they claim to possess—No Bob, these fellows won't wash nor will they be recognized.

*Bob*—Spring has come early this year hasn't it, Pa?

*Pa*—Why do you think so, Bob?

*Bob*—Several things. Grandpa Watson has got a straw hat, Manager Eppinger has taken off the coverings of the plants, and the street acrobats are to be seen daily about the hotels.

*Pa*—If all these things have occurred, Bob, it will only take a *Gazette* Spring poem to prove your claim.

*Bob*—Now Mr. Campbell has gone we won't have a Turkish Bath in town, will we, Pa?

*Pa*—Not one that will be visible, but the fellows that advanced Campbell $50 on his patent Shares are now in such a cold sweat that they hardly need one.

*Bob*—Yokohama is a great place for suckers ain't it, Pa?

*Pa*—This town is bled quite easily, my son.

N. B. Richmond resembles Yokohama insomuch as it is easily bled.

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many of [illegible] business friends will be sorry to hear of his death.

## He Still Lives.

A missive in the round, vigorous handwriting of C. E. Tallman furnishes convincing proof that the bubble blower is still in the land of the living. If anything further is wanting we have the gentleman's own word that he is not only alive, but tolerably comfortable. He thinks it quite likely that he may remain all winter in Yokohama which, next to coming home, is what he prefers. Remembering the BEE, he kindly, sends to this office an election report, written in pigeon English. We publish the beginning and end of the account:

The excitement of the election of a member of the Foreign Municipal Council is now over. Mr Townsend has been elected by majority. So far as I have been tald, nearly all the Japanese lot-owner's voter in favor of mr Townsend an I the greatest part of polls be ob ained consisted of the Japanese voters. . . . . While he endevours to make fortunate by own business on one hand, he will arrange the Mumicipal affairs with justice and impartialify on the other hand. If the general interests of the lo-owners and tenants would be proved to be more safe in Mr Townsend's hand than they were in his predecessors as we expect our congratulation upon his success is not too hasty.

"Here's richness!" as Mr. Squeers would say.

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## A False Report.

Sailmaker C. E. Tallman, U. S. N., whose "Bubbles" have frequently been admired by readers of the BEE, was taken sick, not long since, and in order that he might be properly cared for was removed from his ship, the Marion, to the marine hospital in Yokohama, Japan. This circumstance, which is a matter of common occurrence in every port, afforded the calamity howler a chance to get in his fine work. Having seen the officer's sickness reported in a Boston daily, some enterprising individual, gifted with a mournful imagination, at once started the story that Tallman was dead. Without knowing or caring whether the report was true or false, a dozen persons repeated it, to the disgust of thoughtful individuals and the annoyance of the sick man's relatives. The anxiety of his family was relieved Wednesday by a letter in his own handwriting, which states that he is getting along quite comfortably and is not in the least alarmed about his condition. Now if meddlesome mortals who know nothing at all about the matter can be brought to take a cheerful view of the situation, they will confer a favor on those who are deeply interested. But perhaps this is asking too much. There are individuals who take to grief as naturally as tadpoles take to dirty water. To expect anything hopeful or helpful from such persons is worse than folly.

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## A New Venture.

It looks now as though one of the idle shoe factories would be occupied before many weeks. Without publishing details prematurely we will say that local and outside capital will probably be employed in the venture and while it may be necessary to begin operations on a small scale, the business will start under fair auspices and will be carefully managed. This is the best news that has been heard since Charles Tallman came to life, and every reader of the BEE, at home and abroad, will join in wishing the new venture success.

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the middle passage
up the Mediterranean, while we hugged along
the western shore, and took advantage
of the land & sea breezes.

Aug 1st The U.S.S. Lancaster, Admiral's flag
ship & came in this morning & left again
at night, taking with her 25 of our best
boys. There were some long faces among
the boys who left us. I think they will
be likely to miss the comforts of the

## Obituary.

Mrs. H. Etta Huntington died at the home of H. D. Fellows on Gardiner street Monday afternoon, January 9th. She was born Feb 17th, 1848, and was the youngest child of the late Holden and Cynthia J. (Trask) Tallman.

Although not wholly unexpected, the announcement of her death came as a shock to her friends. For several years her health has not been good, but when able, she followed her usual avocation. Her last illness was short, and the end came quietly and peacefully.

The greater part of her life was passed in Richmond. March 6th, 1873, she was united in marriage to George King Huntington, a veteran of the civil war, who carried a bullet received in battle, in his elbow until his death, which occurred after several years of pleasant married life.

She was a true, pure woman, speaking no ill of others, staunchly loyal to her friends, of whom she would not willingly hear a malicious word spoken, and by whom she was much esteemed and will be greatly missed.

Funeral services, conducted by Rev. H. A. Clifford, were held at Mr. Fellows' house Thursday forenoon, the interment taking place at the Tallman burial lot on Swan Island.

## Resolutions.

JOHN MERRILL RELIEF CORPS. No. 47.

*Whereas*, In view of the loss we have sustained in the death of our beloved sister, H. Etta Huntington, and the still heavier loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to her, therefore be it

*Resolved*, that it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting her removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and love.

*Resolved*, that we sincerely condole with the family in their affliction, and commit them to Him who hath said: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for strength is made perfect in weakness."

*Resolved*, that this heart-felt testimonial be placed upon the records of our Corps, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

MRS. LOUISA SPAULDING. }
MRS. CHARITY PERKINS. } Committee on Resolutions.
MRS. MARY STUART. }

## Obituary.

Herbert B. Gifford, one of the founders of this paper, died of consumption May 19th, at his home in Richmond. It is no exaggeration to say that no man, young or old, had more friends in the community or was more highly esteemed among all classes of people. While his untimely departure will occasion no change in the general management of this paper, his loss is keenly felt by his surviving associates, who embrace this opportunity of publicly testifying to the manly qualities of their comrade who has dropped out of the ranks. In this world of hurry and bustle there is scant time for mourning the dead. Other hands have already taken up the work which our deceased brother begun, and others must perforce reap whatever harvest results from his efficient labors. But those of us who were intimate with the departed—who knew the high hopes which he had formed of the present venture—may safely promise that the work shall be carried along on the broad lines which he had planned, and that in the future conduct of this publication his high aims and honest methods shall never be lost sight of. This, we believe, is the most sincere tribute which the living can pay to the dead.

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Fri 4th

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Villefranche at 1-15 this

e hope an American

ste one of the Mediterranean

fleet. It is a splendid little harbor, a

kind of bay between 2 high Promontorys

The town of Nice is about 8 miles from

here, west. Monte Carlo, is the largest &

most magnificent gambling place in the

world. It is located near Monaco.

We started at 5 A. M. today for Gibraltar.

last evening a 3 mile race was pulled, by our

2nd cutter against the Lancaster cutter

and boat winning by 48 seconds.

Today we had target practice with the

batterys, using over 100 charges, the boys

made a few very good shots tho' the general

average was nothing extra. We put a target

overboard & played round it with the ship.

The boys made some very good

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Written for the Bee. No 26

## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

### A BUBBLE BLOWN ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

It has been a long time since I have blown a bubble for the BEE, but it is hoped that at this late day one will not

Black Hills. Here we have some climbing to do, though it is soon over with. The soil of Nebraska is very good, apparently, but that of Wyoming seems to consist mainly of heavy, black

wagons that we saw

Here I first saw the new mode of equestrianism for ladies. The rider was one of the elite of the city. She

saddle in a manly way.

light- head winds,

& some [illegible] wind. we

Gibraltar. Here we find the

Portsmouth. she has been here a week.

We are surprised here & get orders to take 55 boys from the Portsmouth & proceed to Aspinwall C. A. & transfer our boys to the Pacific squadron.

Consequently we prepare for sea & are now (25th) ready to sail, as soon as the wind serves. It is no use to try to get out the straits with a head wind, the tide is so strong running in.

Sun Aug 27 Saturday was a sailing day, & we were very fortunate in getting an east-wind day, so at 2 P.M. we got under weigh & try to get through the straits. Some times vessels have to wait for several days before they can get a wind to get out. There is one peculiarity about Gibraltar & that is that when an east wind sets in for any length of time a cloud appears over the rock, but at all other times it is "clear as a bell."

We got a splendid send-off, a fair wind & plenty of it.

Continued on page 62.

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES, NO 27.

### ON SHIPBOARD AND ON SHORE.

On Wednesday, June 3d, the United States ship Marion was reported ready for sea, and the day was set apart for her inspection.

The examining board consisted of a Captain (president of the board) a Lieutenant of Ordinance, a Chief Engineer and a marine officer. They came on board at ten o'clock, a. m., and were received by all the officers of the ship. Some of them looked like dandies in service dress, but this is good enough for a revolver."

Evanston, Wyoming, we strike the Rockies, coming out at Ogden, Utah. At Omaha I took a car for Salt Lake City, where I arrived at three o'clock Sunday morning. Passengers are not obliged to leave their berths until seven o'clock, at which hour I was met at the station by our old friend and townsman, Arthur E. Clarke. He gave me a hearty greeting, and took me in tow to show me the town.

In the morning we attended divine service in the Opera house. In the afternoon we went to the Mormon Tabernacle, where we heard a very good discourse on Mormonism—that is, I suppose it was good for Mormons. But whatever may be said of the preaching, the music certainly was fine. There were about two hundred voices in the choir, and they were accompanied by one of the grandest organs I ever heard. The building will seat about 9000 people, and at the time of my visit some 6000 were present. The Temple, a magnificent granite structure, is unfinished. It is said to resemble Solomon's Temple of Bible fame. The Endowment House has been destroyed. The Tything House is still standing, where the Mormons continue to pay tribute amounting to ten per cent. of their income. If a Mormon sells a house for one hundred dollars he must pay ten dollars of the amount in tythes. The water system of Salt Lake City is one of the best in the world. The water is from melting snow entering a feed pipe away up the canyon, thereby supplying the city with a pure, ice cool beverage at all times.

On Monday I visited friend Clarke's place of business at the Mountain Ice Company's factory. Here they manufacture as good ice by chemicals as ever frozen on the Kennebec. In the afternoon, while cruising about town, I fell in with a Grand Army comrade who introduced me to Governor Taylor of Utah, the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Judge of the Supreme Court, and other dignitaries. The last named gentlemen are from Charlestown, Mass. They were hospitable, and took me out to show me the sights. If they had had their way I guess I should have been in the city until now. In the course of my travels I met an old Mormon bishop who gave me many points on Mormonism, which I may repeat, some day, for the benefit of the Bee's readers. I was shown a fine stone mansion that was built by the United States government for the use and protection of surplus Mormon wives; but none of them ever occupied it. Funny, isn't it?

[Editor's people were not allowed to

should be kept going till the last minute.

Arm and away all hands, Jr. U. S. Corps carries medicines, surgical implements, cots, etc. The Sappers and Miners carry constructive tools, such as mattocks, spades, etc. These things may seem out of place on board a ship, but at the same time if occasion should require landing to face an enemy,—as some of the readers of the Bee have obliged to do, to my knowledge, I [illegible] these shore-going appliances of the [illegible] in handy.

ern journey. Derweigh at ten in the with the incom[illegible]wn the river West, that he does in going [illegible] While departing from Boston, many come the are left behind, and the farther one gets South, the worse it is.

In Boston, a man who pretended to know all about the matter, advised me to buy my ticket to Baltimore at a "scalper's" office, as by so doing, I could get it cheaper than from a regular agent. I called on the said "scalper," and got his price. I then went to the office of the New York and New England R. R. Co. and bought a limited ticket for one dollar less than the cheap (?) man would sell it for. Thus it is often cheaper, and always safer, to deal with regular and authorized agents, than with speculators.

We left Boston Friday at 6 p. m. on the "Through by Rail" line. At Harlem we were delayed two hours on account of damages to the steamer that takes the cars to Jersey City. We reached the latter place just in time to miss our connection with the Philadelphia train. After waiting until 9 p. m. our car was coupled to an accommodation train. Although we arrived in Philadelphia five hours late, we were in time to connect with the "Limited" ~~Fort~~ train for Washington. In the end, we reached Baltimore on Saturday, at 3-30. p. m.

After leaving Jersey City, everything assumes a Southern aspect. The streets, buildings, and even the people have a dilapitated appearance. Baltimore, which was once a neat looking city, is now vastly different. Although the streets and sidewalks are rough and dirty, I have not seen a man at work repairing or cleaning them since my arrival. In many of the public buildings the floors are shabby, and the glass is broken from the windows. In short, the general appearance of the city betokens indolence and neglect.

Jolting along in the street cars, I am forcibly reminded of two lines in the Pauper's Funeral.

"The road it is rough,
And the car has no springs."

The conceit is furthered by the appearance of the conductors and drivers, who bear a striking resemblance to grave diggers. The horses might be appropriately placarded with the old sign of "Oats wanted. Inquire within." All this is in striking contrast with Boston, whose neatly kept streets, handsome public buildings, and Palace street cars, are likely to be appreciated and remembered by all who have seen them. It is to be hoped that the Southern people may never "run" the country,—at least, not as they are now running this part of it. If they do, it will soon be run into the ground.

Before closing this letter, I wish to add a word of testimony with regard to the employes of the New York and New England R. R. Co. These officials have the reputation of knowing the least of any public servants in the country, and it is my opinion that they are in every way deserving of their fame. Forgetting that they are dependent on public favor for support, they perform their duties under protest, and expect their patrons to thank them for the accommodation.

C. C. T.

I cannot testify to the morals of California in every instance. Sunday is as much of a holiday now as it was in the earlier history of the State. Races, base ball, billiards, shows and trade flourish on Sunday more extensively than on any other day, for the reason that laborers are not at work, and come to town for recreation.

After all the beauties of California—of scenery, climate, etc.,—I am perfectly willing to leave it. One needs an overcoat here every day or night in the year. "New England is good enough for me." I hope we may get away from here before we receive other orders.

C. E. T.

Vallejo, Cal., June 6th.

to join the fleet in the cruise of '82. The squadron—or, as the boys call it, "Papa Luce's baby navy—consists of the following named vessels; I will write their names, together with the nicknames given them by the boys. The New Hampshire, "Ham," Minnesota, "Minnie," Portsmouth, and Saratoga, "Sara."

Our ship, the Saratoga, made the run from Boston to Newport—outside line—in 52 hours; making as high as 13 knots an hour. The Portsmouth having arrived in Newport, April 13th, the two ships, Portsmouth and Saratoga, set sail on the 17th inst. for Europe, Commodore Luce Flag Officer on board the first named ship. The ships sailed "in squadron" for three days, when we encountered a heavy gale which obliged us to heave to. We lost sight of the Portsmouth in the night, and did not see her again until the end of the voyage.

Of course, in a ship like our own, manned by a crew of almost green boys, and coming across the Atlantic in stormy weather, one must necessarily witness many amusing scenes. The first few days out, almost everybody, including officers as well as boys, were seasick, although a few of us "old salts" could lay back and smoke our pipes, to the aggravation of those who wanted to smoke, but couldn't until they had paid full tribute to Neptune.

As we had a fair wind and a good deal of it, after losing sight of the Portsmouth we ran for it. A strong wind makes a big sea, consequently the old "Sara" rolled heavily, so that her gun deck was wet and slippery most of the time. It was laughable, at times, to see chests, tables, pots, pans and boys rushing across the deck when an unusually big sea struck the ship. However, as soon as the boys got over their sea sickness, they seemed to enjoy the commotion: their appetites returned, and they began to rally round the mess tables with considerable enthusiasm.

The boys have advanced rapidly in seamanship during the passage. Many of them are smart, and they can reef topsails in less time than many older sailors would require for the job. Our ship, too, is comfortable and handy. When we were down east last summer, it was no uncommon thing for visitors to wonder how we got around with "the old box." "She don't look as though she could get out of her own way." "Which end goes ahead?" and other similar remarks and questions were frequently uttered and propounded by the nautical critics of Bath. Perhaps they will have a better opinion of the ship when they learn that she has made 13 knots an hour, and that her best day's work on this passage—and also her best on record—was 251 miles.

Upon nearing port, all hands were employed in painting, scraping, tarring and doing everything necessary to make the ship presentable in the sight of our English cousins. At this work the boys are very handy. We have with us one apprentice whom I think is especially deserving of

*Written for the Bee.*

# BUBBLES NO. 28

## A CRUISE ALONG THE P[illegible] COAST.

While lying in San Franc[illegible] 4th, the ship was dressed in [illegible] colors and "rainbow from ste[illegible] stern." The band played "colo[illegible] morning and night, and at noon a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The ship had many visitors that day. Everybody admired the little Marion, and well they might, for she is a daisy. Everything is new and clean, and we mean to keep it so.

We received orders to proceed to Berings Sea, put an officer on board the "Bear," and return to Port Townsend for orders; but it was finally decided to visit Port Townsend first, on the chance of finding the "Bear" there. Imagine us fairly underweigh, with everything shipshape and Bristol fashion.

And this is the Pacific! If so, it has given us the most unpacific reception I have received for many a day. The wind blows like—well, it blows hard from the northwest, just the way we want to go. We are under steam and driving against a head sea, making not more than three knots an hour. Most of the young fellows,—we have twenty boys,—are seasick. How different is their treatment, compared with mine when I first went to sea. In those days, if a youngster was foolish enough to be seasick it was considered his own fault. No matter how much he suffered, he had to do his work on deck or aloft, or get more kicks than pennies. He was also given more advice than he could comfortably carry. Things are different nowadays. The seasick ones are allowed to lie about decks, and are never disturbed by the officers. Of course their shipmates offer them a few good-natured suggestions,—advising them to take a run over the masthead, or to swallow a salt water cocktail,—but this sort of chaffing is well meant, and hurts nobody.

Fair weather and a light wind favor us the second day out, and the Marion makes eight knots with ease. The sick ones are getting over their temporary illness and are able to eat their rations, and more, too. By the way, they get all they want to eat, and more, too. Speaking of rations reminds me of the difference between the food that was served to Jack twenty-five years ago and that which is given him to-day. Then, if we got nine hard tacks a day and a pot of tea, we were lucky. Our table was the deck, our table cloth a piece of painted canvass big enough for fifteen or twenty men to sit or squat upon, while our dishes were a tin pot and pan, spoon and sheath knife. Since those days things have changed for the better. On board the Marion granite iron ware is used for dishes, the men sit down on benches and eat well-cooked food from clean tables, using knives, forks and spoons, while an attentive mess cook waits on them. It is no grab game; every man gets his share. The rations consist of beef, pork, beans, tea, coffee, condensed milk, peas, vegetables, canned meats, fruits and cereals. Many of the men live better than they ever lived at home, though I did hear a youngster finding fault, one day, because there was no pie for desert. He probably had heard of pie and wanted to see the curiosity.

In cruising along the coast of California one is astonished at the vast amount of valuable land that is unim- [illegible] Here are hundred[illegible] acres.

*Written for the Bee.*

# BUBBLES.--No. 10.

## P[illegible]OUTH.

On landing at Plymouth, almost the first question asked me, was, "Have you seen *Jumbo?*" There is great wailing and mourning in England at the loss of this elephant, and a familiar song is changed to,

"Empty is the garden, Jumbo's gone."

But although the departure of this curiosity is sincerely lamented by the people in this vicinity, there are still many objects of interest here, to attract the tourist.

The city of Plymouth is composed of three towns, or parishes: Plymouth, Stonehouse and Davenport. The Davenport dockyard, though reckoned among the sights of the place, is as nothing compared to our American Navy yards. The city, however, is well fortified, nothing being neglected in the way of defense. At this port, the English training fleet consists of five ten-gun brigs. Their juvenile crews, though well drilled do not make a better show than our boys. The English lads look cleanly, but their clothes do not seem to fit them, and their general appearance is below that of our young tars.

On Monday evening, the officers of the American ships were invited to attend a ball given by Lady Stewart (wife of Admirial Stewart) at the Admiralty. Talk about English girls and English society! It sounds proper, and looks well enough on paper; but the fact is, the ladies of Plymouth can't hold a candle to our Yankee girls, as regards dress, style or beauty. During the first waltz, one of "ours" attempted the "reverse," but his partner objected. On being asked if English girls did not reverse in waltzing, the fair one answered:

"Yes, certainly; but it is not the thing here, you know. We used to practice it, but since Lady Stewart came, we do not, because she cannot do the reverse herself, and we must follow her example. She is our leader, you know."

The ball was what is known as "a swell affair:" full dress for officers, evening dress for civilians, and ball dress for ladies. The ladies do not dress better here than in our American cities, though, on this occasion, they were not overdressed—in fact, some of them did not seem to be dressed enough.

After Lady Stewart's reception, by way of returning civilities, we gave a ball on board our ship. It was attended by about twenty-five couples from the town, headed by the Admiral's wife. Our officers intended to surprise the visitors by having the boys sing a song of welcome—"Rule Brittania," "God Save the Queen," or something of that sort; but somehow, the boys could not sing them, and, indeed, they *are* hard songs for Yankees to learn. In their stead, the crew favored the company with "Hoist up the Flag," "Our trip across the Blue," "Old Saratoga," and other American ditties. After a three hour's visit, the party left the ship, seeming well pleased.

On Thursday, May 18th, occurred the ceremony of lighting the new Eddystone. The Duke of Edinborough, known as "the Sailor Prince," and holding the office of a Rear Admiral in the English Navy, was on hand, and everything passed off pleasantly. At about ten in the morning, the Duke, and *suite*, started for Eddystone on board the steamer, Galatea, attended by seventeen side-wheel steamers. As the royal party passed our ship we manned the yards, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The American ships,

You know that one bad potato in a lot of good ones will spoil them all if it is allowed to remain? Well, it is much the same in a ship's company. There were a few bad men in the crew shipped for the Marion, and as they were disposed to make trouble the officers wisely decided to get rid of them. Two were court-martialed for insolence and [illegible] and were discharged with a "bad conduct" discharge, which debars the [illegible] from [illegible] proper names and descriptive lists. Another man was tried for desertion and received the same sentence. It was hard to put them on shore without money, though they received all that was due them. They will be obliged to look for a job, which, I am told, is hard to find in Frisco at the present time. Whatever work they may find to do, they will miss their comfortable home in the ship, which they have lost by their own folly. Other men on board, who were disposed to be tough, appreciate the situation, and we have had no further trouble. At present all seem contented and happy. We have a full complement, though there are three other ships that laid four weeks in Frisco trying to get crews, and were obliged to sail short-handed. Meanwhile, the Marion has had to turn away applicants. So much for a good reputation!

Our Captain's family, consisting of a wife and two little girls, with their governess, lived on board from the time the ship was put in commission till she sailed for the north. Then they were obliged to go on shore, as it is not lawful for ladies to take passage in a man-of-war except in case of emergency. Mrs. B— is much thought of by the ship's company. She took great interest in them all—especially the boys, for whom she held Sunday school exercises regularly in the cabin. The family are expected to join the ship at Port Townsend.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8:—It is sunset, and we are about six miles off Cape Blanco, Oregon. The weather is fine and the sea smooth. If any school children care to look this up they will find our latitude to be 43 degrees, the same as Portsmouth, N. H. Not so very far north, after all; is it? It seems a long way, though. The coast appears much the same as any other—hills and valleys, fields and forests—not a settlement in sight. I don't discover much difference in the formation of coasts; they are all either rocky or sandy. I have been asked what city I liked best. Well, it is just here: A city is a city, wherever you find it. They all have houses, churches, school buildings, saloons, stores and manufactories. They are populated by good and bad people, virtuous and vicious, rich and poor. In fact, a city seems to me much like a circus: see one and you see them all. A gentleman once said to me:

"You have traveled a good deal, and now I want you to tell me what place you like best among all you have seen."

My answer was: "Richmond, Maine." I spoke the truth, and I wish I was there now. It is my home, where live all whom I care for. I notice that if one is sick or in trouble away from home, he doesn't find many to interest themselves in his welfare. I tell you, boys, you can carry your best friend in your pocket—a friend that will open all doors and speak all languages.

PHOMAS. Lest some inland reader of the BEE may think the foregoing a heartless expression, it may not be amiss to state that it is a common occurrence for our urchins to fall overboard through carelessness, and that they often, when running out or in on the booms, push each other

But excuse this digression. I am off my course and must head up.

THURSDAY, JULY 9TH:—At three o'clock, p. m., we are off the Columbia River, which divides Washington and Oregon. For scores of miles the northern part of Oregon is a dense forest. The only sign of life is the occasional smoke of a saw-mill. The only settlement we have seen on the coast lies just north of Cape Hancock, where a village is scattered along the beach. Now and then we make out a lighthouse on some isolated spot, where the keeper has a fine opportunity to reflect upon the vicissitudes of a misspent life, if so disposed. [illegible] this morning they would furnish a life-like picture. Hundreds of people, grazing herds of cattle, and mill piles innumerable. Amid all these natural advantages not a town is in sight for miles.

Excuse me a moment, the band is going to play. Got a band? Of course we have; and I'm in it. No, I'm not the leader; I am only blowing a tenor horn till they get some one to take it. The band consists of twelve pieces and is made up out of the ship's company. We have a set of new instruments that were bought by subscriptions from officers and men. When first the band attempted to play we all got aft on the quarter with instruments, music books, racks, etc. All hands docked aft as far as the mainmast, and were prepared to guy us unmercifully. No one imagined that we would be able to play a dozen measures till we had practiced at least a month. But when we took up a nice little quickstep and played it through without a break, it was a surprise party for all listeners. We did not stop at that however, but went on playing selection after selection for nearly an hour. Since then we have played "colors" morning and evening, and have given national airs whenever occasion has required, besides giving a short concert every day. We have had no rehearsals as yet, but a very little practice will enable the musicians to do a good job.

In a ship's company—especially in a jolly a crew as we have—funny incidents are of frequent occurrence. I recall one that has happened this cruise. Before the band was organized the only musical instruments on board the Marion were a banjo and an accordion. The accordion player was like the Arkansas Traveler—he knew but one tune, and not all of that. The boys soon tired of his music, and one evening, while he was working away at the bellows, a smart Alec jumped on the rail and drew a bucket of water which he emptied on the head of the musician. The unexpected bath put the fellow's pipe out at once, and in a burst of indignation he hurled the accordion to the deck, and jumped on it with both feet. His mortified shipmates were very willing to help him dissect the despised instrument, and for the next hour nothing was to be heard but the blowing of accordion bellows in all parts of the ship.

Up to the present time of writing there has been no sickness on board, and but one accident worth mentioning. On the passage we shipped a sea over the bow, and it hurt one man so that he is laid up. By the way, we have a mascot on board. It is a dog. We call him Hardscrabble, and he was on board the ship when we have Hawaiian disaster, and has visited England. Nothing daunted. The crew [illegible] The kindness [illegible] ought him home [illegible] The kindness [illegible] dy for a cruise [illegible] appreciated, and [illegible] ck always known [illegible] dial welcomes ex[illegible] e, and though [illegible] the images of dear

## SENSIBLE SAILORS.

JACK'S PLEA IN HIS OWN PAPER.

The sailors of the United States flagship Philadelphia, publish a little paper which is called "*The Philadelphia Print.*" A good paper it is, too. The last edition is issued at Port-au-Prince. The whole paper makes one proud to be an American, and shows that the intelligence of the days when the Constitution sailed the seas with 300 New England freeholders on her triumphant deck, have not been followed by decadence. Among other articles is one which should commend itself to the Naval authorities. It is as follows:

"It sounds very pleasant and one is proud to hear our new vessels spoken of as being modern steel cruisers, all the materials and guns made in the United States, not a rivet that is not American, can steam twenty knots, fitted with electricity and telephones, and all have the latest ideas, etc.,—but with all this, can Jack make a modest request?

"In a number of ways Jack is not as comfortable in the modern ship as he was in the old navy, or in other words, 'these modern improvements' are a good [illegible] like an Irish promotion, for all these new ideas and modern science take space. Jack's living and berthing quarters in the modern ship are not as roomy or as comfortable as in the oak sailing arks of a quarter of a century ago.

"Of necesity Jack's work is not as clean as in the old ships, but still his pride is just as great; his ship is his own private yacht; he owns her while attached to her, yet no provision is made for cleansing himself after compartment or double bottom work. Much less a bath tub. In a number of foreign men-of-war clean bathrooms are shown both for firemen and crew.

"Could not even a couple of shower baths be fitted in the new ships, especially the larger ones, and then we would laugh at hard work, for in the morning, and when in the tropics, our 'shower' will refresh and cool us off and we'll be ready for work."

This, coming as it does from the sailors themselves, should have weight. —*New York Tribune.*

Our esteemed contributor C. E. Tallman, will blow another "Bubble" next week in the BEE.

have big—shoes.

We find East and West Cowes divided by a pretty little river, called the Medina, which [illegible] as far as Newport. A railway winds along its banks to Ryde, by way of Newport. Upon learning that the latter town is a point of interest, we make our way to the station, and take passage by rail to that place. Upon entering the railway coach, we are ushered into a compartment large enough to hold about twenty passengers. When the train is ready to start, the door of our carriage is locked, and there is no means of egress until the next station is reached. Item: English travelers are locked in the cars. After a ride of twenty minutes, we arrive at

NEWPORT.

The town is a lively little place, much larger than Cowes, and is the metropolis of the Island. It was undoubtedly founded by the Romans, and was called, *Meda*, by them. It is situated in a valley, surrounded by lofty downs, and has several wide, well-made streets, with attractive shops. The principal object of interest in the village, is St. Thomas' church. It was built in 1172, during the reign of Henry II, and was dedicated to Thomas A. Becket. Having become very much dilapidated, the original structure was torn down in 1853, and the present imposing edifice erected on its site. Its corner stone was laid in 1854, by the late Prince Consort, in the presence of the Queen and her Court. The general appearance of the building is worthy of the capital town of the island. Its high, massive tower, which is a conspicuous object, contains a good peal of eight bells. Inside the church, the font, pulpit, reading desk, organ, and other fittings, deserve a more extended description than I can give them. The pulpit, from the old church, is composed of oak, and exhibits carved figures representing the cardinal virtues, the three graces, and the seven liberal sciences. Around its sounding-board is the inscription, "Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet." The date of construction is 1636.

There are many other objects of interest in the church, such as statuary, battle-flags, etc., which I cannot pause to mention. The most striking feature, is a monument erected by the Queen, to the memory of Princess Elizabeth, who died in captivity at Carrisbrooke, Sept. 8th, 1650, at the age of 14 years. She was buried beneath the chancel of the old church, but the place of burial was unknown until 1793, when a party of workmen engaged in digging a grave, came upon a lead coffin. On clearing away the earth, they discovered upon it, in raised letters, E. S. (Elizabeth Stuart)

The monument, raised to the memory of the unfortunate Princess, is of Carrara marble, and the design, which is most appropriate, has been skillfully executed by Baron Marochetti, and is regarded as one of his happiest efforts. It is sunk into a wall of the church, the background being carved in imitation of a prison grating. The statue represents the Princess lying down. She is dressed in the costume of period, and her cheek rests upon a Bible, —the parting gift of her royal father—open at the text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is said that the fair prisoner was found lying in this position on a window-seat, by her attendents, one morning, having passed away peacefully in the night.

After paying a sixpence, each, to the old lady who looks after the place, and who tells her well-learned story glibly, our party turns from the tattered battle-flags, the storied windows, and the massive pavements, and departs in quest of other sights.

Feeling somewhat hungry, we endeavor to find a restaurant where we may "refresh the inner man." Being unsuccessful in our search, we approach a policeman and invoke his aid.

"A restaurant!" he exclaims, in answer to our inquiry: "we have none; but there's a coffee 'ouse, you know, just down the street."

Item: Restaurants are called coffee houses in England. Entering the place, we seat ourselves at a table, and patiently wait to be served. It does not take us long to discover that every customer goes to the bar, orders what he wants, and, taking it to a table, proceeds to enjoy (?) it, each after his own fashion. Item: Patrons of English coffee houses are taught to help themselves. This is the style in eating houses, though in hotels it is a little different; which fact recalls another item: In English hotels, women tend bar, and men wait on the table. Having satisfied our hunger in a measure, we leave the place and start for

CARISBROOKE,

Which is a mile distant from Newport, but is so connected with buildings, that it is hard to tell where one town ends, and the other begins. The approach to Car-

isbrooke, with its old castle,—one of the oldest in the three kingdoms,—towering high in the air, is picturesque and interesting.

The village and the church, with its tall steeple, Gothic arches and embattled towers, are finely situated on the ascending slope of a dell. Backed by the downs, and richly studded with trees, the scene forms a striking picture, and one that it is impossible to view without pleasurable emotions. Though now a mere village, Carisbrooke was once the capital of the island. Its chief objects of interest are the church, and castle. The former is one of the oldest on the island, having been erected by William Fitz Osborne in 1088. Its tower is especially fine, and contains a peal of eight bells.

The castle is a prominent attraction of the town, but I will not weary the reader's patience by attempting to describe it. I will only say that it is dated, 1598, and that its venerable walls are almost entirely covered with clinging ivy. In this castle, Charles I was captured, having sought its shelter supposing it to be occupied by his friends, when, in reality, it was in the possession of his enemies. We were shown a window where the royal prisoner had cut away one of the iron bars, in a fruitless effort to escape. I cannot close this letter, without mentioning the well belonging to the castle. It is one hundred and forty-four feet deep, and contains thirty-seven feet of water. It echoes the fall of a pin in the most singular manner imaginable. The water is drawn by a donkey, walking around the inner rim of a big wheel. After the animal has drawn the water, and the visitor has quenched his thirst, the keeper usually throws a portion down the well, in order to give an idea of its depth. The water is pure and sparkling.

Having exhausted the sights of Carisbrooke, we return, by rail, to Cowes. Upon learning that Osborne Park is never opened to visitors—especially strangers,—we make no attempt to visit it, though we shall try to gain admittance before leaving England. Having formed this resolution, we return to the ship, tired, though well pleased with our trip. C. E. T.

Isle of Wright, Eng. May 29th.

## BUBBLES.--No. 12.

BREST.

We left Spithead, June 16th, for Brest, France. We started with a fair wind, but it soon came out ahead, which caused us to be four days getting to Brest, a distance of 260 miles. We arrived at Brest at 12 p. m. of the 20th. We came in without a pilot, which surprised the natives, as the entrance to the harbor is very narrow.

We lost sight of the Portsmouth, as usual, the second night out, and she arrived eight hours ahead of us. The harbor of Brest, is one of the very best on the coast of Europe, being completely land-locked, and room enough inside to handle a large fleet. The French have five training ships here which they exercise nearly every day. The city is walled and well fortified. It is set upon a hill. A small river runs through the middle, to about six miles inland. The mouth of the river is used as a naval dockyard. An iron suspension bridge spans the river, connecting the two parts of the town; the bridge is about 150 feet above the water; it is divided in the middle and swings both ways on pivots at each end. The forts, towers and buildings in general are built of stone, and all seem very old; in fact, it seems that the town is finished, as we do not see any building going on. The streets are narrow, and not at all pretty. There are a few public squares, but they are small, and not much account.

THE MARKET.

Is an object of interest, as everything connected with it is neat and tidy. All kind of provisions, even groceries, flowers etc., can be obtained at reasonable prices. The market stalls are carried on by women wholly. They look very neat, with their white aprons and caps. We notice many peculiarities in the

FASHIONS.

Each class of people seem to have a fashion of their own. The gentry cannot be distinguished from English or Americans, as far as appearance goes; although we do not see any of the elaborate costumes, which we at home are often told are French styles. The French fashions are mostly like French wines etc., made in the United States.

The costumes of the peasantry and poorer classes generally, are very plain and coarse. The woman all wear white caps, and most of them wooden shoes. The men, also, wear wooden shoes, and when they are passing along the street, they sound like a troop of horses trotting over the pavements.

THE SANITARY CONDITION

of the city, is good; we hear of very little sickness. Provisions, milk, etc., is all inspected, so nothing can be sold that is objectionable. In the morning, we see a woman driving a drove of goats through the streets. They stop at the houses of their customers, and milk the goats at the door, so there is no discount on that milk.

When we saw a regiment of soldiers come in town, we did not wonder that the French got whipped in the late war, for a poorer looking set, one will have to look far to find. The police of the city are all military.

We have been very hospitably received here, as at other places. They all seem to want to make our stay pleasant.

Three years ago, a torpedo was sunk at the mouth of the harbor, with the intention of letting it lie there till the expiration of that time, and then test its durability and power. To-day, the time having expired, a man-o'-war hulk, of about 800 tons, was towed out of the harbor, and moored over the torpedo; the hulk was fitted with air-tight compartments at each end inside, to keep her from sinking beyond a certain distance. She was also girded with chains, to raise her by in case she should sink. Several cattle, consisting of cows, goats, pigs etc. were put on board, with the object in view, to see if they were killed by the concussion, or were drowned if the ship was to sink. Invitations were sent to the officers of our ships to accompany the French officials to a near view of the scene of operations. Those of us who were not on duty, availed ourselves of the opportunity, and were taken to the scene of action by a steamer.

All being in readiness at fifteen minutes before twelve, (June 27,) the battery key was turned from the shore, about one mile from the hulk, instantly followed by an explosion, and an uprising of the hulk, probably three or four feet, and a body of water on each side of her, thrown to some 50 feet. The damage to the vessel was a broken back, and a hole in the bottom. In twenty minutes from the time of explosion, she had sunk to the level of the spar deck; as she did not sink any farther, on account of her buoy boxes, she was taken in tow to the town. The animals were not hurt at all, but no doubt were somewhat surprised. After a two hours absence from the ship the excursionists returned, hungry, but well satisfied.

Tomorrow, we are to start for Lisbon, Portugal, from which place I hope you will hear from me again. C. E. T.

Brest, France, June 27, 1882.

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES.--No. 13.

LISBON.

July 10 82

We left Brest, June 29th for Lisbon. The wind was ahead when we started, so each ship was furnished with a steamer, by the French naval authorities, and towed us about twenty miles to sea. It was purely an act of courtesy on their part. They gave us a good "send off," with steam and good wishes. The second day out the wind came fair, and we went on our way rejoicing. The Flagship signaled us to take position ahead. They evidently do not mean to lose sight of us this passage. On Friday June 30th as it is the day we suppose Guiteau will shuffle off this mortal coil, by the aid of a hempen coil, the boys conceived an idea of hanging him in effigy on board the ship. An image of Guiteau was made, and hanged at the fore-top-sail yard-arm. At twenty minutes before twelve, we were started by hearing a call from forward, of "all hands witness execution." The rope was rove, and hands tailed on, and Guiteau went up.

He was allowed to hang twenty minutes, and then lowered on deck at the stroke of eight bells, noon, then placed on a stretcher and marched round the spar deck to the tune of the Dead March, by fife and drum, the boys following in line to the gun deck, thence to the sick bay, where the body was examined by the cook, and pronounced "done." It was then taken on the spar-deck, dissected, then sewed up in canvas, with the name "Guiteau" painted in large letters on it. It was then marched to the port gangway and buried in due form. A dirge was played by the band, three ruffles sounded the order given to "souse him" the undertaker called "watch. O, watch!" the inboard end of the plank was raised and Guiteau, slid to his last rest. The effigy floated past the Portsmouth: her people had their curiosity satisfied as to what it was that had been hanging at our yard-arm. As soon as they discovered what it was they commenced firing at it with musket and revolver. Verily, Guiteau's lot was a hard one, to be hung, drowned, and shot.

We had a delightful run, not remarkably quick, but pleasant, making the run of 650 miles in five days. No one would ever think, to see the Bay of Biscay, as we saw it, that it is one of the roughest places in the world in a storm. At noon July 4th. both ships fired the national salute of 21 guns. At two p. m. the officers of the "Sara" were invited into the cabin, where a pleasant hour was passed in patriotic speeches, songs, etc. We arrived off the mouth of the Tagus at sundown with little prospect of getting in that night; but our navigator was satisfied that he could go in without a pilot in the dark, so we were allowed to try it, the Portsmouth to follow. The night was dark, but we arrived at our anchorage safely, at 2:15 a. m., on the 5th, but no Portsmouth yet. She did not get in till eight hours after us.

The morning of the 5th, the usual salutes were exchanged. On coming in the river, the first object of interest we see is Castle Belem, a fortress which is situated at the mouth of the river, on our left as we come in. In the year 1865, the U. S. S. Niagara, and Rebel Ram Stone-

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES.--No. 8.

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elabo[illegible] seen [illegible] that [illegible] to the[illegible] beaut[illegible] in th[illegible] War [illegible] Acro[illegible] Old [illegible] by a[illegible] 1760[illegible] it se[illegible] cities[illegible] and [illegible] some[illegible] "dru[illegible] ment[illegible] if a[illegible] temp[illegible] inclu[illegible] steps[illegible] The[illegible] fight[illegible] deal[illegible] boot[illegible] is w[illegible] a br[illegible] in a[illegible] was[illegible] wou[illegible] a w[illegible] the[illegible] offe[illegible] wou[illegible] abo[illegible] stop[illegible] W[illegible] curl[illegible] ther[illegible] mar[illegible] the[illegible] suc[illegible] jam[illegible] a n[illegible] rat[illegible] are[illegible] pad[illegible] but[illegible] for[illegible] sol[illegible] arn[illegible] a[illegible] sea[illegible] rat[illegible] wil[illegible] pe[illegible] till[illegible]

This fact has caused [illegible]E TRAINING SQUADRON.

which is quite unreasonable.

The case is remarkable because one similar wouldn't occur in 100 years. Had even those oysters been cooked, the disease germs would have been destroyed.

Moral: Eat cooked oysters.

— * —

At the city meeting, this week, when the committee on the settlement of the water bill reported that it had settled with a *slight* discount, Alderman Deering pertinently suggested that the water company had better pay the increased rate of insurance.

The mayor stated that he thought it a good settlement.

Well, probably the water company think so, too.

In every case of a similar nature, we'll bet our coppers on the corporation.

— * —

The city council has censured the aldermen for their recent home going without informing the council of their intent.

This is the reason why all Bath breathes more freely, now, and citizens feel that they may wear their hats resting on their left ears.

The council is nothing, if not parliamentary, and is great in its own estimation, if not in the opinion of the mayor and his aldermen.

— * —

New manufactures don't bless a city unless the citizens want and work for them. These industries, which are now being sought by the City's Manufacturing Committee, are such as other cities would give all their old boots to get.

Bath must show she really desires these institutions and her men of capital must be willing to invest in such as can prove their desirability.

Of course, as Chairman A. D. Stetson of the Committee, yesterday remarked, the Committee can't, of itself, establish these new industries here.

— * —

The INDEPENDENT believes that when manufacturies come to Bath on invitations of the City Government, our business men and capitalists should be invited to attend the conferences; not in such numbers as to delay conclusions, but sufficient to emphasize the welcome of the visitors and the interest of our people.

## FOURTEEN SKUNKS.

### All in One Hole With a Fox.

Monday, while "Prince" Charley and Wm. Freeman, of the Bay Shore, were out foxing, they started Sir Reynard, who finally sought refuge in a hole. The two hunters found his hiding place and, while digging him out, discovered in the hole 14 skunks, all fully grown which, with the fox, they killed. Some of the skunks were black ones, their skins being worth $1.00 or more, apiece, for fur. This goes ahead of all the gunning experiences of North Bath gunners the past Fall.

## BONES BROKEN

### And Narrow Escape From Death

Last Saturday afternoon, Wm. Bourne, an employee of the Electric Light Co., was with Electrician Lord, engaged in bracing up a pole near the Phœnix, when a guy wire, reaching from an iron post in a yard near by, slipped, causing both Lord, who was on a ladder below Bourne and Bourne, who was on the top of the pole, to fall.

[illegible]bruary, 1881, the U. [illegible]atoga, left Baltimore, [illegible] The ship had 240 [illegible]pprentices to the U. [illegible]d at Newport, R. I., [illegible]ring the summer, she [illegible]rom Washington to [illegible]ed 3,105 miles. Of [illegible]ime, and among so [illegible]y, there must neces[illegible]s. There have been [illegible] discharges, and one [illegible] been very little sick[illegible] no serious accident. [illegible]f writing the cruise [illegible]as the boys call it, is [illegible]l.

[illegible]as been chiefly de[illegible]r the annual inspec[illegible] November 10th, the [illegible]d by Captain S. B. [illegible]n the following Tues[illegible]xamined as to profic[illegible]hip, gunnery, etc. [illegible]lected from each ship, [illegible]t, the three best boys [illegible]mpete for the prizes. [illegible]the young tars were [illegible]e most popular boy [illegible]Each division in each [illegible]b favorite, and the one [illegible]number of votes, was [illegible]e boys in the fleet to [illegible]ti, one from the Ports[illegible]tr from the Saratoga, [illegible]Constitutions" split, [illegible]te. The choice was [illegible]e, and, to the delight [illegible]oy, a Saratoga young[illegible]to be the "boss boy." [illegible]hing, the boys landed [illegible], and indulged in a [illegible]g a battery which was [illegible]es of the fleet. In the [illegible]s went on board the [illegible]here they partook of a [illegible]vided by Captain Luce. [illegible]prizes were awarded. [illegible]roficiency in gunnery, [illegible]as a U. S. gold med[illegible]B. H. Ford; an or[illegible]nd class, belonging to [illegible]he second prize was a [illegible]al, obverse, picture of [illegible]lief, and over it the [illegible]o Duce." Reverse, [illegible]al. Awarded to W. [illegible] Plimley, it may be as [illegible]a Saratoga boy. The [illegible]dsome spy-glass, was [illegible]vith lad; and the fourth [illegible]s, by one of the Con[illegible]he prize for the most [illegible]squadron consists of [illegible]medal. It is the finest [illegible]ot, and weighs a little [illegible]ty-dollar gold piece. [illegible]a gold center, with a [illegible]s inscribed the famous [illegible] up the ship." A sil[illegible] the edge, bearing the [illegible]vrence prize. U. S. [illegible]" Reverse, plain gold. [illegible]arded by vote to W. F. [illegible]atoga. A prize pho[illegible]am whaler, Belvedere, [illegible]. F. Assman for pro[illegible]ng.

[illegible]gsters were enjoying [illegible]ard the New Hamp[illegible]Bat[illegible]ng, and they returned [illegible]ips, full of the good [illegible] and the jollity of wet [illegible]on is to be inspected [illegible]e Official board from

C. E. T.

## THE WORLD: NEW YORK

### THE TICONDEROGA FEVER.

#### WHY HER FOUR WARRANT-OFFICERS HAVE LEFT HERE AND COME HOME.

The British bark Kentish Tar which arrived at this port on Friday last from Padang, Sumatra, brought as passengers from the island of St. Helena, where she touched on the voyage, the following warrant-officers of the United States ship-of-war Ticonderoga: Boatswain James T. Barker, Carpenter Joseph L. Thatcher, Sailmaker C. E. Tallman and Gunner Wm. T. Devlan, also three servants—steward, cook and boy. The Ticonderoga sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., in November, 1878, on a voyage to the western coast of Africa and in the interest of science and the promotion of commerce. A special object of her voyage was to settle the boundaries of the United States of Liberia and for this purpose she carried out Commodore Shufeldt, who was one of the arbiters. In December last, while crossing the Atlantic Ocean from Norfolk to the island of Madeira, she was caught in the great gale of that month and lost several spars and some parts of her rigging, but sustained no more serious injury. From Madeira she proceeded to the Cape de Verde Islands and thence to the coast of Liberia, where she arrived in January of the present year. After Commodore Shufeldt had spent several months at Liberia in unavailing efforts to settle the boundary question he determined to continue the voyage down the coast. Arrived at the mouth of the Congo he launched a steam-cutter and accompanied by a chosen crew started on a voyage of discovery up the river. When, however, he had got about thirty miles up the stream the machinery of the cutter became disabled and he was forced to drift down again with the current. At this stage it was determined, as it would take about three weeks to repair the injury to the cutter's machinery, to defer the exploration of the Congo for a while and proceed down the coast as far as the Portuguese settlement of Saint Paul de Loando. At that place the African fever, the seeds of which it is supposed were caught at the mouth of the Congo, broke out on the ship and in a little while out of a crew of about 250 men 120 were prostrated. Then it was resolved to run over to the island of St. Helena, the reputation of which for health is such "that," said the old sailor who narrated these facts to THE WORLD reporter, "if a man has only seven breaths out of fourteen left in him he'll brace up again." The African fever is described as a disease closely resembling the "fever and ague" of this country, producing, however, greater prostration. It is not a very fatal disease when properly treated. Up to the time that the above-named officers left the Ticonderoga, July 1, only three or four deaths had occurred. The fever broke out on the ship about the middle of June.

The warrant-officers did not leave the Ticonderoga on account of sickness, although one of them, the boatswain, and one of the servants, had the fever on the voyage from St. Helena to this port, but because their quarters had been condemned. The gunner, Mr. Devlan, said to the reporter yesterday, after he had been awakened from a sound sleep in which he was indulging in the saloon of the Kentish Tar: "My companions and I who formed one mess, were assigned with our servants to quarters below deck forward. These quarters, because of bad ventilation, were unfit for human beings to live in. As I was senior officer of the mess, the duty devolved on me to report the fact to Commander Cromwell. It was a long time before we could get him to do anything, and in the mean while we got permission from the first officer to sleep on deck. At last a general inspection was ordered and the inspectors condemned the quarters. Afterwards the Commander, not being satisfied with the general inspection, ordered a medical inspection, and in this case also the quarters were condemned. The inspectors could not be induced to stay two minutes in the place, it was so offensive, and they reported that we could not live there any longer without running the risk of permanent injury to our health. This being the state of the case when we arrived at St. Helena we applied for leave to return to the United States, and it was granted on condition that we pay our own expenses, although we were furnished with a letter to the Navy Department recommending that our passage-money be refunded to us."

Mr. Barker and the boy who had the fever on the voyage from St. Helena here are both well again. Mr. Barker's home is in Brooklyn, Mr. Thatcher's at Wilmington, Del., Mr. Tallman's at Richmond, Me., and Mr. Devlan's at Bordentown, N. J.

C. E. Tallman contributes an interesting letter for our first page. The specimen of "Japanese English" is particularly enjoyable.

Thur Aug 31 We arrived at Funchal Madeira at 7 this morning. We arrived off the island yesterday noon but could not get in on account of no wind, but a light breeze sprung up this morning & we came in.

We were 7½ hours from Gibraltar, very quick run. We found the U.S.S. Hartford here on her way to the Pacific. We are beset here by bum boats, & are obliged to ring the force pump & keep them off by hydropathic treatment. We were somewhat surprised this morning to see the Portsmouth in the offing, we were not expecting her here so soon, as we left her in Gibraltar going as we supposed to Tangier. The Portsmouth got in the next day.

Sat Sept 2nd We got under weigh at 11 oclock last night for Aspinwall via Porto Rico, we have a fair wind & start with.

Fri " 29th After a pleasant passage of 28 days we arrived at St Johns Porto Rico, at 8 oclock this morning. We arrived off the port last night, but could not get in as it was after sunset. So we stood off till morning then run in.

A splendid comet is visible in the east mornings, it rises about 4 A.M. it tail is about 12 degrees in length & about 45 minutes wide at the end.

We expect to leave tonight for Aspinwall

Sun Oct 1st We left St Johns this morning for Aspinwall at 9-45

Tues " 17 We arrived at Aspinwall at 7 oclock this morning we got along very well the first week, making 900 miles. But then we struck into a calm belt & was 9 days getting the other 100 miles.

It was very tedious, & every body was thoroughly disgusted, but as it turned out it was just as well, for the ship had not arrived on the other side yet to take our boys, but we hope to get away soon.

Oct 21 Sat We left Aspinwall at 1 P.M. today. Aspinwall is located on the east side of Navy Bay, it is a terminus of the Panama railroad and the starting point of De Lesseps canal. The most of the town are dumps, the buildings especially the wooden ones are set on spiles. It is generally a dirty looking place, inhabited by Negros, Chinamen & some few whites. There seems to be no law, order, justice, or any other virtue here to any extent.

Oct 30th After a week of drifting about we get the trade winds & start across the Caribean Sea. we try for the Windward passage, but the wind is scant & the current setting to the northward, we bear away for the Yucatan Channell. Today we spoke the Steamer Andes of the Atlas line, from Aspinwall to New York. We send a mail by her.

Nov 14 Tues After 24 days from Aspinwall, & 14 from Yucatan channel, we arrive at Sand Key light. About 8-15 P.M. while trying for the S.W. channel, we discover a black buoy close to. The discovery give 'em all such a scare that we immediately come to anchor, to wait for daylight.

Nov 15 Wednes After a passage of 25 days from Aspinwall, we have arrived at Key West. at 10-45 A.M. We have sailed about 2500 miles to get a distance

of 9400 miles.

Sat Nov 18th After 3 days in Key West, & filling up with stores, water, &c. we start at 2 A.M. Sat. for Newport.

Thr Dec 1st We arrived at Newport at 8-45 this evening. We have visited 13 Ports, have sailed over 16000 miles. We have had 148 days at sea & 105 days in Port minus 22 days in Newport before we had started foreign, leaving 83 days in Port foreign

We have had some good times, & some hard times. the last two weeks especialy, a succession of gales the whole time. previous to that time we had mostly moderate weather, the Mediterranean & caribian both gave us plenty calms, & hot weather.

We have lost one by death, and two by desertion, but the desertions did not occur till we arrived at Key-West. The cruise is ended where we started & I am truly thankful to our Father for his care of us during our travels upon the great deep.

Dec 21st Thursday. Having received orders to go to New York for repairs & pit ant, we left Newport at 2 P.M. yesterday & arrived here at the navy yard at 2 P.M. to day. We had a fair wind all the way. The tug Cohasset started with us to tow us. but the "Sara" had not time to wait her motor, so we sow away from her, but had to wait for the tug just before the gate, so she could tow us through.

Wednes Feb 21st. After lying at the Navy Yard for two months, & refitted we left the yard yesterday & towed down to the Battery, where we took our Powder on board.
This morning at 8,45 we got under weigh with a fair wind & started for sea.

Thurs 22nd National salute was fired at noon today.

Sat 24th At 4-30 this morning the fore yard carried away about 10 feet from the slings Port side. It was piked & replaced by 2 P.M. Sunday

Sun March 4 We entered the Western islands, the wind is still ahead, & we make but slow progress

Fri March 16 D.F. Knight fell from the main topsail yard while reefing topsails no serious damage done.

Wednes Mar 21st After a rather rough passage of 28 days, we arrived at Lisbon Portugal, and anchored at 8-30 P.M.

Sat Apr 7th We made an attempt this morning to go to sea, we got down to the mouth of the river, & the wind fell too light to go out, so we anchored for a better chance,

Sunday 8th We got a chance this morning, & at 8 A.M. we got under weigh & put to sea.

at Apr 14th We arrived at Santa Cruz Tenerife & anchored at 7-20 A.M. Fired salute at 8.

Continued on Page 68

## BUBBLES.--No. 14.

### From Lisbon to Genoa.

VERILY, the ways of Commodores are past finding out. We start for Gibraltar, and "fetch up" in Genoa, Italy. We left Lisbon, Portugal, July 13th. We had a nice fair wind and followed in the wake of Flagship Portsmouth. The second day out, the the second death in the fleet occured on board our ship in the case of Edward Cook (colored) wardroom boy, of consumption.

At 3 p. m. same day, all hands were called to bury the dead. The body was sewed up in canvass with an 8 in. shot at the feet, carried to the starboard gangway (both ships being hove to with flags at half mast) where the funeral services was held. All officers were assembled on the quarter deck in full service dress and side arms; the men assembled in the port gangway, petty officers and marine guard in the starboard gangway. The funeral service was read by Master C. D. Galloway. The body was committed to the deep. A volley of three rounds was fired by a corporal's guard of eight rifles. We pass Gibraltar, July 15th. We carry a nice fair wind till we reach the Balearic Isles on the evening of the 18th, when a light breeze springs up ahead, the Flagship signals us to "make the best your way to the port designated. This ship is bound to Genoa." She stretches away to the S. E. intending to go between the Balearic Isles and Sardinia, while we haul up to the northward to go between the Balearic Isles and the coast of Spain. We arrived finally, at Genoa, 58 hours ahead of her. We took advantage of land and sea breezes along the coast while the other ship was enjoying (?) a four day's calm.

The school children may follow us if they will on the map of the mediterranean. The sail along the coast of Spain is pleasant and interesting. We first made the land off Valencia. From there we keep along close to the coast, where we can easily see by aid of the glass, the little villages which nestle in almost every valley at the foot of the mountains, which rear their majestic peaks in the back ground even into the clouds.

Now and then we pass a large city, as Ferragonna and Barcelona. We observe castles up the mountains, some on the very summits, veritable "Chateaux de Espagne."

Now we see the peaks of the Pyrenees in the distance as we approach the Gulf of Lyons.

The old mediterranean cruisers say we will get a brush out of the Gulf of Lyons, but it seems to be a peaceable time of year, and the lion is not inclined to roar, so we go across the Gulf with a light fair wind, and sight the land at Toulon at noon the next day. The wind increases to a smart whole sail breeze, and we flit along the shore at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The wind died away during the night, but on the morning of the 25th we find ourselves off the port of Nice. Now we pass Monaco, Villefranche, and skim along the land with a good breeze that has come up with the sun. We run along within eight miles of the land, so we can plainly see the pretty villages and forts which dot the sides of the maritime Alps. Every village, however small, shows one or more steeples, as well as forts, thus showing how they combine the church and state. Now we draw near to Cape Mele, where we again leave the land and strike across the Gulf of Genoa. We arrive at

### Genoa

at 10.30 p. m. 25th. A telegram is immediately cabled to the N. Y. Herald that "the U. S. S. Catova, arrived at Genoa—the Portsmouth expected daily." Genova (as is the Italian way of spelling it,) is a very old town, as is well known. The streets are very narrow, some not more than six feet wide, while others are large and handsome thoroughfares. The buildings are mostly from four to nine stories high; built wholly of stone, even the floors and stairways. A burning building is not known. The town is located on the southern slope of the Alps. Little villages dot the mountain sides, even to the summits. The parks are highly ornamented and very pretty, containing fountains, plants, statuary, etc. One street, called Galleria Mazzine, which is about two furlongs in length and three rods wide, is entirely roofed in by glass.

The street cars are some like the American open car, drawn by low trucks over the pavements; no horses. Genoa exports large quantities of marble. Italy is the home of painting and sculpture, and the articles and curiosities made of marble and alabaster, which are brought on board for sale, are very pretty, and of exquisite workmanship. Some people call Italians lazy, but I think in this case it is a mistake, for every one seems to be busy. Business of all kinds seems to be lively. There are some three hundred vessels inside the inner breakwater, many undergoing repairs. There is not an American vessel in the lot; and I will say here, that I have not seen a American vessel, since we left Newport, R. I., except our own two ships and a [illegible] Lancaster. That looks well for American commerce, surely. There are great improvements being made about the docks and harbor. An outer breakwater is in course of construction to make a harbor to the port, as there is no natural harbor whatever, the town being wholly open to the sea. The people are pleasant to deal with; they do not solicit trade except by advertising, but are pleased to deal fairly by you when you visit their shops. In many places, one is continually beset by beggars and guides; but in Genoa we see nothing of the kind. One may walk about all day and not be accosted by even a hackman, though there are plenty of them.

We, of America, have been unfavorably impressed in regard to foreign countries, such as Portugal, Spain, Italy, &c., by their representatives, which we see in the States. We must not look upon the Italian organ-grinder, which we see about our streets, as a type of the country, for he is only too often a part of the refuse of the country from which he came, and probably has left his country for his country's good. Though there is plenty of music here, the proverbial organ-grinder and indispensable monkey, we do not see. The true gentlemen of foreign countries generally stay at home, unless they travel for pleasure. The people of the upper classes in particular, look so like Americans that one is disposed to address them in English if he has occasion to speak with them, but they can no more speak English than a parrot can talk Greek. The tones of the Italian voice is soft and flute like. Even in ordinary street conversation one does not hear a loud word. The tone is vastly different from the harsh reedy tones of the French. It is to be regreted by us, that this is not the season for the Grand Opera, though they do get up a little local opera once in a while. Italy is the home of opera. Milano, which is 65 miles from here, is said to contain the finest opera house in the world, and the most critical audience. The saying is, that if a singer can pass Milan, they can pass the world.

Now, if you will come with us for a few hours, we will visit

### Campo Santo,

the grand cemetery of the place. We will walk up through the lower town to the Grand Opera House, where we can have a barouche for six francs (about $1.20), for four of us, and away we go for a three mile ride. We pass out through the city walls at Porte Romana, or Roman gate, and drive along through the less beautiful part of the town till we reach the suburbs, when we swing up with a grand flourish before the gate of Campo Santo. Now I have got a big job on hand, for how shall I attempt to describe it. It is beyond my limited ability to give one iota of justice to the many beauties of art here contained. But I will try to describe a very few of the hundreds of interesting pieces of statuary here to be seen. The cemetery covers about four acres of ground. Within the enclosure is a space containing graves in the ground; around this square is a corridor extending clear round; it is about 20 feet in height inside, and about 10 feet in width in each of the two galleries. As we enter, a guide in uniform directs us how to go, so we may see the best last. We pass to the right on the outer gallery, or that next to the centre square. In this gallery are life size pieces of statuary, mostly placed on pedestals, the top of which represent caskets. One piece which calls special attention is that of a husband and father lying on the lid of the casket. At the base of the pedestal is kneeling the wife in attitude of prayer, and [illegible] behind her stands the son. It must be remembered that all the work, including the buildings and statuary, is built wholly of marble, not a piece of wood about it, or a piece of metal, except what we may notice farther on. The expression on the face of the figures will almost enable the beholder to divine their thoughts. There are vaults under this floor which we are walking over, covered by slabs of marble. On a pillar at the outer end of each (the slabs run crosswise) is the inscription and a likeness of the occupant, cut in marble. Every vignette or piece of statuary representing man, woman, or child, is a correct likeness of the occupant of the vault, tomb or niche, as they were in health, or on the death bed. The next piece we will notice is that of an angel bearing away the form of a young lady. The angel stands on a pedestal, the top of which represents a fleece of clouds. It is all cut from one piece of marble. In all the work of sculpture, the expression of the face, and every little detail of clothing, is fully depicted. A tear, a piece of lace, the bed drapery, pillows, and everything of the kind, is perfect.

The gallery in the rear of this one, as well as the one we are about to enter, contains shelves in the walls where the bodies are placed, and cemented in by a marble slab, and a polished slab with the inscription is screwed on to that. There are nine rows, each niche being about seven feet in length by two height. There are

several hundred of these about the corridors. We will now turn to the left and pass down this corridor, where there are many pieces of note: but space not permitting us to notice all of them, we will turn to the left again and pass along to the lower corridor of the rotunda. There we see one piece representing the separation of husband and wife.

The form of a man lies on a bed of death on top of the pedestal. The wife stands on the lower step, in the attitude of supplication. An angel stands between them, with the right hand resting on the head of the husband, while with the left she seems to be pushing the wife away. We will now go up a marble stair case to the upper balcony; the first piece we notice here, is that of a little girl of perhaps seven years; the figure is life size, and stands on a pillar about six feet in height. She is dressed as if on her way to school; the attitude is that of walking. The expression of the face is one of happiness. The work on this piece is exquisite; the seams in the dress are plain.

The button holes in the boots are a little worn, a slight wear on the soles and heels of the boots. Even one of the threads in the tassel has broken away. It is just lovely. Well, we must hurry along. Now we turn a corner and we find a model of a pyramid, representing the "gates ajar." The door of the pyramid is of bronze, open a few inches. On the steps is a young lady leading an elderly lady by the hand (evidently mother and daughter), toward the door. On the second step sits an angel pointing the way. The next piece is a death bed scene. The form of an elderly man lies on a bed which is on the pedestal. In the foreground at the head of the bed, sits a young lady. In the background are the forms of three young ladies and three young men, all bending forward, seemingly to hear the last faint whisper that the father tries to utter. At the foot of the bed, and in the foreground, is the form of an elderly lady, her head reclining on the breast of a fine looking gentleman of perhaps thirty-five years of age, evidently the eldest son. The work on this piece is remarkable for completeness of detail. The toilet suggests the idea that the lady has been watching all night by the bedside, snatching occasional intervals of rest. But we will leave all the beauties of this balcony, and pass into the Chapel, which is in the rotunda. It is circular in form; the centre is raised about two feet. The alter is in the centre of this, surrounded by wax tapers set on gold candlesticks. Around the walls are niches, where stand the following personages. The first is St. Michael; next is the Virgin Mary. Then comes Adam. This piece requires more than a passing notice; Adam stands with his head down, the right arm raised so as to partly cover the face. The expression is one of extreme sorrow, bordering on despair. He is clothed in skins of wild beasts. The next piece is the form of Eve. She stands within a cluster of low palm leaves. The next is Moses, holding the tablets of the law. The next is the Prophet, Zacharia; then comes Daniel, his right hand resting on the head of a lion. The last is St. John, the Evangelist. The janitor of the chapel sings a few notes to show us a splendid echo. But we must hurry. We pass out of the rotunda to a balcony, like the one we left, to enter the chapel. At the far end of this, we see another little girl in a reclining chair; she seems to be ill; her head rests on a pillow on the back of the chair; her feet are hanging, with ankles crossed. In fact, it is the "tired child." We turn round and see the figure of a little girl, of perhaps, five years, kneeling on a chair with her arms resting on the back of the chair, hands clasped in attitude of prayer. Let us stop a moment and look at this piece. The form of a man rests on a pedestal, covered with a sheet. A lady stands by his side with her right hand just lifting the covering a little way, and looking at the face of the dead. Her left hand is drawn back as if invoking silence. The lips are parted, like one holding the breath, the facial expression is that of fear and awe. Here at the foot of the staircase is a figure of an elderly lady, apparently 65 years of age. It stands on a pillar. She looks like one of those stout, good-natured, motherly old ladies, who always have a kind word of council for every one, the pet of the grandchildren, and, in fact, the one who is missed when she is called home. The expression on this face is happy, earnest, wistful, and confiding. We will just glace at this piece, then we'll go. This is father and son. The father is on the pedestal, holding the right hand of the son, who is standing on the first and second of three steps. I will not tax your patience farther now. We have left one of the most beautiful and grand scenes I ever witnessed among the fine arts. In my feeble description I have scarcely given an outline.

If you please, we will take our carriage and go back to the city, and go into the cathedral of San Lorenzo, where we see the tomb of John the Baptist, and the chain with which he was bound. Ladies were never allowed to look on these remains, or the chain, because it was by a woman's influence (Herodius), that John was beheaded. But since the present Pope took the crown, he allows ladies to visit the tomb one day in a year.

I will not attempt to describe the gold and precious stones, nor the paintings by Ruben, Vandyke and others we see here. We got out of the church just in time to see a barouche load of our youthful tars get capsized, but it was only fun for them. They soon righted their craft loaded, and were off again. We go to dinner, then on board, tired, but well pleased with our excursion. We leave here Aug. 3d, for Gibraltar.

C. E. T.

Genoa, Italy, Aug. 1st, 1882.

## 'OSTLER JOE.

We publish below, the poem recently read by Mrs. James Brown Potter, at a reception held by Mrs. Secretary Whitney on the 19th inst., which is said to have wonderfully shocked some of the prudes present on that occasion. The author, Mr. George R. Sims, is a London journalist and playwright, well-known in this country as the author of "The Lights of London." The poem has been frequently recited both in public and private and, as will be seen, contains nothing specially open to criticism.

'OSTLER JOE.

I stood at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with the light of her wanton eyes,
Who sang the song that the siren sang on the treacherous Lurley height,
Whose face was as fair as a summer day, and whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above her dust,
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin nor the blood-red rose of lust,
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot,
In the arid desert of Phryne's life where all was parched and hot.

* * * * * * *

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of the Magpie, and fair Annie Smith were wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a cheek as white as snow:
He was anything but handsome, was the Magpie's 'ostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a cow,
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beautys brow.
Sped the months and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses and he gave them then and there
All a special feed of clover just in honor of the heir:
It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,
That the Fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe the child was christened, and, like babies, grew apace,
He'd his mother's eyes of azure and his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage, and the tempest passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er their home:
Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to roam:
Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her child,
And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him—little Joe was nearly four;
He would call the "pretty gemplun," as he passed the open door,
And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's play pulled him in.
And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards have sung—
'Twas a woman weak and wanton, and a villain's tempting tongue:
'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes
Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—she was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from Heaven to the blackest depth of hell:
She was promised wealth and splendor and a life of guilty sloth:
Yellow gold for child and husband—and the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the 'ostler with a cheery cry of "Wife!"
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life.
She had a left a silly letter—through the cruel scrawl he spelt:
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't to blame!" he cried:
"For I owt ta seen her trouble," and 'a gone away and died.
Why, a wench like her—God bless her!—'twasn't likely as her'd rest
With that bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and happy time,
So for my sake please to bless her, though you count her deed a crime:
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me, for you see
I can talk ali right to 'osses, but I'm nervous like with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman who had flown;
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was left alone.
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod,
Saying what he told his hoss: [illegible] his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the woman into fame,
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered in her shame:
Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside the sun.

Next she made the stage her market, and she dragged Art's temple down
To the level of a show-place for the outcasts of the town.
And the kisses she had given to poor 'Ostler Joe for naught
With their gold and costly jewels rich and titled lovers bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was at its height.
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow:
Of the thousands who had worshipped never one came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame:
And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an "actress" lay.
Sick to death in humble lodgings growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her long ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of 'Ostler Joe.

All the past had been forgotten, all the sorrow and the shame:
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could claim.
Since the grand folks who had known her one and all had slunk away.
He could clasp his long-lost darling, and no man would say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her spirit fled:
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside her dead.
Never once his love had faltered through her base, unhallowed life:
And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name of wife.

* * * * * * * * * *

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above her dust:
Not the langourous lily of soulless sin nor the blood-red rose of lust:
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

## PING PONG RINGS A BELL WHEN SHE WANTS TO ENTER

My Dear Miss Mahoney:

My name is Ping Pong; my home is in Maine, and I am a cat; just cat. I am 2 years old and weigh sixteen pounds. I saw your picture in The Journal, and am very much in love with it. I read in a paper recently that a judge decided that a cat was not property, even if it did wear a collar. I wear a collar with a bell on it, and property or not it would take a lot of money to buy me. When I want to come in I can ring my bell and be attended to. I have my high chair at the table with the others of the family. My principal diet is fish, though I like vegetables very well. I like to play ping-pong; it makes one's hands so nice and soft.

Say, Kitteuz, don't let's have anything to do with that old judge who don't like cats, 'cos he might throw things at us.

My mistress is a typo on a local paper, and she says that if I get my letter too long it will get "boiled down." I like my fish best that way.

It will be a wonder if Peggy don't roast this one. PING PONG.

Richmond, Me.

## JACK IN THE BALLROOM.

### A Complete Chart for Sailors Caught in a Gale of Skirts.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Some naval officers were once invited to a ball, whereupon it was discovered that few of them knew anything about dancing. The first lieutenant, who was well versed in the art therefore took them in hand and gave them a series of lessons.

The simple dances were soon acquired, but when they came to the figures confusion reigned supreme. At last the lieutenant declared he would write out his directions in language so plain that the veriest lubber in the fleet could comprehend them. That very afternoon he gave each of his pupils a copy of the following directions, after studying which not one of them made the slightest blunder.

Le pantalon—Hauls up on the starboard tack, let the other craft pass, then bear up and get your head on the other tack; regain your own berth on the port tack, back and fill with your partner, box-haul her, wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft and your own; afterwards box-haul her again and bring up.

L'ete—Shoot ahead about two fathoms till you nearly come astern of the other craft under way, then make a sternboard to your berth, side out for a bend, first to starboard and then to port, make sail and pass the other craft; get your head round on the other tack, another side to starboard and port; make sail to regain your berth, wear round, back and fill, and box-haul your partner

La poule—Heave ahead and pass your adversary, yardarm to yardarm, regain your berth on the ather tack in the same order, take your station on the line with your partner, back and fill, fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner. She then manœuvres ahead, harness all a-back, shoots ahead again, and pay off alongside. You then make sail in company with her, till nearly astern with the other line, make a sternboard, and cast her off to shift for herself, regain your berth by the best means in your power, and let go your anchor.

La trinite—Wear round, as before, against the sun twice, box-haul the lady, range up alongside her and make sail in her company. When half-way across to the other shore, drop astern with the tide, shoot and cast off the tow; now back and fill as before and box-haul her and yourself into your berth and bring up.

La pastorale—Shoot ahead alongside your partner, make a sternboard, make all sail over the other coast, let go your hawser, and pay off into your berth and make a turn. The three crafts opposite range up abreast towards you twice and back astern again: now manœuvre any rig you like, only under easy sail, as it is always light wind (zephyrs, as they call it) in this passage; as soon as you see their helms down haul round in company with them on the port tack and make all sail with your partner into your own berth and bring up.

La finale—Wear round to starboard, sight the catheads of the craft on your starboard bow, then make sail into your berth, your partner passing athwart your bows. Now proceed, according to the second order of sailing, to complete the evolutions, shoot ahead and back astern twice, in company with the whole squadron, in circular order of sailing.

## NO HARD WORK IN NAVY.

### Experience of an Old Sailor Who Has Been There.

To the Editor of The Globe:

"Secretary Tracy regrets that so few young men can be induced to enter the navy. Why doesn't the government try better pay and better treatment?"

The foregoing item I cut from your issue of yesterday. As regards pay in the navy, it is better than it has been in merchant service for years, ranging from $9 per month for boys to $24 per month for seamen, up to $70 per month for petty officers.

It is true that merchant seamen's pay is now $30 per month. So it was 20 years ago, but how long did it last—about two or three shipments. Then vessels could not afford to pay so much, and pay was cut down to $18 and $20, and so remained till very recently.

As regards treatment, I have been in the merchant service and the naval service. The naval service is as much better than the merchant service as your leading hotel is better than Pie alley. Many a time have I seen a board of survey condemn food that had been "growled" about which I would have been very glad to have had in some merchant ships I have been in. The United States navy buys the best provisions in the market and plenty of them.

I have seen men come to ship in the navy with a "lean and hungry look," who hadn't had a square meal for weeks, and as soon as they would get a good "tuck out" they would begin to "growl." That is the kind of men that make all the trouble. You never knew an old man-o'war's-man to quit the business. He knows better. He serves his cruise of three years, gets discharged, and ships again inside of three months, and gets his pay for that three months, the same as if he had been in the service all that time, besides getting $1 more a month on the next enlistment.

As to clothing, sailors have to buy their clothes anyhow. The merchant sailor pays exorbitant prices often. He is considered a bird of prey to be plucked by every buzzard who may get at him. The navy sailor can buy all his clothes on board the ship, at no advance from wholesale prices.

As to treatment there is no kicking nor cuffing in the navy; the "rules and regulations" forbid it. If a man's name is John he is not called Jack. Some people seem to think that the officers ought to go forward and sit on a mess chest and have a yarn with the men or ask them into the ward room or the cabin, or if they want to shorten sail, "will you please ascend the mast and take in that royal?" Why, under such circumstances, where is your discipline? The first thing you know the reply would be, "Go and do it yourself." Does Mr. Jordan or Mr. White, or any other employer ask their help to their house to associate with them, or dine with them?

As regards hard work, they don't have enough of it to keep contented. Give a man plenty of it and he is contented; if he has nothing to do, he will find something to growl about.

A man-o'-war's crew are generally turned out at 6 a. m., get up their hammock. They get ready to wash decks about 6.30 a. m.; get breakfast at 8; clean bright work and drill till 10.30 a. m., and the day's work is done, except what can be done by one or two hands from each part of the ship.

Now, you take a merchant ship of 1000 tons; she will carry about 12 or 14 men before the mast. You take a man-o'-war of the same size and she will have 250 men to do the same work that the merchant ship has 12 or 14 to do. If any man can show me where the hard times come in I would like to see it. It is no use to condemn the whole business because one or two may have made a mistake.

No man gets in jail for nothing. No more does a man on board ship get punished for nothing. There must naturally be a certain amount of discipline maintained in the navy as well as in the army. We don't hear anything about hard times in the army, but I had rather have 10 years in the navy than three in the army.

Richmond, Me., Feb. 26. VERITAS.

Sat-

May 7th cleared sh

Mon May 14th Fired large shot, hittin

Mon May 21 We arrived at — 4 — 15 foggy that bay. we h we left the ago. then gales & fo from Zanzi we have been had 6 days & have sailed

June 5th (Tuesday) We got underway morning to go up to Po The wind is light—the off Peekskill at — 8 P.M. anchored for the night.

June 7th Arrived at Po'keepsie today at noon, we were anchored two nights on account of light winds & head tides.

June 13 Wednes We left Poughkeepsie at 9 A. M. Today for New York, we started with a head wind but the wind came fair in a short time so we got along very well for about 25 miles, then we came to anchor for the night. At about 6 next morning (14th) we got under ~~way~~ way with a smart moder-

## Married At Kittery Maine

C. E. Tallman U. S. N. and Mrs. Georgianna Hersey were united in marriage, Tuesday, by Rev. Edward H. Macy at Kittery, Maine. They returned to town Thursday and will take up their residence in their cozy little home on Chestnut street. Charles lost no time in settling accounts and has been kept busy handing out the cigars.

# SURPRISE FRIENDS BY THEIR

## Miss Tallman an Richmond, M Married

[Special Dispatch to

RICHMOND. M
George A. Hill,
fice of the Bee,
man, daughter
also of Richmo
today, and at
the Rev. George
tral Congrega-
the Middle st
The only
Mrs. Arthur
whom the c
Although
Mr. Hill a
known to
not surmi
wedding.
Tallman
him o
Mr.
Bride
is to
was
Rich

where you and I stand."

The storekeeper glared at him
moment in speechless astonishment
and then he muttered half reluct
antly:

"Come in to-morrow afternoon
and we'll settle up, if you say so."

And then something strange hap
pened, something that never befor
had been witnessed under that auto
cratic roof: The whole crowd o
men broke into one united, rousin
cheer, that made the tin pans on th
topmost shelf rattle with half sup
pressed excitement, and turned To
Gridley's heavy face fairly whit
with rage.

"Three cheers for David Bruce
for the man that ain't afraid to
to—beard the lion in his den," ven
tured a pinched, despondent-looking
man near the stove. And the cheers
were given with a will.

David Bruce's declaration of inde
pendence had kindled a flame in th
breasts of those long suffering men
not one of whom had not felt th
grip of unseen manacles upon his
helpless wrists—that would not easily
be extinguished. And more than
one "god speed" followed him as h
went out into the darkness of th
night, sad, but determined to meet
the worst that the morrow might
bring.

"It was the strangest thing, Jane
—why, I could hardly believe it,"
and the strong man sank into a chai
by his own fireside, and suddenly
burst into tears, whether of sorrow
or joy his anxious wife could no
know.

"Never mind, dear," and she laid
her cheek caressingly against the
bowed head, while her hand sought
his in a strong, reassuring clasp.
"If the farm has to go we have
each other, and we can be happy in
my own little cottage all by our-
selves. I'll take up my dressmaking
again, and with your abilities you
can soon find something to do. Any
how, it's ten times better than to
have that burden of debt hanging
over us from year to year and mak

## WITH BEST WISHES OF FRIENDS

### George A. Hill and Lizette Tallman Wedded At Bath

George A. Hill of Cambridge, Mass. and Miss Lizette Tallman of Richmond were married Tuesday noon at the Central church parsonage by the pastor, Rev. George C. DeMott.

The couple were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepper of Bath whose guests the bridal couple were Tuesday. The bride was attired in a
travelling gown of blue pana-
match.

couple left on
nd after a short
's mother will
, Mass.

aughter of C. E.
She is prominent-
the Order of the
is a Past Worthy
armel chapter, and
f going away was
he is also a member
chapter. She was a
he Richmond High
'96, and for several
employed as a compositor
the son of Mr. and Mrs.
ill of Cambridge, Mass.,
past year has been em-
is office.
ng couple have been con-
g marriage for some time
Richmond Tuesday morning
the slightest hint being
as to their intentions.

## PT WEDDING SECRET.

### e A. Hill of Cambridge and s Lizette Tallman Married at th Yesterday.

TH, Me, May 14—George A. Hill of bridge, Mass, and Miss Lizette Tall- of Richmond, Me, came to this city y as the guests of Mr and Mrs hur I. Pepper. At noon they were en to the Central Congregational rsonage on Middle st, where they re married by Rev George C. Demott. They left tonight for a short visit in oston and at Cambridge, Mass, after which they will go to Bridgewater, lass, to reside. Mrs Hill is a daughter of Charles E. Tallman, USN, and is prominently connected with the order of the Eastern Star, while Mr Hill is a printer and is going into the printing business at Bridgewater. Their marriage was kept a secret.

## STOLE A MARCH

### George A. Hill and Miss Lizette Tallman Wedded at Bath.

George A. Hill of Cambridge, Mass and Miss Lizette Tallman of Richmond were married this noon at the Cenaral church parsonage by the pastor, Rev. George C. DeMott.

The couple were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur I. Pepper of this city whose guests the bridal couple have been today. The bride was handsomely attired in a travelling gown of blue broadcloth with hat to match.

The newly married couple will leave on the boat tonight for Boston and after a short visit with Mr. Hill's parents will leave for Bridgewater, Mass.

Mrs. Hill is the daughter of Charles E. Tallman, U. S. N., and has many friends in Bath, being a frequent visitor here. She is prominently connected with the Order of the Eastern Star and is a Past Worthy Matron of Mt. Carmel chapter, its present secretary and a member of the Grand chapter. She was a member of the Richmond High school, class of '96.

Mr. Hill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Hill of Cambridge, Mass., and for the past year has been foreman at the Richmond Bee office. He intends purchasing a half interest in the Bridgewater Independent.

The young couple have been contemplating marriage for some time, but left Richmond this morning without the slightest hint being dropped to their friends as to their intentions and the news will be a surprise to their Richmond friends.

9

The inspection
enced, & lasted.
the preparance
ips went to Bucksport
July 4th took
more on that-
We went to Bristol & stayed
Monday July 16th when
ed to Bucksport.
got under way at about 7
ning & went up to Wiscasset
e arrived at 11-30 A.M.

Continued on Page 85

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES.—No. 16.

DURING two months at the New York navy yard, the United States training ship, Saratoga, has been thoroughly refitted and reported ready for sea. Jack bids good bye to mother, sisters and—yes, some have arrived to the dignity of possessing a sweetheart, and "leaves her weeping on the quay,"—we take steam and are towed to the Battery where we lie until next morning to take in our ammunition. The weather being bad, we do not get a chance to get away till the *next* day.

Wednesday morning broke fine with a north-west wind, we have an early breakfast and at 8:45 a. m. we hear the boatswain's cry of "all hands up anchor." In a minute, more than half the crew are at the capstan heaving in the chain, while the others are aloft loosing the sails, all ready to sheet home as soon as the anchor is "short".

Soon the anchor is tripped, sail is made and in a few minutes the old "Sara" is off (as an old tar remarked,) "like a scalt dog", and we are fairly launched on our cruise of '83.

We have a splendid run off, and by night we are seventy-five miles south-east of New York. Some of the new hands think it is blowing "awful" and feel pleased when along towards sundown they hear the call of "all hands reef topsails", but are somewhat surprised when they learn that it is only a moderate breeze and the reef topsail business is only for exercise. The sun goes down clear, as the moon large and full rises to throw her effulgence over the sparkling waves.

The hammocks are piped down and "the tired sea boy spent with toil," (of the watch below,) climbs into his hammock and seeks forgetfulness in the soft undulations of his swinging bed, while the watch on deck gather in clusters about the deck to spin yarns in anticipation of what they expect to see on the cruise, or stow away under tarpaulins, hoping to steal a quiet nap, or think of the "folks at home," though a boy is not likely to waste much time thinking of home, when he can get a chance to sleep if he is tired, or "skylark" if not tired. Some of our boys are quiet, but the most of them are some like the monkey that could only wonder what to do next.

At noon on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22d, we fire the national salute of 21 guns. We find by observations at noon, that we have been sailing at the rate of ten knots per hour, since leaving Sandy Hook; or some over two hundred and fifty miles. For the information of some who do not understand sea terms, I will explain that a mile is 5,280 feet, a "knot" is 6,086 feet, or 806 feet more than a mile, so when a ship is going ten knots, she is really going nearly twelve miles through the water, and if at the same time she is running before the wind, the heave of the sea will send her along a half a knot per hour more. We have reached the Gulf Stream, the weather is perceptibly warmer, and we encounter the usual amount of squalls of wind and rain appertaining to the Gulf weather. As the old craft bends to the squalls and dashes with increased speed through the foam-capped seas, the boys think it is "too utterly very," the way the spray dashes over the deck, but the old hands rather enjoy it, and think she is behaving herself quite like the good old lady that she is. Along toward night on the 22d, it came on to blow, and we had a reefing match in good earnest. Later on, the wind died away leaving a heavy cross sea. Now comes the rolling and tumbling about, chests, tables, and everything loose, boys included, making quick passages across the wet decks: and such another seasick mess you never saw; it was worse than a voyage 'round Seguin in the Star of the East. But they will soon get over it and be somebody, perhaps, after all.

Shortly after four o'clock on the morning of the 24th, while the ship was heavily rolling, the fore yard came tumbling down about our ears: fortunately no one was injured. The yard broke in two at about ten feet from the slings (middle) on the port side. The watch on deck commenced to clear away the wreck, the remainder of the yard was got on deck, the carpenters' gang was set at work and by night the yard was securely "fished" and ready for going aloft again. The weather gradually moderated, the wind going to the eastward. The next morning being Sunday, the usual Sunday morning inspection took place. The forenoon watch below attended divine service on the gun deck. After dinner all hands were called to "cross fore yard." Every body seemed to want a hand in the job, so by united efforts the yard was soon in place, sail put on the ship, and we were once more all a taunto. The wind is light, still easterly. The weather is warm and clear, the decks are cleared of the mess of ropes, broken spars and such things as generally collect in such a time. The wind is ahead for us, but it is fair for somebody. We have a couple of neighbors to-day, one is making good use of the fair wind; no doubt we can afford a head wind better than they can, as time is not so much an object with us, and as our owners are rich, we can afford to be generous.

As the wind moderates and the boys get over their seasickness, we settle down to the usual routine of drills, exercises and studies, certain hours in the day being devoted to the several exercises. Of course it does not all come in one day. A division may have great gun drill in the forenoon of one day, musket drill next day, sword exercise the next, and so on. Afternoons are devoted more to studies, and sail and spar drill.

As "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," they also have their hours of recreation, sword exercise, *ad lib.*, Indian clubs, boxing gloves, back-gammon, checkers, chess and dominoes: card-playing is not allowed. For rough amusement the boxing gloves wear away the loaf. The boys are taught "the manly art of self-defence," as well as other things. We are aware that some people will condemn the idea of learning them boxing. But we must consider that when a boy goes on board a ship before the mast he will fall into all sorts of company, and among the rough element that makes up a ship's company, there may be some good, but there is sure to be one bully who will try to ride the good little boy, and the good little boy will get the worst of it if he has not been taught to take care of himself.

Perhaps we see that more forcibly illustrated here than we would in the small ship's company of the merchantman. Here there is bound to be some embryo Jack Sullivan or Tug Wilson show up, and oftentimes the peacable boy will get the best end of the trade, if bully tries to "take him out for a walk." I have seen in this ship a boy who was kicked about by almost every one, wake up and collect a large amount of self-respect for himself before he got through with the several interviews. Boys will fight,—though it is not allowed,—and they must look out for themselves, no matter how good they are and how well hethey have been brought up, they cannot go through the world without some hard knocks. It is is well enough to advise a boy when he goes out into the world, to keep out of bad company, but it is a good deal like turning a cow into a cabbage garden, to send him to sea before the mast with that advice; for in my twenty-five years, sea life, I never knew a crew where the bad was not well up to, if not in advance of the good.

Our head wind did not last long, we soon got a chance to get along. We made our first 1,800 in nine days; everything was moving along nicely, everybody had got over being seasick and had got their "sea legs" properly adjusted when there came on a series of gales from the eastward, the ship working hard under small sail; wet decks and every one tired generally. Some folks may think it fun to go to sea, but if some one had come along with farms to sell, he could have disposed of them at a good advantage, for the resolutions to quit the sea and buy a farm were entirely too numerous to mention. More than one aspiring disciple of Jack Harkaway, hoping see foreign countries, wished he had stayed at the farm and helped dad plant "pertaters," but then, after the hard times are over they are forgotten and the lads are again jolly as sand boys.

Sunday, March 11th, at about 4 p. m. we made out a steamer coming up astern. As soon as she got within signal distance, we signaled her and asked if she would take a mail for us, the answer being in the affirmative the word was passed that "the mail will leave the ship right away."

Then was "hurrying to and fro," to get the letters ready. Our main topsail was laid aback, the life boat manned and sent to the steamer. Then there were all sorts of speculations as to who she was and where bound. It was a rainy day, and our folks had been dressed in their oil-skins and sou'westers, most every one had on a yellow hat, and we must have looked to them like some "Wilde," æsthetic craft with a deck load of sunflowers, Our boat returned in about half an hour, the steamer proved to be the steamer Constance, an "ocean tramp," from Demerara to London. She bore down on us to meet our boat, after which she took her course again, and plodded on her weary way. We were hoping for a good free wind, so we could show what the old "Sara" could do, but the breeze was faint and we had to give it up.

As some of our young readers may not understand the term, "ocean tramp" used here, I will explain that it is a steamer not belonging to any particular line, but trading any where for a market. Very many of them have taken the place of sailing ships, late years. The time and expense saved in quicker passages, and the less men in the crew, more than makes up for the use of coal and machinery.

March 11th, we run in among the Azores or Western Islands, there we encountered light head winds, so we did not get clear of the group till the morning of the 14th. The morning of March 16th was dark and rainy. A light breeze from the south-east was blowing till about nine o'clock a. m., when the wind came out from the north-west suddenly, and butt end foremost. All hands were called to reef topsails, and while reefing the main topsail a boy, D. F. Knight, fell from the topsail yard and landed in the weather main rigging in such a manner as to hold there; he was so far insensible as to be unable to render himself any assistance. The boy was soon rescued from his perilous position by gunner, Wilson, who with his old-time agility sprang into the rigging and passed a rope

around the boy so as to lower him to the deck. The Captain remarked that "it is not always the youngsters who are the most lively." Knight was taken to the gun deck, placed in a cot and thoroughly examined by the surgeon. No bones were broken, but the young man was very much bruised and shaken up. After he became able to speak, he was visited by the Captain and officers, each offering sympathy and assistance.

After a rather stormy passage of twenty-eight days we arrive at Lisbon. The passage has been rough, generally; strong gales and seas "mountain high," wet decks and discomfort generally. Many a time your humble correspondent has wished himself out in "Josh's meadow," or somewhere else where he could walk home pretty soon. We come to an anchor at 8:30 p. m., March 21st. A boat was sent on shore for the mail. At about 12 p. m. I was awakened by a slight noise, I struck a light to learn what the trouble was. I found that a dear little BEE had dropped in. It kept me awake for an hour with its pleasant buzzings. The BEE is ever a welcome visitor, its honey is sweet, its sting "like a lover's pinch, hurts but is desired." [Cleopatra.] From it I get all the news, and in its genial company I walk about the old town. If there is a new plank put in the sidewalk, or a brick off of somebody's chimney, I know just where it is.

As for Lisbon, it all here and just about the same as last year. We leave here April 1st for pastures new, Teneriffe. Till then, "so long," C. E. T.

LISBON, PORTUGAL, MARCH 22d. 1883.

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES.--No. 17.

### Lisbon.

THE first few days of our stay at this port were so stormy that no one felt inclined to leave the ship, notwithstanding the fact that the Grand Opera, the circus and the theatres offered strong attractions.

One day, during this period of voluntary confinement, a party of gentlemen came to visit the ship. Seeing that they spoke English very well, I took the liberty of asking one of them if he came from "The States." He answered in the affirmative. Believing that I had seen him before, I inquired what the boys used to call him when he was a little fellow. He eyed me for a moment, and then replied: "Charlie Hunt."

"Yes," said I; "and many a day and evening we have played together on Hatch's Corner."

Then I informed him who I was, and perhaps we two Yankees "didn't have much of a time."

Charlie is looking pretty nearly as he used to, though he sports a few gray hairs, like some of the rest of us. Twenty years had elapsed since our last meeting, and, of course, there were many questions to be asked and answered. Hunt belongs to the firm of Pinuad Brothers, specialty artists. He is the female impersonator of the trio. Mr. Jilson and Mr. Reed, the other two performers, are Providence, Rhode Island, boys. The party have been seven years in Europe, and have met with very flattering success wherever they have played. Hunt expects to be in America some time in August, when he will probably look about among his former friends in Richmond. Some of your readers may remember Emery Hall, a former resident of Richmond. He is now in London, doing a good business with his banjo.

I have lately had the pleasure of hearing the opera of Faust, in Italian. The opera house in Lisbon is one of the largest on the continent. The interior is constructed somewhat differently from our American theatres. Instead of having balconies, the opera house has five tiers of boxes. Each tier consists of one hundred and sixteen boxes, and each box will seat twelve persons comfortably. The King's box is in the centre of the second row. The parquet is the most cheerful place in the house, and will seat two hundred and fifty. I paid here, eighty cents for a seat which would have cost me three dollars in Boston.

The company numbers two hundred voices, and an orchestra of sixty musicians. There are three ladies in the orchestra. Two are harpists, and one plays the 'cello. The Prima Donna is a fine singer. She has a very powerful voice of great compass. It is noticable that none of the voices, male or female, are as powerful on the lower, as on the middle and upper registers. It is a fact well known to musical people, that singers can get a higher tone in Europe—especially in the middle latitudes—than they can in America. It is all owing to the atmosphere. The air over here is so light that it makes the European pitch higher than the American, thus enabling a singer to take the highest notes with comparative ease.

Although the Portuguese appear to be very fine people, I cannot hold them up as models of etiquette or politeness. At the opera, more than half the gentlemen in the audience wear their hats, and between the acts they will rise, turn around and stare through their glasses at the people in the rear of the house. I am told that the ladies regard it as a compliment to be stared at in this manner. I suppose it is "a custom of the country."

When the ladies who occupy boxes come in, they take off their hats and mantles, and settle down to spend the evening. It would be much better for those who care to listen to the music, if both ladies and gentlemen would put off their gossip till the curtain is rung down. If there is one thing more exasperating than another, it is to have your attention distracted from an enjoyable performance, by a lot of unappreciative buzzers around you.

But with all their faults, the people here are not without redeeming qualities. I have noticed, in America, that when a foreigner tries to speak English, his blunders are frequently laughed at. In this country it is different. When I attempt to converse in Portuguese, my hearers, instead of ridiculing my efforts, do all they can to assist me; an accommodation on their part for which I am truly thankful.

While walking up the street the other day, I noticed that the people were all raising their hats in salute. I thought it could not be possible that *I* was the object of their polite attention, and I naturally looked around to see if any other notable (?) was in sight. Down went my greatness when I discovered, near at hand, a splendid barouche with driver, footmen and outriders in the Royal livery. In the carriage were the two Princes. They are twin brothers, and are fine-looking boys. As I saw the poor fellows bare-headed, and hard at work returning the salutes, it occurred to me that it is very fortunate for some of us that we are not Princes.

The present King of Portugal is about thirty years of age. His father is living, and is called the old King, though he is not, and never has been King. The mother of the young King and the twin Princes, was the Queen, and the old King, so called, was simply Prince Consort. On the death of the Queen, the eldest son became King, thereby leaving the old gentleman out in the cold. The old King is married again. His second wife was formerly an American ballet girl named Ellsler (not Fanny) who figured on the American stage some twenty-five years ago. The present ruling King is held in high esteem by his subjects. The Queen Consort is a beautiful young lady, greatly beloved by the people.

As a nation, Portugal is comparatively little known in the outside world, though its inhabitants are blessed with a large stock of egotism. They profess to copy only the best of the English and American notions: if this is so, I am bound to say that the copies come far short of the originals. They have an idea that they are a great nation, and that there are none greater. They have some colonial possessions in the East Indies, and among the Atlantic islands. They also have several trading ports on the West coast, and interior of Africa.

Sunday is universally recognized as a great day for amusements. Bull fights are a common feature of the Sabbath, and on Sunday evenings, the theatres meet with their best patronage. The stores are open from early in the morning till late at night, and the drinking places are run wide open. Instead of being a day of rest and worship, Sunday, in Portugal, is a day of riot and dissipation. No wonder the country is visited frequently by earthquakes.

Portugal has a small navy, but its few war ships are in a very good condition. The army is of but little account, if I may judge by what I have seen of it. The fact is, the Portuguese think their's the *ne plus ultra* of Kingdoms, when the whole county would not make an ordinary-sized farm, "out West."

While in Lisbon, we got a new fore yard in place of one that was carried away on the passage. Our ship was ready for sea on Friday, April 6th. On the afternoon of that day, a social hop was given on board. The American Minister, and other American and English residents as well as a large number of native ladies and gentlemen, were invited. As evening entertainments are not the "regular thing" on board a man-of-war, the festivals took place in the afternoon, from two to four.

We got underway next morning at nine o'clock. The wind falling light, we anchored near the mouth of the river to await a more favorable opportunity for putting to sea. On Monday, April 9th, we again got our anchor up, and run outside with a fair wind, the weather being pleasant and warm. About five miles off shore we ran into a fleet of fishing boats. Hoping to get some fresh fish, our Captain hove to, lowered a boat, and sent the stewards on board the nearest vessel to drive a bargain. They soon returned with as many fine fish of various kinds, as they could take care of. Then the boat was sent again for the benefit of the boys. The second trip cleaned the fisherman out. We bought, in all, about twenty dollar's worth, and our patronage was a regular bonanza for the fisherman, who probably got twice as much for his fish as he would have obtained in the market, besides escaping payment of the heavy revenue.

We had a delightful passage from Lisbon to Teneriffe, making the run of seven hundred and fifty miles in four days. The weather was fine, the wind fair, and the moon shone every evening. The musicians were on deck from six to eight every evening, playing for the boys to dance and sing. Every soul on board seemed generally happy, and disposed to make the best of his lot. As the youngsters get used to the routine of the ship, their behavior improves, of course, though it still takes a deal of time and trouble to keep them in shape.

On Saturday morning, at 7:20, we arrived at

TENERIFFE.

Santa Cruz, the principal town, is situated on a pretty slope on the south side of the island. It has a population of about 15,000. In the rear of the town, the mountains lift up their majestic heads far into the clouds. The peak of Teneriffe is not visible from this place, being on the west end of the island. The farms are on the hill-side, and are laid out in a series of terraces; otherwise, a heavy rain would not leave any farms to speak of. There does not seem to be much land, any way though the island boasts a magnificent growth of rocks.

On the morning of our arrival, we saluted the Spanish flag. The report of our guns produced a fine echo. The sound would seem to strike against the mountains, then reverberate among the hills, coming to us again, down the ravines, with a low grumble, until it finally died away over the distant hills.

The town of Santa Cruz is like all other Spanish or Italian settlements, in respect to having its buildings made of stone. There is but one hotel in the place, and it is not much of a public house at that; in fact, there is but little in the city to interest a visitor.

Outside the city limits, there are several matters of interest, which limited space forbids my describing at length. In addition to its exports of wines, fruits and cigars, Teneriffe has an important industry in the production of cochineal. Cochineal, as my readers are doubtless aware, is made of bugs. They resemble the potato bug, though they are so small that it takes 70,000 of them to weigh a pound. Outside, they are of a dark mulbery color, but when one is crushed, it emits a bright red liquid, something like blood. Plats of cactus are cultivated for their nourishment, the insects requiring as much care as silk worms. Just before the rainy season, branches of cactus, covered with the bugs, are cut off and housed, in order to protect the insects from the wet. At the close of the rainy season—which usually is about the middle of October—the plantations are stocked from these supplies, by suspending upon the spires of the cactus, little nests made of soft woody fibre, or cotton, and each containing eight or ten females. The insects, as soon as they are sufficiently warmed, emerge and lay their eggs. A female will produce more than a thousand young, which, when grown to their full size, are gathered for cochineal.

The males, which average not more than one to two hundred females, are useless for this purpose. The females are picked off the cactus with a blunt knife. The first crop is taken about the middle of December, and the last about the middle of May. A laborer can pick off enough in a day, to make about two ounces of cochineal. The bugs are killed by dipping a basketful of them into hot water, or by placing them in an oven, or upon hot iron plates. After death, they are dried, and are then ready for shipment.

In order to make a dye, they have to be ground, and subjected to various processes which I cannot now pause to describe. The production of cochineal makes quite a business for this place, the yearly exports being from two, to three million pounds in value; the bugs being sold on the plantations at about sixty cents per pound. The culture of cochineal was introduced on these islands in 1830. After the failure of the grape crop in 1850, it became the chief article of export.

C. E. T.

Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, April 16th.

**Midnight Serenade.**

On Wednesday evening, the Band, after finishing its performance at the Town hall, proceeded to the residence of C. E. Tallman, for the purpose of serenading the returned traveler, whose late wanderings have been marked by occasional "Bubbles" on the surface of these columns. As soon as the boys had fired off an introductory overture, Tallman,—who is himself an old bandsman, and therefore, capable of appreciating the wants of musical blowers and strikers,—threw open the front doors, and invited the company inside, where he treated the musicians as all good fellows deserve to be treated. After passing an hour very pleasantly, the boys thanked their entertainer for his hospitality, and, falling into line, proceeded to their band room on Front street, to the tune of "Sherman's March."

C. E. Tallman, of the U. S. Training ship, Saratoga, is visiting his home in this village. We are surprised to learn that the gentleman is in the habit of quenching his thirst at the Richmond Mineral spring. Tallman ought to be sailor enough to know that while water does well enough under the keel, its dangerous stuff to have above the kelson.

May 30th 1883

Sailmaker C. E. Tallman is in town, looking about among his friends and acquaintances. We regret to learn that one of his "Bubbles," which was intended for publication in the BEE, burst before reaching the sanctum. Blow us another, Charley!

Sept 1st 1883

## Miscellany.

*Written for the Bee.*

### REMINISCENCES OF THE "OLD BAND."

IT was in 1854, I believe, that the first cornet band was organized in Richmond, having for its leader the lamented Nathaniel W. Hall. Quite a number who belonged to that band, are living in the village to-day. After a few years of prosperity, the organization was dissolved, and until 1867, the town was without a band. Sometime during the last named year, A. W. Woodbridge, Principal of the High School, established a brass band, in which the present writer made his debut as an instrumentalist. The circumstance was as follows:

On July Fourth,—67, Woodbridge's band was engaged to furnish music at Togus. At the last moment, the bass drummer backed out, and Abiud Randlette, a member in good standing, was appointed to procure a substitute. Your correspondent was the victim captured for the occasion, and he was led to the band-room, and there initiated into mysteries and miseries of music.

The leader presented me with a piece of music, whose hieroglyphics, to my untrained eye, resemble nothing so much as turkey tracks. Undaunted by its mysteries, I began wrestling with the piece, and not only succeeded in throwing it, but I threw the whole band into the wildest confusion, by delivering a few beats out of time.

"What in the name of Mozart are you doing with that drum?" yelled Woodbridge, with every appearance of interest.

"Thumping music out of it;" I replied.

"Don't you know," said he, "that you are in charge of the band? That drum is like a governor to an engine: we can't get away from it."

This information increased my respect for my employment, and I began to think that a bass drummer was—as, in fact, he is—a person of considerable importance. Without wearying the reader with an account of my preliminary trials, I will merely state that I accompanied the boys on their trip to Togus, and that I played with them pretty constantly until the formation of the Richmond Cornet Band, concerning which, I purpose to relate a few incidents.

The organization was started in ~~1866~~ 1872 I think, under the leadership of S. S. Costellow. The members were as follows: W. H. Sturtevant, Woodbury Donnell, J. M. Morton, cornets; James H. Thomas, clarionet; Ray Thompson, piccolo; Geo. O. Small, alto; J. M. Odiorne, barritone; J. B. Costellow, bass; C. E. Tallman, trombone; Chauncy Webber, snare drum; Charles E. Ames, bass drum.

We (the members) borrowed the instruments that had been used by the former bands, and obtained permission to to rehearse in the Engine hall. Upon learning that it cost something to run a band, we concluded to try and raise the wind by giving a public concert. Morton, Odiorne and Tallman were chosen as a committee of arrangements, and under their management the concert was given. Refreshments were served during the entertainment, and to avoid confusion, a number of young ladies were employed to wait upon the audience. On the whole, the affair was a success, financially and otherwise.

In those early days, your humble servant was the only married member of the band; and the boys were very free in advising him to "go home early, and not to linger too long at the 'camp-fires.'" But I was not long in getting the laugh on some of them; for it wasn't to be expected that they could forever resist the flashes from bright eyes. One after another they succumbed to the darts of the little archer, and—well, I was not long the only married man in the crowd. Aside from Donnell, who did not remain long in the band, I believe that "Mort.," "Walt.," and "Ray" are the only original members who have been foolish enough to live on in single misery.

Were I to narrate all the experience of the band, this article would fill a "Lakeside" volume. Without attempting such a task, I will confine myself to relating a few incidents as they occur to me.

Our entertainments were generally well patronized by the public, and the good people of Richmond and vicinity always seemed to appreciate our efforts. At one time, a number of young ladies undertook to give a dramatic entertainment for our benefit, at Merrymeeting hall. They would have no gentlemen concerned in the affair, but would assume the male characters themselves, they said. The performance was advertised to consist of a drama and a farce, and on the night of the entertainment we were favored with a full house, as usual.

The farce, which lasted some forty minutes, was given first. At its conclusion, the curtain fell in silence. Then the band played a selection, while the spectators waited for the next move in the game. Suddenly, a hoarse voice was heard behind the scenes.

"Come up here, somebody," it said.

Our leader promptly poked his nose behind the curtain.

"That's all;" was the startling information conveyed in the former stage whisper.

"That's WHAT?"

"That's *all*. The show is done."

Well, you could have knocked down the whole band with a feather. There was the audience impatiently waiting for the advertised drama which was not to be given. After a hasty consultation, we struggled through another selection, and then the boys pitched upon your correspondent to get them out of the scrape. As it was "none of my funeral," I hung fire for a while, but at last mustered sufficient courage to get upon the stage, and offer to the audience an apologetic, speech, which concluded with,

"And now, we will play you another tune while you gwout."

After this occurrence, it was a long while before we ventured to give another show.

In the course of time, we accumulated

But who can imagine our chagrin, when, on arriving at the foot of the Island, we found no fiddle, or "fiddlist". However, the company were bound to dance, and the band must play for them. Perhaps "Walt," and "Jim" Thomas didn't have to suffer, the remainder of the trip. "Hub" Mansir, who played the bass viol, sawed till his arm ached, and "Walt's" lip looked as though a hornet had stepped on it. The boys would play as long as they could stand it, and then go on deck for a rest. But no sooner was the dance ended, than some old gentleman would urge us to sing. On such occasions, the lamented Frank Ames—whose memory will be ever fresh in our hearts—proved a very efficient ally, with his pleasing voice, and inexhaustable repertoire of songs.

chain pump on the premises; whereupon, a member, gifted with a thorough bass voice, remarked: "Henry's drawing the beer."

In those days, we used to hold "camp fires" in the band room, till the noise of the midnight Pullman would remind us that it was about time to think of adjourning. Then some one would drive "Walt's" carriage around, and the assembly would disperse. Ah, boys, were they not happy days? The memory of them is enough to awaken sincere regret, even now.

But they could not last forever. "Bert" started an opposition band, with better instruments, and, possibly, better men. The old band stemmed the tide for a while, but it was no use. Socially, there was good feeling between the two organizations; but professionally, it was the old

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# U.S. WILL PAY TO REPAIR PASS

## Agrees Tentatively to Any Reasonable Cost, Says Callahan

(Continued from First Page)

pectation" that the federal government will meet the additional cost of constructing the overpass of red granite. The exact amount of the additional cost cannot be determined, Callahan says, until final details of the contracts involved have been completed but he roughly estimates the cost at $65,000.

He said the construction of the overpass with red granite had been done at the insistance of William P. Long, Boston park commissioner, and other city officials who demanded on behalf of the city that red granite be used. Long, in turn, is said to have so insisted because of Arthur A. Shurcliff, landscape architect.

They both declared that the beauty of the location of the overpass, as a part of the Boston park system, required the construction to be of red granite. It is located in the Back Bay Fens, one of the beauty spots of the city.

Callahan said that after listening to the demands of the city officials he agreed to the use of the red granite which matches the other similar structures in the park system.

But the department encountered considerable difficulty in obtaining the quality of red granite desired. The contractors, Coleman Brothers, searched New England and finally found a quarry abandoned for 45 years from which had come the other granite used in the park system. They purchased the quarry and then went to large expenses pumping it out and cleaning the waste from it.

Callahan pointed otu he has just obtained an additional grant of $17,000 for additional work at Commonwealth pier and "I have every confidence in the world that I will be successful in securing this additional money."

# $153,244 LOSS IN TUNNEL FEES

A deficit of $153,244 was rolled up for the first six months of the fiscal year beginning on April 1 and ending Sept. 30 in the operation of the East Boston traffic tunnel, according to figures released at City Hall today.

This deficit is at the rate of nearly $6000 a week while the operating cost is about $24,000 a week. The receipts from the tunnel during the six months were $458,969 in tolls taken from motorists. The expense including operation and interest on bonds was $612,213. The bonds amount to $19,500,000.

# GOV. CROSS NAMES TEXTILE GROUP

HARTFORD, Oct. 1 (AP)—A commission to study economic and social conditions resulting from the decline of the textile industry in eastern Connecticut was appointed today by Gov. Wilbur L. Cross.

The Governor was represented at his executive offices as disturbed over the textile industry in that part of the state, not only from the standpoint of employment and business, but also for the possible effect that its decline may have on the financial structure of several municipalities.

## COLLECTING AGENCY OFFICIAL SENTENCE

Samuel Goldmeyer of Winthrop, who was convicted of larceny by means of a collection agency, was sentenced to three months in the House of Correction and fined $500 by Judge Frederick W. Fosdick in the Norfolk superior court yesterday afternoon. On motion of counsel the court stayed the sentence until a later date and ordered the defendant released in bail of $1000.

## Votes W... Technoc...

NEW YORK, ... ard Scott has ... Technocrats vo... dential election, ... day.

"But," he adde... says 'you ought to ... vote you cast. Tha... out of the election.'

Scott, director-in... nocracy, Inc. (that's ... of the movement t... body arguing durin... sion) said that Tec... not me members or ... political party.

Scott does not believ... will go Technocratic b...

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not oth-
after many

Fashion
"Knit-yo... ET
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MISS JEA...
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Cooking School Lecture, "Shower Sugg...

JORDA...
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... acked I am

## ...ANESE VOLCANO

... due season, and went on board the barge, which sailed about nine o'clock in the morning. We had engaged a violinist for that day. He was not ready to start with us in the morning, but agreed to join us at the foot of Swan Island. No sooner was the barge clear of the wharf, than the excursionists began wanting to dance. We put them off, telling them that our violinst would soon be on board, when excellent music would be furnished for the pastime.

... ting a...

If it happened ... that a couple got married, they were sure to be worried by an early visit from the band. I remember attending one serenade, where we were shown into the kitchen, and fed on cooking apples, while more favored guests were regaled with an oyster supper in the parlor. At another time, after we had struggled into a neighbor's yard, and had played a selection, we heard some one working a chain pump on the premises; whereupon, a member, gifted with a thorough bass voice, remarked: "Henry's drawing the beer."

... marriage ceremony and
... and good as ever was tied,
... looking a couple as ever
... the world, before any par-
... shop.

... ceremony was over the bride was blushing like a peony under the eyes of the witnesses, and her cheeks were brighter than the extra ribbon tied about her throat.

The groom said, "All right my dear, come," and out they went together. Barring a smirch of meal upon the wedding frock, there was no sign of the grain store as they stepped out. "As pretty a wedding as ever I saw," said one of the witnesses.

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES,—No. 19.

WE came here to Oyster Bay, Long Island, from New London, about a week ago. The village of Oyster Bay, is situated at the head of the bay, and has about one thousand five hundred inhabitants. About the bay, are several fine residences owned and occupied—in the summer—by wealthy people of New York.

As we come into the bay from the sound, we see ahead of us, a very pretty bay which extends into the island about seven miles. About two miles in, we see at the right, (or west,) through a narrow passage, another bay, or branch of the same, which extends to the southwest about four miles. At the head of this bay is the village; and it is in this little place where the "Saratoga" is anchored.

We are quite an object of interest and curiosity to the country people here, as there has not been a man-of-war of any sort here within twenty-one years. We are filled with visitors every fine day, who come from far and near. Many curious questions are asked, and many quaint ideas are given. Many people have an idea that this is a criminal ship for bad boys, and seem rather surprised when informed to the contrary.

When they first come on board to visit, they seem to have a kind of timid please-don't-hurt-me-good-sailor-boy look, for a while, till they find that the amphibians are a good deal like other folks, and are polite and sociable to all who speak to them. Then the timidity soon wears away, and they go away well pleased with their visit, and hope we will come again. We are supposed to have no boys who have ever served in any public institution for punishment, in fact, we have many who belong to wealthy families. It is also true that we have very few who have no other home.

But my principal object of this sketch, is to give some idea of the culture of oysters. Many of your readers may have an idea that oysters are captured in the same manner as clams: go to the beach and dig them.

Now, as the oyster has got home from his vacation, and the season is coming on when the lively bivalve will grace the festive board of many a levee,—and very few perhaps may wander into the church festival, as well as the restaurant, hotel, and private family Sunday stew—I propose to tell the folks what they are eating, and where they come from.

There are oysters,—and oysters. The Lynn Haven oyster comes from Lynn Haven Bay, just inside Cape Henry. The Tangiers come from Chespeake Bay, opposite Annapolis. These oysters are not cultivated; and anyone residing in the state of Virginia and Maryland, can work them. The "Providence River oysters" are very fine, and are cultivated near the head waters of the Narragansett.

But, I propose to treat more particularly on the oyster which is raised here. About twenty years ago, a bed of oysters was discovered on Saddle Rock, in Little Neck Bay, which is about twenty miles west of here. The bed ran out in about six months, but they were a very fine grade of oysters, and they have been selling "Saddle Rock oysters" ever since.

The value of the oyster in this bay is estimated into the millions of dollars. The bay is staked out in sections which are owned and worked by different parties.

We will first notice the different grades of oysters. There are raised here, the "Double Extra," which is a very large oyster, as large over as a man's hand; two or three of them will make a meal. These are not desirable oysters, because they are old and inclined to be tough and watery. Then come the "Extras," which are a smaller size, but a good deal like the XX and a little strong, withal. Then come the "Box," which are a choice grade for any fancy collation or "swell dinner." Then the "Saddle Rocks," which are of very fine flavor, and are really the oyster for fine roasts or fries. Then they have the "Blue Points," which are taken from Blue Point Rock and transplanted here for cultivation. Last of all, are the "Culls," which are common, marketable oysters, and considered the best for stews, pies, or roasts; being of extra fine flavor, small and tender.

These are the kinds which are sold mostly "down east." It is seldom that our folks get the first grade oyster, though we often have to pay first grade price.

A man to own and work an oyster bed here, must be a resident of the town, though New York capital helps along considerably. One man told me to-day, that last year, in three months, he shipped to New York, twelve thousand barrels of oysters, at an average of four dollars per barrel. That was an extra job, but others do nearly, if not quite as well.

Now, if you please, we will notice for a moment, the culture of oysters, which process is more interesting than many suppose. The beds are coming and going all the time, in the following manner:

Of course the works here are long established and don't seem any more likely to run out than they did thirty years ago; but we will play we are going to start a new lot.

In the first place, we get several thousand bushels of old oyster shells, on board a schooner, and go down the sound to some certain spot near the entrance of this bay, and dump the whole load overboard, scatter them around a little, but not so much that they cannot be found easily. In about eighteen months we go out to this spot with dredges, and dredge up these shells. Here we find that the spawn, or germ of the oyster, have attached themselves to these old shells, and have become little oysters, all the way in size from a ten cent piece to so small as to need a microscope to see them.

You may notice sometimes, in looking over oysters in the shell, that you will find a good sized oyster seemingly on the back or outside of one shell, looking as though one of his shells was wrong side out; and this is how that happens;

These old shells, with the little oysters attached, are brought into the bay and spread out on the bed in the bottom of the bay, no matter how deep the water is, or how shoal, so long as the beds are not left bare at low water.

The men who own these plants, have what they call "relief beds;" so while one bed is growing, they work another. A single bed may contain four or five acres. These oysters are allowed to remain undisturbed for three years, then they are dredged. All oysters which are not large enough for market, are put back again, and all shells which come up with them, are culled from the oyster and put by for future planting in the sound. Those oysters which turn up singly and are of an uncommon smooth surface, are those which had become attached to a small shell in spawn, and has overgrown its old shell, and looks as though it were individual. This kind is put into the higher grades, as "Saddle Rock," "Blue Points" etc., but they are all called "East Rivers."

Now, I have no doubt that the question has been asked already: How are these beds, plants, etc., protected? What is to hinder anyone from taking them? Supposing, of course, that United States' waters are free to every one. But there is a law which provides for all this. A man has no more right to take an oyster from another man's bed in the bay, or plant in the sound, than he has to rob his melon patch or his orchard; and it is a state prison offence to be caught at it.

So you see the law protects the people in the hard work they must do, to supply the people with such a delicious article of food. These oysters are the best and the finest flavored of any in the country. And if you want a really good oyster, one that will make your mouth water for more, get a good East River "Box."

C. E. T.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

### Fine Photographs.

Among the pictures which serve to draw attention to Ames' show windows are three views of the United States ship Marion. One represents the ship at anchor, another takes in her quarter, where the officers, —conspicuous among whom is our friend C. E. Tallman,—are grouped. The third view represents the bows of the ship, where the jack tars are swarming like bees around a hive. The photographs are fine ones, and are much admired. Nov 7 /91

Our nautical contributor, C. E. Tallman, will blow another bubble next week in the BEE.

### Dynamite Cruiser Vesuvius.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you give your readers a full description of the United States dynamite cruiser Vesuvius?

S. H. H.

The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius was built by the Cramps, and, though the first vessel of her kind constructed in this country, she stands, like the Cushing, near the head of her class.

She is steel plated, has twin-screws, vertical triple expansion engines, is 246 feet long and has a displacement of 725 tons. Her speed exceeds 21 knots an hour. Three 15-inch dynamite guns and three rapid-firing three-pounders compose her battery.

The dynamite guns throw shells weighing 900 pounds and containing 500 pounds of dynamite a distance of a mile; they are capable of being discharged once in two minutes. The range can be varied from one mile to 200 yards by varying the amount of air entering from the firing reservoir. The guns are not movable in the ship, but are fixed at an incline so that for training the vessel must be turned, but as she has twin screws this is readily accomplished. The guns are placed side by side in the forward part of the vessel. They are made in single sections with flange connections, their length in all being about 54 feet. The shells are fired by fuses so arranged that the charge cannot explode until after the shell strikes or sinks below the surface of the water. The shells are projected by means of compressed air. There is a main reservoir down near the keel, and a firing reservoir near the breech of the guns, from which air is let into the guns in the rear of the projectile. The pressure in the main reservoir is about 2000 pounds.—ED.

### The George Skolfield.

The Richmond (Me.) correspondent of the PRESS says that a letter has been received in that place from a gentleman who was in Yokohama, Japan, when the George Skolfield arrived. The letter was dated March 18th. The writer boarded the Skolfield the day after her arrival. He found that she was 231 days from New York, had experienced a rough passage and had five cases on scurvy on board. The captain and his wife were on shore at the time he made the call and no further particulars were given.

# HE SAW NAPOLEON

## When His Regiment Paraded After Waterloo.

### A Veteran of That Great Campaign Now Living at Richmond, Me.

### How Wellington Prayed in a Hollow Square That Drove Back Ney.

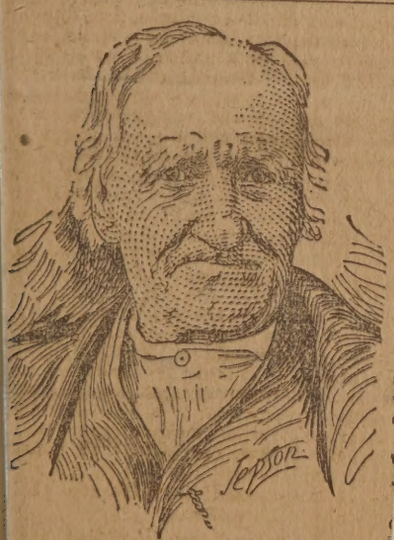
"BUT did I ever see Napoleon? Yes, he stood just this way."

And John Baird rose from his seat, throwing back the shoulders rounded and bent by the weight of 92 years, and placing one hand in the breast of his coat, with the other hanging at his side.

John Baird lives in the little town of Richmond, Me. This place on the banks of the lower Kennebec seems conducive to longevity of life, and it is among a remarkable number of very old men that this gray-haired veteran of the Napoleonic wars lives.

Mr. Baird was born Nov. 5, 1800, in London barracks, not far from London bridge. His father was a colonel in the English army, and his earliest recollections are of playing with the soldiers in the barracks. He was born and bred a soldier, and, as he himself expresses it, "stepped from the cradle to the ranks."

He delights in talking about the Waterloo campaign, and relating his experiences in the English army. When he talked with a GLOBE correspondent he was sitting in the little grocery store near his home, where he can almost always be found, and where he daily fights his battles o'er again and chats with any one who cares to listen.



HE SAW NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO.

"I was only 14," he began, in answer to a question about his army life, "when I enlisted. It was in my father's regiment, the Royal Regiment of his majesty's service, and a better lot of soldiers never wore the British uniform. I had to take my share of the roughness, for my father's commanding colonel didn't help me a bit. It was in the winter that I enlisted, and the next spring we were employed in home service in England. It was in May that we were transferred to the continent to take part under Wellington against Napo-

"I forget everything else in the world now," continued the old man, warming to the talk, "I well remember the days from the 15th to the 20th of June, 1815. For days before the battle of Waterloo we were advancing and retreating, and weren't out of hearing distance of the French cannon that were firing somewhere all the time. Napoleon had whipped the Prus-

## Dark Day

By ANNE CAMPBELL

Before the morning dawned I heard the rain,
And hour by hour dark shadows hid the sun.
Late afternoon, the sky was clear again,
And evening brought the stars out, one by one.

The lovely night was just as different
From the dark morning with its weight of woe
As were the clouded paths my young heart went,
And skies that lighten as the long years go.

(Copyright, 1935.)

...e started from Wilsford at ...
... New London, we got as far ...
... Fishers island at 10 that night ...
... anchored till 8-30 next morning ...
... underway & worked in to New Lon-
... we anchored off the Edgecomb
... 8-39 A.M. July 19th
... Mc Mariah, Landsman, died
... 24th & was buried at New London
... 26th
... started early this morning for Fort-
... we supposed but after getting out-
... favorable, so we fetched
... & got as far as
... Island.
... Bay at 6 this morn-
... supposed to sail for
... Hampton Roads at
... we had a head
... except the last-
... we had a fair wind
... we have been a week from
... Bay & 11 days from New
... The distance is about
... miles, but probably we have
... a thousand miles to make
... distance,
... have lain at Hampton Roads
... days, the wind has been from
... all the time, we should have
... last thursday only the wind
... strong ahead.
We left at 7-40 this morning with a good breeze S.W. hope it will remain

Sun Aug 19th We arrived at New London at 10-40 this moring, we have had a passage of 7 days. the first day we had a fair wind, after then, we had head winds till the 5th day, when the wind came fair again and remained so till we got in, last night after getting inside Montauk we encountered a squall from the N.W. & were obliged & run off under easy sail till 12 P.M. when we were round & stood in again the remainder of the night was rainy & squally, the moring came clear & bright & we were soon at our anchor.

Sept 3d Mon: After staying in New London 15 days we again sail for Oyster Bay L.I. where we expect to have target practice & other exercises, We left New London at 6 P.M. to day.

Wednes Sept 5th We arrived at Oyster Bay L.I. at 4 P.M. today, We anchored both nights in the round, the wind being either light or ahead. This is a snug little Bay, it is said there is a village here some where but we dont see it.

But after a visit on shore we find a nice little village of about 1500 inhabitants called Oyster Bay. The business is devoted wholly to oystering, the & whole bottom of the bay is covered with cultivated oysters. We were received very hospitably by the natives, who tried their best to make our stay pleasant. We were thronged with visitors every fine day, we stayed there 14 days.

Wednes 19th Sept 19. We started at noon today to get out of Oyster Bay, by Kedge, the wind being ahead, we succeeded in getting into the outer bay, by Kedging, where we got a stout & got into the sound & anchored at 6 P.M. the wind died away to a calm.

We got under way again at 6 next morning, but the wind is ahead what little there is of it, so we can't do much.

Fri 21st Sept 21 The wind came out strong from S.E. about 4 P.M. we had all we wanted to lug with Topsails, we worked in to Bridgeport & anchored at about 7-30 P.M. next morning started again at 7- wind still ahead & blowing fresh.

Mon 24th Sept 24th Last Saturday we anchored off New Haven, & sent a boat into Milford with mail, & got some stores, after boat returned we got under way again, kept on till ~~sat~~ Monday today afternoon, when the weather looked bad from S.E. we ran into Gardiners Bay & anchored at 2-25 P.M. & not a minute too soon. We have had every inch of the way from Oyster Bay.

The afternoon of ~~Monday~~ Monday 24th Sept 23d the weather come in thick from S.E. & we ran to Gardiners Bay, At about 8 P.M. the wind hauled to S.W. blowing a gale, we lay there with both anchors down till 6 o'clock Wednes morning when we started for Newport with a strong wind N.N.W.

Wednes 26 Arrived at Bristol at 3-45 today, left Gardiners Bay at 7 this morning

Sat 29th Left Bristol for New York at 9-45 this morning, wind north. We got as far as Westford when our usual head wind came along & we come to anchor till

3 P.M. Sunday 30th " when we got under way & put to sea with a spanking N.E. breeze

Thurs Oct 4th Our wind run us through the race that night & well on our way next day, after that we had variable weather anchoring six times on the way. A tug came from the Navy yard & met us at David's Island & towed us to the Navy yard. Started in tow at 1-30 A.M. arrived at the yard at 6 A.M. this morning

Fri 10-5 Took steam this P.M. & towed to 23d St North River & laid there waiting for a fair wind up the river till -

Tues 10-9 We got under way at 12 M. & started up the river, we got as far as Tarrytown where we anchored at 7-30 P.M.

Wednes " 10 Got started at about 11 A.M. and got as far as Stony Point where we anchored at 7 P.M.

Sat " 13 After communing four days, & anchoring several times, by drifting, sailing, & towing with our boats, we arrived safely at Cold Spring at 10-5 A.M. today.

Wednes " 17th The fleet have in sight at about 8 this morning. Tennessee ahead. the Alliance took us in tow & we arrived at Newburg at 10-25 A.M.

The morning of the 18th " awoke with every prospect of a fine day. the town was aroused at sunrise by a salute of 105 guns from the fleet.

Fri " 19 We left Newburg at 3 P.M. today, got about half way to Poughkepsie when the wind died away & we were obliged to anchor

We got started at 10 next morning & arrived at Poughkepsie at 2 P.M. Sat 20th " Oct.

Thurs Oct 30th Left Po'kepsie at noon today, after anchoring several times we arrived at 23d st New York at 3 P.M. Sat 11-5.

Wednes 11-7 Sat under way at 7-30 A.M. & proceeded to the Battery where we anchored & shipped our ammunition to the Ellis island magazine. Transferred 72 boys to the Minnesota this morning.

Thurs 8th " Took steam & towed to the Navy Yard.

Thurs Dec 18 Hauled into the dry dock at noon today.

Mon Jan 7th " Hauled out of Dry Dock at 2 P.M. 2 P.M. today.

## WILL DEAL BLOWS BENEATH WATER.

### The Formidable Monster Designed for Harbor Defence.

### A Battle Ship Which May Work Ruin Without Gunpowder.

### Description of the Ammen Ram To Be Built at Bath.

[Special to the Press.]

WASHINGTON, December 25.—The harbor defense ram for the navy which has been awarded for construction to the Bath Iron Works at Bath, Me., is to be one of the most novel crafts in the navy. The construction of it will be a work of no little magnitude, as may be inferred from the fact that the government is to pay the Bath company nearly a million dollars for the craft when it shall be completed.

The ram is to be built according to the plans of Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, one of the oldest officers of the navy and now on the retired list. The object of the mode of construction is to furnish a heavy, low lying armored vessel, fitted with a heavy steel ram, which is to be its only weapon of offense and defense. It is to have no guns whatever, and is intended only for harbor defense. The deck is to be of heavy armor, and above it will project only a conning tower, smoke pipe, ventilators, hatch coamings and skid beams upon which the boats will be supported. In addition to this form of construction, which will give the craft a dark and formidable appearance, the ram is also to have the power of submerging itself so that comparatively little of the upper deck shall be above water. The vessel is to be submerged to fighting trim by means of fourteen 8-inch Kingston valves, one in each tranverse water-tight compartment of the double-bottom, and sluice-valves will be fitted in the vertical keel and the water-tight longitudinals in these compartments. A formidable and dark-looking craft will be this new defense vessel, with its wrought steel ram-head, which is to be securely held in position on the steel stem.

The ram is to be propelled by twin screws, driven by triple expansion engines, each engine to be in a separate compartment. The general dimension and requirements are to be as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Length over all | feet.. | 243 |
| Length on load water line | do .. | 242¾ |
| Breadth, extreme | do .. | 43 6-12 |
| Breadth at water-line | do .. | 41 10-12 |
| Draught amidships | do .. | 15 |
| Displacement | tons.. | 2,050 |
| Indicated horse power | | 4,800 |
| Speed | knots.. | 17 |

The armor is intended to be thick enough to ward off whatever shots may be able to hit the small mark presented when the ram shall be submerged for action. The outside strake of the deck armor is to be 6 inches in thickness, the next strake inboard to taper in thickness in its breadth from 5½ inches to 2½ inches, the remainder of the deck plating to be 2½ inches in thickness, including the lower course of plating. The side armor will be two strakes in depth, the upper 6 inches in thickness, and the lower three inches, to be secured by bolts with counter-sunk heads, driven from the outside through wood backing of yellow pine, and two backing plates, each 20 pounds per square foot, and set up with nuts on rubber washers. All hatches through the armored deck will have battle plates, the smoke-pipe and ventilators will have inclined armor 6 inches in thickness. The conning tower will be 18 inches in thickness.

The vessel is designed upon the longitudinal and bracket system, with an inner bottom extending from the collision bulkhead to the stern. The longitudinals and girders supporting the deck are to be continuous, converging to the stem casting and to the stern, the frames and beams to be intercostal. The depth of longitudinals and vertical keel throughout their length is to be 24 inches; and the girders supporting the armored deck are to be 15 inches. The vertical keel, two longitudinals, and armored shelf on each side of the vertical keel are to be watertight, forming, transversely, six compartments, these being divided longitudinally by water tight frames. By this means the space between the inner and outer skin is subdivided into 72 compartments. The transverse and longitudinal bulkheads between the inner skin and deck armor divide this space into 30 compartments, making a total of 102 compartments in the vessel.

The inner keel is to be 17½ pounds; the out keel 20 pounds to the square foot; the vertical keel 17½ pounds, with two 3½ by 3 inches of 8 pounds per foot angles at the top, and two angles 4 by 3 inches of 9 pounds per foot at the bottom, connecting it with the flat keel plates. The flat keelson plates will be 15 pounds per square foot, the outside plating 15 pounds, and the inner plating 10 pounds per square foot, respectively. The plates of the longitudinals are to be 15 pounds per square foot for the water-tight spaces and 12½ pounds per square foot for the remainder. Angles at top and bottom of these longitudinals are to be 3 by 3 inches of 7 pounds per foot. The main frame angles are to be 3½ by 3 inches of 8 pounds per foot, reverse angles to be 3 by 3 inches of 7 pounds per foot. Angles to water tight frames are to be 3 by 3 inches of 7 pounds per foot. Floor plates are to be water tight frames to be 10 pounds per square foot; all others to be 12½ pounds.

The bulkhead plates of 10 pounds per square foot are to be stiffened by angles three by two and a half inches of six pounds per foot.

The figures at which the Bath Iron Works have accepted the work of constructing this vessel are $930,000. The firm is already working upon two gunboats, which will probably be completed sometime in 1892.

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES,—No. 20.

WE LEFT New York, Oct. 9th, for Newburg, to take part in the Centennial of the disbanding of Washington's army at that place. We were four days getting to Cold spring. We drifted, sailed, and towed with boats. The towing reminded me much of the times when I used to coast from Kennebec to Boston. But then we had a splendid chance to admire the scenery of the "Switzerland of America," as the Hudson is called.

Tuesday 16th, the Tennesee and Vandelia, with the Portsmouth in tow, and the Alliance, (who took us in tow,) arrived at Cold Spring, and we all proceeded in line to Newburg. This city has about 18,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a side hill on the west side of the Hudson; Fishkill, on the east side, is the terminus of the New York and New England R. R. connecting with the Erie, west from Newburg. At an early hour loaded trains and steamers began to arrive, and continued too till noon. It was estimated that there were more than a hundred thousand visitors at Newburg.

On the morning of the 18th, a mist was over the river, which was dispelled by the roar of the broadside salutes of a hundred and five guns from the five United States ships in the river, which ushered in the morn. At 8:30 the Tallapoora hove in sight with Secretary Chandler on board, who was saluted by nineteen guns.

At 9:30 the sailors and mariners with their officers were landed from the ships, to take their part in the parade. At 11 a. m., a signal gun from the Flag ship gave notice of the start. There were about 10,000 men in line, including all visiting military, fire and civil companies, with twenty-two bands of music.

The best order prevailed all day; very little intoxication, notwithstanding the many facilities for the same. Of course among so large a concourse of people, there must be some incidents of comicalities: among which was the every-where present crank, in the person of "Boots," (Van Steenbury,) an eccentric character from Ulst r county. He was dressed in a garb made up of stars and stripes, and his summer hat, as yet unshot, was gay with streaming red white and blue ribbons. He was quiet for a while, but as he neared the centre of attraction at the grand stand, his patriotism overflowed and he regaled the crowd by a patriotic and poetic glorification of the star spangled banner. Capt. Williams of New York, with sixty of his "finest," and thirty mounted police, were on hand to assist the local police in maintaining order, but happily their services were not much needed, for the crowds all seemed to be good natured and disposed to really enjoy the occasion in a kindly, patriotic, and peaceful manner. One incident which was witnessed by a very few, will show the smartness of some of the detective force.

As a crowd was landing from the Fishkill ferry boat, a big, handsome stranger who was standing at the gates as if waiting for a friend, was seen to dart into the crowd and whisper to a finely dressed man getting off the boat. The finely dressed gentleman turned pale. Said the tall stranger:

"It's going to be unhealthy here to-day, Jim, I wouldn't stay if I were you."

"All right," said the other, as he turned to go back on the boat.

On the 17th of Oct. 1783, Baron Van Steuben with a staff of thirty officers started from Fishkill, crossed the river and reported to Gen. Washington at his head quarter in Newburg.

The circumstance was repeated to-day by Gen. Fitzgerald and staff, dressed in the costume of that day. The incident created much enthusiasm. The whole town turned out to see them.

After the parade, a large assembly gathered at the Washington head quarters, to listen to the music by a grand chorus of five hundred voices, followed by speeches by Senator Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, and Wm. M. Evarts, the latter being orator of the day.

During the latter part, a novelty in day fire works was enjoyed by the multitude. Many comical as well as patriotic figures were displayed by the bursting of the bombs in the air, which formed the figure as clouds; no fire being seen. The scenes at night, from shore to river, and from river to shore, was one that will be long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

The city being on a side hill, seemed one mass of light. Hundreds of electric lights dotted the hill, while it seemed as though every one who had a window and could get a tallow dip, had it there.

Hundreds of small craft, lying between us and the shore, seemed to vie with each other in their pyrotechnic display, while rockets, serpents, and every conceivable style of lofty fire works were thrown from floats anchored off the town.

The United States ships were illuminated by white and colored lanterns at mast-heads and yard-arms, boom-ends, and everywhere else where one could be hoisted. The old "Sara" "took the cake" as usual.

Beside the lights mentioned above, we had five hundred chinese lanterns hung about the rails, and aloft on every rope or halliard the youngsters could press into the service. The gun deck ports were opened, and a light in every port. And besides all this, a lot of boys were perched aloft at mast-heads and yard-arms, shooting off Roman candles, blue lights etc.

Our boys are not allowed to smoke, but they like to if they can get a chance. So on this occasion they were provided with cigars to light their fire-works by, which was a great treat for the urchins. One lad who was not fortunate enough to get a cigar, consoled himself with the remark that he wouldn't smoke one of them telephone cigars, any way. "Smoke it here, and they'll smell it in New York."

About seven o'clock, the man in the moon got curious, probably by the unusual amount of light and noise going on, and came peeping over the hills to see what was going on, adding his light to the rest, and rather depreciating the artificial lights. On Spy hill, Fishkill had also a brilliant display of fireworks, among which was a representation of the church prison, with a prisoner jumping from the window.

This piece was to represent the escape of Harvey Birch, an American spy. Incidents of his career are vividly described in Cooper's Spy. Birch passed most of his time among the British, as a homeless pack peddler, gathering information among them and carrying it to Washington. He was suspected at last, and imprisoned in an old Dutch church at Fishkill, but escaped in the manner represented.

He came very near being hanged once by the Americans, as a British spy, not daring to identify himself even to them.

At about 9 p. m., the Tallapoora with secretary Chandler on board, passed down the river. As he passed us, he was greeted by cheers from our ship. The boys were allowed full license to make all the noise they pleased, and they availed themselves of the permission in full. They cheered everything, from a canal boat to the Grand Republic. Such a bedlam was never let loose in Newburg before, and probably will not be again for the next hundred years.

The next morning, the Tennesee and Alliance started for New York, leaving the Vandalia, who had lost an anchor, to find that, and take the Portsmouth in tow for New York; while the Saratoga made sail for Poughkeepsie, the home of Capt. Taylor, where we will remain for a few days. Then we shall go to New York Navy yard, for the winter, and thus endeth the cruise of '83.

C. E. T.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., OCT. 19th 1883.

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**Bubbles,—No. 21.**

The "Saratoga" is hauled in at the Navy Yard, the boys have nearly all been transferred, the ship is stripped of her top-hamper, and the cruise of '83 is ended. We have turned out some very good boys this season, and some who were good for nothing. That is all I have to say about the Baby Navy at present.

The town of Richmond is well represented here this week in the line of professionals. Miss Agnes Folsome is at the Park Theatre in the Boston Bijou Opera company, playing "Virginia." This is a very pretty little opera, by Stephens and Solomons; it is well mounted and full of witty hits and pretty girls, all good singers and performers. Miss Folsome promises to be a success. She sings with ease and in splendid voice, is bright and vivacious, does not assume more than she can do, is perfect in her lines, although it is plain to see that the stage is new to her as yet; but that is an objection that will gradually wear away. She promises to be a bright star in the operatic galaxy.

General Joseph Totman, is at Bunnell's Museum. Joe is a great favorite of the men and pet of the ladies. The "German Rose," the young lady to whom it is said that Joe is engaged, is a pretty little doll, just a little shorter than the General, of good form, just the least inclined to *embonpoint*, (excuse the French this time, please,) is well educated, sings well, and plays the violin, or as she calls it, her *feedle*. It has been given out here that they are engaged, but Joe says it isn't so. They would make a splendid little couple. They perform a matrimonial sketch on the stage, called Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. It is rendered in a manner which would do credit to older performers.

The General, in company with John Dinslow (everybody knows John,) visited the "Saratoga" one day. While going through the street to go to the ferry, on our way to New York, we were beset on all sides by the gamins, both boys and girls. All sorts of expressions of wonder, admiration, etc. were flung at us.

"Who is it, Jimmy?" John L. Sullivan in disguise?" "Get on to the little man!" "Halloo, Shorty!" "B'ys look at 'im!" "How old is he, Mister?"

We were triumphantly escorted to the ferry dock by a crowd which had increased to nearly a hundred before we got there. But Joe says he don't mind it now, he has got so used to it. He will stop in Brooklyn this week and then go to Jersey, for a while.

"The "Pinard Brothers," Charlie Hunt, are at the Grand Central Theatre in New York.

John Dinslow, another one of "our boys," is at present chief engineer of the Union Ferry company. Though John does not have to brave the boisterous waves of East river himself, he has to look after others, besides his duties in the repair shops.

Miss Addie Low is visiting friends here, so you see the town is well represented.

Now shall we take a walk over the bridge, or perhaps we had better ride over in one of these beautiful palace cars. We go into a gate marked "To the Cars," pay five cents, go up and take our seat in the car, (No one is allowed to stand on the platform) and go across to New York in seven minutes. The car does not stop between the two ends of the bridge. Every time one crosses the bridge he sees some new object of wonder and admiration. What a massive, yes, grand structure it is. What brain power a man must have to conceive, plan and execute such a magnificent piece of work as this is. It may well be counted among the wonders of the world.

The Senior Robeling died from over work while planding the bridge. Mr. Robeling, Jr., is not much better off, for he has nearly killed himself, with overwork.

The opera season is at its height here, two Grand Operas are running. I cannot say that I am "all gone" on these high toned singers, though many of them are good, yet I can hear more pleasing voices and just as good work among those who have not yet attained the pinnacle of lyric fame. Many of them travel on their name, as for instance Mme. Poppenpeim has the name of one of the greatest singers in the world. Well, she might have been sometime, but she is not going to last forever. I had rather hear Marie Stone, or Emma Thursby any time, than all your "way up" singers.

But perhaps my appreciative capacity is not large enough to take in the grandure of the performance. Miss Stone is elegant, while Miss Thursby is just two nice for anything, as the girls say.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are the central attractions in the dramatic circles, but in my poor opinion Mr. Irving is considerably over-rated. He will compare in a measure, but is not up to Booth, nor John McCullough nor even Lawrence Barret; and as for Miss Terry, we can find as good in Fannie Davenport, or Annie Clarke, and others whom I might mention.

The fame of most of these foreign people is in advertising, and we can produce far better talent and ability among our own folks, than can be imported to us. But the success of our own people who go to Europe is far better than that of those whocome here.

C. E. T.

Thanks are due C. E. Tallman for late copies of Yokahama papers.

## BUBBLES,—No. 22.

### Africa.

ALMOST five months ago I blew a bubble on the following subject, but by the carelessness of the post officials, or some other means, the tarnal thing busted and never reached the sanctum. But "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again:" very good advice, but then trying many times is likely to prove monotonous. But, however, here goes.

In November '78 I sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., in the U. S. S., Ticonderoga, on a trip around the world. The weather was very cold when we fitted out, and we started rather uncomfortably. The first day we got to lower harbor, and stayed there three days, waiting for a gale to blow out, before going to sea. We finally got started for Norfolk, Va. but only got as far as Cape Ann, when the weather proved threatening and we went in to Gloucester at about ten o'clock at night. The bad weather signs were only a scare, and the weather clearing up, we got under weigh at about 2 a. m. to go out again. On the way out the ship struck on a rock that is called Black Buoy, after several thumps she forced over it and we went on about our business. After a pretty hard passage of five days we arrived at Norfolk and went into dry dock, and found on examination, that about sixty feet of the shoe was ripped off, together with about forty feet of false keel. This damage was repaired in due time and we floated out of dock and steamed to Fort Monroe to await the pleasure of Commodore Schufeldt who came on board a few days later, and we sailed on our voyage. We started with fine weather, but we had been to sea about two days when the wind came strong from the west, and we had all the wind and sea we wanted. The ship labored heavily and rolled severely, and for rolling I think she took the cake, the men called her the "Ticon-der-roller." After a severe passage of seventeen days, we arrived at Madeira. Madeira is a highly cultivated island; many tropical fruits are raised, there such as oranges, grapes, pine apples, olives, etc. The land is very high, inhabited clear into the clouds. It is said that there is not a particle of the island uncultivated. The greater part of the farms have to be terraced, in order to to get a level. The island belongs to Portugal, but it is inhabited by Americans, Englishmen and Spaniards as well as Portugese. The thermometer seldom reaches lower than sixty-two degrees in the shade, the average temperature at night ranges from fifty-one to fifty-seven degrees. It is extraordinary that within five days sail of England, such perfect summer should reign amid scenes so lovely, combined with every comfort, and yet that invalids should not take advantage of it.

Madeira is a beautiful and interesting place, and there is an English Hotel there, where the accommodation is most excellent, and charges much lower than in England. The island has about one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. Funchal, the principle port, has ten thousand.

In wandering about the city, one sees many points of interest, prominent among which is "Mound Church," a cathedral which stands about four miles up the mountain at an elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea level. The view from there is very pleasing, giving one some idea of a trip "up in a balloon."

For the benefit of those of your readers who have not tried a balloon ride, I will briefly describe it. On the first start, one feels as though he weighed about a ton, and holds on to the side of the car for fear of falling through the bottom; but in a few moments he gets accustomed to the apparant extra weight, and perhaps musters courage to look out. On looking horizontally, you do not seem to be rising at all. The horizon is always level with the eye, but seems further away. It is a very peculiar sensation, for whichever way you look, the horizon seems to be receding, and when you look down, the earth seems to be falling instead of the balloon rising. The earth assumes the appearance of a huge saucer. That is the simplest way I can describe it. Please pardon the digression, and we will move along.

The paintings and statuary in the church are of the finest productions of the old masters. And here, let me say, that I cannot raise very much enthusiasm over the works of the old masters; they may be valuable as antiquities, but as works of art, they always look to me like a job done in a hurry, without much regard to fineness of color, or taste in blending or laying on; while the statuary looks like a job done with dull tools.

The fine painting and statuary of the present day, will speak for itself.

To go up to the church, one can walk if he wants to, but the usual mode is to hire a Madeira hack, which is no more nor less than a sled with nice seats in it, and a canopy over it, drawn by oxen; a very slow coach, but sure in time. Another way is to hire two natives to carry you in a hammock slung to a pole. A very easy way, but, as they have to stop to rest so often, their chances are that they will be full as a goat before reaching there. It is not a perfectly reliable way.

But the favorite mode of climbing the mountain, is to go horseback, (the quickest way up,) but one must look sharp as the horse will rub him against the wall which borders the road all the way, and thus dismount him.

Generally, a man goes along with the rider, hanging on to the horse's tail, to help himself along.

After you have arrived and seen all you want to, you look for your animal to go back, but he is gone. Instead, you find two men with a basket sleigh,—a little affair on low runners,—large enough to take two people. You get into this while the men run along, hanging on behind; and away you go with the steerers on the heel of the runners, down the hill at the rate of forty miles per hour, over the smooth pavement of little cobble stones. It is a delightful ride.

There are no wheel vehicles here all all. Foot travel is very hard, as it is all up and down hill. Any observing person who has ever been to Madeira, can tell a native of that island wherever he may see him, by his peculiar walk: he steps high.

Nearly all the natives live on, or in the water. It is a common thing to see boys diving for bits of money or tobacco, or little things like that, which may be thrown overboard to them.

The ship was completely surrounded by boats, all wanting to sell something, or carry passengers. They bothered us so much that we had to apply the hydrophobic treatment to keep them clear: turn the hose on them.

If we have seen enough of Madeira, we will jog along toward the Canaries and Cape Verde islands.

We arrived at Porto Grande, a neat little village located at the head of one of the finest harbors in the eastern Atlantic, perfectly land locked, and plenty of water, and good clear entrance for any size craft, and good anchorage for the same. The productions are about the same as in the other islands. There are no mountain streams here as at the other islands, so they have to depend solely on the rain for fresh water. This town is on the island of St. Vincent, which belongs to Portugal.

The buildings are built of small stones bedded in mortar. They manufacture their own lime.

The peaks of a range of mountains on the right of the harbor, going in, are so formed as to resemble a face in profile. It is called "Washington's Face," and it does have a remarkable resemblance. From the forehead to the chin is about two miles. There are not more than a dozen white people living here, nearly all being negroes.

We can see that we are getting along towards the African country. They pay very little attention to fashion here, in fact, up to twelve years of age, the fashion for both sexs is natural.

While passing along a street, we heard music issuing forth. We looked on and saw, perhaps a dozen couples enjoying the "poetry of motion," to the music of a violin and two guitars. Some of the men and all the girls were barefoot. There did not seem to be any particular step to the dance, but a slow, rotary motion, the swish of the bare feet on the sanded floor, keeping perfect time to the music.

We wondered then what some of our belles would say if they were obliged to go to a ball barefoot?

We left Porto Grande, and went round to the south side of St. Jago, to the town of Horto Praya. This town is situated on a level table land, at an elevation of about fifty feet, with mountain scenery in the back ground. This harbor was the scene of a naval engagement during the war of 1812, when the United States Frigate Constitution came in and cut out the English sloops of war, Levant and Cyane.

During the maneuver, the Constitution sailed round Quail Island, where now there is hardly water enough to float a small boat.

At all of these places the usual courtesies were exchanged, visits and salutes, given and returned. We will now start for the African coast.

We arrived at Freetown, Sierra Leone, in due time. This is an English colony founded first by the English, with slaves captured in slavers. It is a central trading port for this part of the country. There are several white people living here: traders, consuls, missionaries, etc.

The object of our visit here, is that Commodore Schufeldt is referee in a court of arbitration to settle some difference of opinion between England and Liberia, in regard to a boundary line between Liberia and Seirra Leone.

The Liberian members were there, but the English had not yet arrived. So we were obliged to wait for them, for a few days.

As soon as the members all arrived, the court convened. They were in session about three days and did not accomplish much after all. The English commissioner's instructions were to work on the boundary question from certain points, but the Liberians would not agree, as they might as well concede the whole at once, so the court adjourned for further instructions.

While waiting developments, we occupied the time in a run down the coast as far as Monrovia. We stopped at two places on the way, to do some surveying, and pick up such information as might fall in our way. The first place we stopped at, was a factory; what they would call a trading post out west. It was owned by an Englishman who traded among the inland natives, sending his palm oil, ivory, etc., home by the steamers which ply along the coast.

The next place was a small settlement of American negroes, called Robertstown, at Cape Mount. It possessed few objects of interest, and we did not remain in it long, but departed with all speed for Monrovia; which settlement I will attempt to fully describe in my next letter.

C. E. T.

## PUBBLES,—No. 23.

### Africa.

MONROVIA, the capital of Liberia, is a town of American liberated slaves, most of them, though some of them went there from the West Indies. The town is in a generally dilapidated condition. If the land was well cultivated they might raise a good crop of hay from the middle of the streets.

The houses are all built of wood of the lap board fashion, same as the poorer class in the southern states. These, negroes do not seem to have any ambition to improve. They have had everything done for them that could be done, and yet they do not appreciate the favors. A nice large building for a kind of depot, or temporary rest for immigrants was sent to them from the states, but it was allowed to go to decay. A steamer was given them by the English Government, but the last I saw of her, she was lying on the beach, perfectly useless.

The height of the ambition of the poorer classes, seem to be to lie under a banana tree, and when one drops off, eat it, and go to sleep again. There are some smart people among them: merchants, lawyers, doctors, etc., who are doing very well, but they don't exert themselves much.

The year we were there, ('79,) the revenue of Liberia was $119,000, while their expenses were $122,000. During a conversation with some of the members of the Cabinet, a prediction was made that England would have control of them before long, as England had a mortgage on the state at that time. Since then, I have learned that England has foreclosed.

When Liberia was first colonized, the United States offered them protection, but they declined, and allowed they could paddle their own canoe; and they were allowed to do so. But they soon paddled the old dugout on to a snag, and then cried to Uncle Sam for aid.

While we were there, they had a job for us down the coast. It appears that at or near the southern boundary of Liberia, there is a factory run by a Scotchman and an American. It is on land owned by King Nimbly, though the Liberians claim it is on their land. They wanted us to go there and influence these men to pay a revenue to Liberia, which they claim is their due. But the King would not allow them to pay, saying that they were on his land, and he was glad of it, and he did not ask any revenue of them, and hoped that more would come there to establish factorys. The King was invited to call on the Commodore, but he did not see fit to do so, but after a while he sent an ambassador.

The old chap, as well as his suite were in full dress. He wore the indispensible "Tepite," had on a tall hat, a swallow-tail coat of blue, and—nothing more.

Others were similarly dressed, minus the coat. Having finished our job there, and done nothing, we returned to Monrovia.

As soon as we anchored, we were boarded by the harbor master, who is an American, of African descent. He was dressed as near like a naval officer as he could hit it: a suit of blue, shoulder straps, stripes and everything complete. He was brought alongside by a boat's crew, dressed in the sailor's uniform of the navy. He sent his card up before he would venture on board. Give a "nigger" a chance to put on style, and he will improve the opportunity every time.

At this place we employed a crew of twenty-four Krumen to pull boats and do such work as was required to be done in the sun, as it is dangerous to unacclimated people to remain in the sun during the day, or remain on shore over night. The malaria is so strong that it is almost sure death to stay on shore at night, without being very careful.

These Krumen have a village built of bamboo, close to the water, in front of Monrovia. They retain the customs and traditions of the tribes of old. They dress as nearly all African tribes do. A two-dollar tablecloth will make a full suit for a King. They are not allowed into the town of Monrovia unless they are dressed like civilized people. When the men are employed by ships, they wear the navy sailor's uniform.

The native names of these men were so jaw-breaking that nobody could ever speak them, so the sailors had, long ago, given them other names, such as "Jib Boom", "Tea cup", Souse kettle", "Jack-after-supper," and the like. These names they will never change. They are so given on the ship's books.

A sailor came on board one day for medical treatment. He had been wrecked on the coast, from an American, bark and was taken sick, and no one would take him away, and not having an American protection he could not get aid from the American Consul.

While on board, the men inquired into his condition, as sailors will, and finally made a contribution to send him home, thus showing the proverbial generosity and freeheartedness of the American and English sailors.

Jack has been down-trodden and villified by his fellow men on shore, but nowhere in the world, nor among any class of men, can be found any more generous, or freehearted than poor Jack. Of course when on shore he is bound to have a good time, and nine out of ten will drink, more or less.

Many blame him for his intemperance and heathenism, but they must remember that the sailor is often deprived of shore privileges, and his associates are seldom of a higher class, so, of course, he cannot be expected to know how to behave like "shore folks."

But in a case of charity, Jack's money is always ready. As in the case of an old sailor, Jack Morrison, who was sent home from Serrie Leone, a purse of $150 was raised for him.

As an off-set to this little spurt of eloquence in Jack's favor, I will state that I have since learned that Jack Morrison landed in New York, and in less than a week, during a drunken spree, he lost all his money, and finally landed in some hospital and died there. Little use to "cast pearls before swine."

Two of our officers were sent up the John's river on a surveying expedition. They did not give very glowing accounts of the country. They traveled about thirty miles inland. The country is very sparsely settled. There is very little game in the woods except deer.

They passed through some native villages; the most industrious was that of the Goulah tribe. The king of this tribe seems disposed to forward industry in every way he can. The people cultivate the products of the country, such as coffee, cotton, cassada, rice, etc. He also has an iron mine, smelting works, and makes his own tools. The King makes journeys to the coast, occasionally, to learn ideas, and pick up information about how to work wood and iron. Our folks were very well treated while in the country, and did some valuable work toward the forwarding of science and geography.

About twenty-five miles from Monrovia, inland, is a missionary post called the "Milenberg mission," conducted by Rev. Mr. Day, of Pennsylvania. He establishes a post in a place for a while, then moves on to some other place, and so on.

The Protestant missionary work in Africa can hardly be called a success, as it is of very little use to try to convert an old negro. The traditions of their elders are so fixed in them, that it is next to impossible to get them out of their old ideas. Consequently, the missionaries get discouraged, and quit the business and go to trading.

There are societies in America that make clothes to send to Africa. Now they might just as well send coals to Newcastle. When the "nigs" get the clothes, —that is what they do get,—they sell them for rum, and have a good drunk on the proceeds; and it is no use to send them books, because they cannot read, and are too lazy to learn.

There are native tribes along side of civilized villages. For instance, the Kru tribe near Monrovia, have lived there for years, and are just the same now as they were before civilization came among them.

The Catholic mission takes a different mode. They take the little ones and bring them up as Christians, and they always follow their belief. They never bother with the old ones at all, knowing full well that it is no use.

As a priest once said: "give me a child until he is eleven years old, then you may have him."

Cape Palmas, is a village further down the coast, first settled by slaves liberated from slave vessels captured by American men of war, the same as Freetown was settled by the English.

There are many emancipated slaves there from the states, also.

The weather on the coast is perfectly awful, the mercury stands at about ninety-four degrees all the year round, day and night. The atmosphere is sticky, there is no chance to cool off at night, seldom any wind, and when a squall does come, it comes off the land, and the wind is warm, and does no good. Then when the rainy season sets in, the worst is reached. I don't know of any misery worse.

We went from Monrovia up to Cape Mount where we expected the court to convene. We found them at the town of Solomon.

They held two sessions, and arrived at no decision. So things stood as they were, only perhaps a little more enmity between the Liberians and English than before. The English commissioners were not disposed to grant anything to the Liberians nor allow any reference to Commodore Schufeldt, so he was of no use there at all. The convention ended in a row, and we left the country. We moved along down the coast, touching at several places on the way, met the rainy season and passed through it in about a week, and came to at the island of Fernando Po, in the Bight of Benin.

On the way down there we stopped at several places, and I visited many native tribes in that way. Some of the natives seen on the way, and farther down the coast, were perfectly hideous, as for instance, a tribe which inhabited the woods of Fernando Po, called Boobies, may well deserve the name, for a worse looking set to walk on two legs I never saw. The men are large in stature, raw-boned, and gawky. They are very rude. The women do all the work and carry all burdens.

At the Congo we found the veritable Congo negro, so well known in the slavery days. They have low foreheads, thick lips, and short features, and are black as the *ten* of spades. Further down, we found a tribe called Kabendas. This tribe is different from any others we saw, in that they have the appearance of the Anglo Saxon in form and feature, only they are of a dark mulatto color.

Their costume is like all others, perhaps a little less if anything. The girls shave patches of wool from the head. The features of the girls, aside from color, is very pretty: bright black eyes, Grecian nose, thin lips, elegant form; in fact, they may be called handsome. They have their ideas of beauty as well as their more civilized sisters.

They ornament themselves with daubs of red and blue mud, put on in patches over the body and limbs. Then they are all right for a promenade. Their movements are very graceful, form erect, and perfect. This tribe has two Kings: Jack and Frank, sons of the old King, John. At the death of the old man, the tribe was divided, each son taking his section.

We visited King Frank's tribe. Our approach was announced to the King by some of the lookouts, we supposed, for when we reached the village we were met by a fine looking darkey of about twenty-three years of age, dressed in a sack suit of blue, white shirt, paper collar, necktie, straw hat, patent leather shoes, in fact, the dress of a European gentleman. He wore in his tie a fine diamond, a few rings on his fingers. He met us with a cordial welcome, greeted us in good English, invited us into his bamboo palace, and made us feel at home. Inside the hut which was about twenty feet square, (one story,) we found no floor except the well smoothed ground. The furniture was all of bamboo.

We were surprised to find a fine library of about two hundred volumes of instructive works in several languages. On inquiry, we learned that Frank could read, write, and speak five languages, besides his own. After a three hours' visit we left, well pleased with our call and entertainment.

In another letter, I shall have something further to say about Fernando Po, as I wish to offer the school children a theory of my own with regard to the lost Atlantis. Until then, good-bye.

C. E. T.

## A Fresh Supply of Words.

The BEE is indebted to Sailmaker Tallman, U. S. N., for a copy of "The Tourist's Guide-book of Interesting Places Round and About Kobe." The handy little volume is loaded to the muzzle with facts and figures concerning Kobe and its environs, but what particularly impresses us is a vocabulary of phrases in common use in that far distant country. Intelligent study of this department will enable us to handle all sorts of language with the sublime assurance of an ignorant man who has fallen heir to a large and well selected stock of words. This will be of great advantage to us in our business. For instance: when we tell our readers that "*Watakushi wa warui kaze wo hiki mashita*," there won't be one in ten who will know whether we are lying or not, and if the tenth fellow contradicts us we will politely request him to *Amari guchi wo iu na*. See!

ting snake, anaconda, ... I was told that a few days before we arrived, a snake forty-three feet in length was captured there, but I cannot say how true it is. It seems pretty long —the story.

Atlantis is said to have been an island, or continent situated west of the Canary and Madeira islands, but was destroyed, through the sins of the people. This is only supposition, no one ever being able to settle the exact location, only by theory. As one theory is as good as another, I beg leave to offer one.

In the first place, a large part of northern and central Africa is a sandy desert, which appears as if some time it might have been the bottom of the sea. Now get your map of Africa and South Atlantic, and on the African coast at the head of the Bight of Benin, you will find a range of mountains called Comeroons. In a direct line south west of this range, you will find the island of Fernando Po, Princes, St. Thomas, and Anibon. Diverging to the west from Anibon, you will find the island of Ascension. In direct line west of Ascension is St. Paul's rock, a mountain peak only. From Anibon, diverging to the south, you will find St. Helena in line with Tristan da Achmna, which is near the latitude of Good Hope, and about one thousand two hundred miles west of it.

From St. Helena, south west, soundings indicate a range of mountains terminating in the Falkland, Aurora, and south Georges, near Cape Horn.

Off Cape St. Roque, on South America, you will find a line of islands connecting with St. Paul's Rock and Ascension, thus forming a chain of submarine mountains across the Atlantic at this point.

In all these places mentioned, the soundings give ranges of submarine mountains, while between them are level plains, or uneven land. Perhaps this may be the place of the lost Atlantis, who knows!

As we moved on down the coast, we touched at several places; at Goboon river, Mayumba, and a few other places, until we reached the Congo river. On the way down we sighted islands, some of them containing possibly a dozen acres or more, which were not on the coast. We approached them very fast, and concluded that the old ship had got away, but they turned out to be floating islands. These islands are frequent on the coast, in the vicinity of the Congo river, whose muddy waters are thrown sixty miles at sea.

The way the islands are formed, is ... the swift running waters of the riv

undermining points of land, which break off, and float to sea. There are no rocks or ledges to hold the land together. The islands are held intact by the roots of trees and shrubbery which grow over them. They are very dangerous to vessels at sea, especially at night.

I have never heard any explanation as to what becomes of them finally. We went into the mouth of the Congo, and anchored in a pretty little bay on the north side of the river.

Our surveying officer and scientist, took a steam cutter and whale boat with crews, to go up the river to interview some native Kings in regard to a treaty which had been broken by them.

Some years ago, a treaty was made between England and six of the native Kings in this vicinity, to the effect that if any English, or other vessels, should be wrecked on the coast, that they, (the Kings) would render all the assistance they could.

About two years before we were there, an American schooner was wrecked down the coast, and King Bolo-Bolo, one of the signers of the treaty, killed the crew and plundered the vessel. Another clause in the treaty was, that if any one of the signers was to disregard the treaty, he was to be brought to account by other signers. Nothing had ever been done in the matter, therefore the expedition. Lieut. Drake proceeded up the river about thirty miles, then into a small creek about three miles, to a village occupied by one of the signers of the treaty. Mr. Drake sent a message into the village for the King to come and see him, but he sent word back that he was sick and could not come, but would send the treaty. Mr. Drake took a copy of it and sent word back for him to attend "palaver," and be quick about it.

He came at last with his whole tribe at his back. Things began to look interesting, and to help along matters, the machinist in charge of the steam cutter, let the water get low in the boiler, and burnt out a flue. As there was no prospect of doing much business, and no chance to run in case of emergency, Mr. Drake thought discretion the better part of valor, and got out of that, and returned to the ship.

The Commander gave out word that if the boat could be repaired in two days, they were to return and visit the other Kings. If not, we were to go on down the coast.

*That boat was not ready.* We started for St. Paul de Loando, expecting to return in a few days, and finish the job. Soon after leaving the Congo, the coast fever broke out on board, the number of cases increasing fast. In about three days we had fifty patients, and in a week we had one hundred and thirty on the sick list.

About that time the disease began to abate, some going off the list and others coming on.

We were then in St. Paul de Loando. The sickness was so bad that the Commander concluded we had better run over to St Helena to get rid of it.

St. Paul is a Portuguese town, the head-quarters of the Portuguese African Squadron. It is the largest town we saw on the coast, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The town is apparently well fortified; but when we came to examine the fortifications closely, we found that distance lent a great deal of enchantment to the view. Out of seventy-five guns mounted on the largest forts (St. Miguel,) only one or two were serviceable. The soldiers looked slovenly, and the place was generally dilapidated.

We moved along slowly to St. Helena, so as not to change the climate too suddenly. Two men died at St. Paul, one on the way, and one after we arrived at St. Helena.

This island has a delightful climate, and if a man gets there with three breaths left in him, he will brace up again. The temperature is very even, ranging from fifty-seven to seventy-two degrees. St. Helena is almost "a lone barren isle," but not quite, as there are some very nice farms on it.

The "wild raging billows" do not "assail the stern rock" very severely, as it is in the line of the South east trade winds, and that wind seldom blows more than a ten knot breeze.

The island contains about forty-seven square miles area, and has about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. The island is of Volcanic origin, and rises from the sea like a great lump of iron, to a height of from six hundrd to two thousand feet. Its sides are nearly perpendicular. There is only one place where a landing can be effected, and that is at the town of Jamestown, a village of about one thousand two hundred inhabitants, located in a ravine on the north, or lee side of the island.

What was probably the crater, is now a big hole in the ground, near the southern half of the island. It is called the "Devil 's Punch Bowl." It is said that there is no bottom to it, as there has never been line enough run down to find it. The place is well fortified, but most of the forts were built during Napoleon's time. Now, they are nearly all unoccupied.

A lofty ridge of calculous rocks running nearly east and west, intersect the island. There are a few lofty peaks, the highest being Diana's Peak, which is two thousand seven hundred feet. There are three others of little less elevation.

When the island was discovered, it was covered with trees, but they are nearly all destroyed now.

What few there are on the plains of Longwood, and other plains, are small. They all incline toward the north west, on account of the south east wind bending the twigs that way.

The soil is good, and might be more productive, but almost every article of food and clothing is imported. The cost of the place is more than its income.

Longwood, the house where Napoleon lived and died, is still in good order, and well taken care of. The furniture is the same in the rooms which he occupied, as they were then.

After Napoleon was removed from there in 1840, France bought the plains of Longwood, and the valley where he was buried, from England, and appointed a perpetual guard for them. The tomb of Napoleon nestles in a little grave, enclosed within a circle, the tomb itself being in the centre, surrounded by an iron fence.

A living spring of ice cold water, clear as crystal, where the General used to delight to pass his time, is almost hidden in the foliage near the edge of the outer enclosure. The "dew drooping willows that weep o'er the grave," have evidently wept themselves nearly away, as they are now only barren trunks and naked branches.

There seems to be a feeling of awe come over one sometimes, when he thinks he can drink from the same spring, walk the same grounds, sit in the same chair, and seem to feel that he is almost in the presence of some great hero, whose name is known to the whole world.

Many persons who have never read the life of Napoleon on St. Helena, may think that he had a very easy time there. He was allowed to walk about the island in a certain section, but was closely watched.

Sir Hudson Lowe who was Governor at that time, heaped every indignity on the General he possibly could. He hurt his pride, in keeping him so closely watched.

They had signal stations with signals to show "Napoleon going east," or "Napoleon going south," or whichever way he moved it was known and signalized. He died May 5th, 1821, of ulcer on the stomach, and was buried in Slaves' Valley near the house, Longwood.

December 15th, 1840, the remains were taken to France and interred beneath a magnificent monument in the Hotel des Invalides.

At St. Helena, myself, with three others, was detached from the Ticonderoga, and ordered to the United States. We took passage on a bark, and arrived in New York after a pleasant passage of fifty-three days.

C. E. T.

## Bound on a Long Cruise.

Sailmaker Tallman, whose letters from the United States ship Marion have been interesting features of the BEE, has sailed on what will be a long cruise. In its report of things naval and nautical a San Francisco newspaper says: The Marion's orders arrived July 2d, and she sailed next day for the Bering sea and Port Townsend. At this point a further stop will be made, and the United States Commissioners will be taken on board. During the sealing season the Marion's rendezvous will be the Pribilofs, and in September she will continue on to the China station without returning here. Her only passenger up from this port will be Lieutenant Henderson of the revenue marine, who goes to join the Bear in place of Lieutenant Robinson, who was drowned with his boat's crew at Icy Cape a few weeks ago." The BEE, in common with many readers, wishes the genial Charles and his shipmates a pleasant cruise.

July 10 91

## Installation of Officers.

At a regular meeting of Richmond Masonic Lodge, held Monday evening, Past Master A. S. Alexander, assisted by J. H. Fellows, as Marshal, installed the following officers:

Geo. B. Randlett, W. M.
E. G. Pert, S. W.
Geo. Jenkins, J. W.
Abial Libby, Treas.
W. R. Fairclough, Secy.
Uriah Lancaster, S. D.
Mark Costellow, J. D.
I. L. Spaulding, Chaplain.
Chas. Wilson, S. S.
Joseph Baker. J. S.
James L. Pratt, Tyler.
A. S. Alexander, Marshal.

The installation, which was private, was followed by an oyster supper. Remarks from members and visiting brethren filled out the remainder of the programme, and brought the exercises to a happy conclusion.

C. E. Tallman sends from Yokahama lat copies of Japanese newspapers. The BE thankfully acknowledges receipt of the same

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*(Written for the Bee.)*

## BUBBLES.--No. 4.

### An Incident of the Blockade.

In the fall of 1864, the present writer was serving on board the U. S. Steamer, Bienville, which was attached to the West Gulf Squadron, and stationed on the blockade, off Galveston. Although at that time there were not more than a dozen ships in the fleet, the number was sufficient to perform the duties of the station, which consisted for the most part, in visiting the different picket posts every night, and returning to the flag ship in the morning.

For many days nothing had occurred to vary the monotony of blockade life, when one morning, as we were coming to an anchor, black smoke,—a sure indication of a "runner,"—was sighted on the eastern horizon. No time was lost in getting underweigh, and, under a heavy pressure of steam, we made for the stranger. She soon discovered us, and, rightly judging that the old Bienville was not to be fooled with in a chase, steered for the harbor, hoping to get in before we overhauled her.

Although the chase showed excellent sailing qualities, we gained on her so rapidly that she could not make the entrance over the bar. Finding themselves cut off from the friendly port, the officers of the steamer ran her ashore on the beach before the city. Upon witnessing this manœuvre, we imagined that the prize could be easily captured; but it was soon discovered that we could not get within two miles of the shore on account of shoal water. However, we got near enough to the stranger to learn that she was a fair sized steamer, and apparently well loaded. The people on the beach swarmed like ants around the stranded vessel, and hastily began discharging her cargo over the bow. Knowing that if we could not secure the plunder, the next best thing would be to destroy it, we anchored directly opposite the steamer, and began firing at her. Owing to the heavy ground swell it was impossible to get an effectual range; consequently, our shot did little or no damage.

When night came on, the steamer was still on the beach, but when morning dawned, we found that our bird had flown. Supposing that she had floated at high-tide, and had run into Galveston, our captain conceived the idea of manning his boats, and pulling to the city, where, if the steamer could not be cut out, he would burn her at the wharf. Communicating his plan to the flag officer, Captain H. obtained permission to try it that night. Accordingly, our second cutter was fitted out for the expedition, as was also a boat from the U. S. Steamer, Princess Royal.

At about the hour of ten, p. m., we started out with oars muffled, and with arms ready for the adventure. As silently as possible we pulled for the shore. When within three hundred yards of the fort, an unlucky oarsman kicked over a carbine. The noise occasioned by the falling weapon was heard by a sentry on the rampart, who promptly challenged us. Without wasting breath in answering his polite inquiries, we hastened to remove ourselves from such dangerous quarters.

We were followed by a few bullets that came skipping after us; but as we were soon lost in the darkness, the enemy ceased firing. While we were hastily pulling away from the shore at a right angle from our former course, a black object was seen looming up before us in the darkness. We instantly laid on our oars, to discover, if possible, what new danger threatened us. At this juncture the Princess Royal's boat came up, and together we pulled slowly

The object before us proved to be a small schooner, loaded with cotton. Then we knew there was another near at hand, as we had seen the two vessels lying at anchor the day previous. After a short consultation, our officers decided upon the following mode of attack: our boat was to board the nearest schooner on the quarter, and the Princess Royal's boat was to approach the other vessel in the same manner. We saw no lights on board the vessels, and we supposed their crews asleep.

Pulling cautiously under the stern of our victim, our boat had no sooner touched her side than we were swarming on board. A number of our men ran to the cabin, and looked down the companion way. There sat the captain and three men, enjoying a social game of cards.

"Halloo!" cried ensign F., "can't we have a hand at that?"

By way of reply the captain of the schooner caught up a "Colt's six" which was lying near him. Before he could take aim, Tom G., our boatswain's mate, covered him with a similar weapon, accompanying the act with the friendly warning:

"None of that, my hearty! Put up your hands"

"It's no use," said the captain, "I may as well give up, since you are too many for me."

The cabin was searched for arms, and the four men were brought on deck and placed under guard, all save the captain, who was compelled to serve us as pilot. We were soon underweigh, and, with the captain of the prize at the wheel, we shaped our course for the Bienville.

As soon as the vessel was fairly started, Mr. F manned the cutter and set out for Galveston, hoping to capture, or destroy the steamer. In his absence, Tom G., the boatswain's mate, was left in charge of the prize.

Tom placed one man at the lead, and another on the lookout, while he himself, with a pistol in his hand, took his station at the skipper's elbow to guard against treachery.

The passage over the bar at Galveston is very shoal, requiring nice steering to go over it safely. Although the prize was drawing only eight feet of water, it was necessary to exercise considerable caution. As we sailed along, the water began shoaling rapidly; the man at the lead giving three fathoms, then, two and a half. When he sang out "A quarter less two!" matters were beginning to grow interesting.

Tom's pistol was cocked, and slightly raised, as the pilot said: "That's the shoalest place."

Just then, "By the mark two!" came from the leadsman, and we were over the bar

After a run of about three miles, we made the Bienville on our starboard bow. They must have seen us at once, for the sight of the ship was instantly followed by the hail of, "Schooner ahoy!"

"Halloo!" answered Tom.

"What schooner is that?" came from the ship.

"Bienville's prize," was the reply.

From the murmur of applause which rose from the ship's company, we knew well enough that all hands were at quarters, hoping to earn a little prize money.

"Come to an anchor broad off our starboard bow. Leave one man on the lookout, and let the others turn in!" was the order from the ship.

"Aye, Aye, sir!" responded Tom. "By the way, lads," he added, "what's become of the Princess' fellows?"

We had been so busy with our own craft that we had forgotten to look after the other vessel. However, she soon hove in sight, and anchored near us. The crews of the two vessels were transferred to the ship, and next day, the schooners were fitted out with prize crews, and sent to New Orleans.

The day was dawning when the cutter returned, Mr. F. reported that the tide had set so strongly against him that he had been forced to abandon the project of cutting out the steamer. C. C. T.

## Mad River.

### LONGFELLOW'S LAST POEM.

The May *Atlantic* contains the following, which is the last poem written by the lamented Henry W. Longfellow:

TRAVELER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?
What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of waiting.

*Written for the Bee.*

## BUBBLES, NO. 25.

### Hayti.

IN August, 1868, I shipped as first mate of a brig called the "*Aerolite*," bound from Boston to Hayti.

We left Boston with a good prospect of of a pleasant run, and all went well until the third of September, when the barometer began to show signs of a change in the weather. We had been running along with a gentle breeze, till the morning of the third, when the wind came out N. E., gradually increasing, and we shortening sail accordingly. The wind kept increasing, and backing to the North North West and so along around the compass. At sundown, the wind blew a strong gale, and the clouds had thickened till it was as dark as it should be in fine weather at midnight.

At about nine o'clock p. m., the wind increased to a hurricane. The rain commenced at about this time, the sea was feather white, and smooth, the wind being so strong that a sea could not rise. Volumes of spray were picked up by the wind and carried over us, the rain cutting like needles, as it struck on our faces and hands.

We were running before the wind, under a close reefed topsail. At every plunge the brig buried herself fore and aft. We watched diligently for midnight, knowing well by the laws of storms that it would be one thing or the other at that time. At about half-past eleven, p. m., I concluded that the vessel was running too heavily for safety, and as it was blowing so strongly that a voice could not possibly be heard, I did not consult the Captain at all, but concluded to take that fore topsail off of her. So I got the attention of the second mate, and took him and an ax, and started for the forward house where the topsail sheets were belayed.

We had to watch our chances to get forward, as she was continually burying herself. We finally reached the top of the house, and one stroke of the pole of the ax at the belaying pin snapped the topsail sheet like a pipe stem. In a second there was nothing left of the topsail. A sheet of it containing several yards started off to leeward, and for all I know it is going yet. The fore yard was broken off at the same time, and the starboard yard-arm left dangling by the lift against the vessel's side. We then had to watch our chance to get aft again. As soon as we saw the deck clear, we started, but for my part, as soon as I struck the deck, she made a grand dive, filling the decks with water. I was gently floated by aid of my oilskins to the quarter deck, and pointed out through the taffrail, by the force of the sea, only saving myself by catching on to the rail over my head.

Ten minutes before twelve, (midnight,) the barometer commenced to rise. We knew by that that the worst had come. At midnight the wind blew with such force as I had never seen, and hope to never see again. The sky was inky black, the sea feather white, and it seemed that the heavens and sea were about to come together. The darkness was such as "might have been felt," but for the phosphorescent gleam from the water, which sparkled as with millions of diamonds. As the wind abated the sea arose, and such rolling and tumbling, well, it was decidedly uncomfortable.

At this point I may venture and try to describe or explain the laws of circular storms.

Hurricanes are always in a circle. Tornadoes make a straight course of narrow width. Ordinary gales are not to be depended upon as to their source or area. A hurricane always travels from south-east (on this coast) to the coast, then takes a course up the Gulf Stream dying out on the French or English coast, starting at about lat. 25° and ending at about lat. 40°. It travels in a circle like a cart wheel, turning from west to east, while the wind is shifting from east to west, and so on round the compass. By that motion you will see that in the southern hemisphere of the circle, the wind is much stronger than in the northern, the southern part being nearly stationary by its rotary motion, while the northern part is rolling towards the wind, making the wind so much stronger. A circle generally is about five hundred miles in diameter, so a ship that is caught in the southern part is much better off than one in the northern.

The rule is to lay a ship to on the starboard tack, thus heading her towards the outer edge of the circle. And if she is in the northern hemisphere, the force of leeway will drive her out of the hurricane sooner than if she was at the south side. A hurricane always has a calm centre.

When I came to examine the state of affairs the next morning, I found things in a very dilapidated state. The canvass had been picked out from among the gaskets and reef points by the wind, as clean as if by hand. The main topmast was carried away, and the fore topmast nearly sawed off, where the topsail yard had been playing across it. All the sail we had to show was a part of a fore topgallantsail and fore royal. These we managed to set, and as the wind had died away and settled to a gentle southwest breeze, we shaped our course for Bermuda.

The Bermuda's are a group of islands said to contain 365 islands. They are situated 600 miles southeast of New York. The The group is under English government. Hamilton, is an English naval station in the lower bay, has one of the finest dry docks in the world.

The town of Hamilton is at the head of a pretty little land locked bay. The town contains about 2000 inhabitants, made up largely of negroes. The people are very hospitable. Any stranger of good appearance visiting them, is received in the best society, and may consider himself at home. As they used to say down south, "Niggers will steal;" but in Bermuda, the exception is the rule. There the negroes are considered honest, and nothing will hurt their feelings so much as to suspect them of dishonesty.

The islands are formed of coral, and are only approachable with safety on the south though the harbor entrances are through intricate passages on the north and east sides. One would suppose that Hamilton bay could not be disturbed by any wind that might blow there, but sometimes in a strong south-easter, quite a dangerous sea is raised there on account of subterranean passages through the coral.

The town of St George, on the east side, is the larger town, but not so agreeable as Hamilton. During the four weeks we were there refitting, we enjoyed ourselves hugely.

While there, we had some trouble with our crew; I don't know, really, what it was about. They had no good reason to find fault, for they had plenty of work to do, and were not forced to lie in bed enough to hurt them. But, old sailor fashion, they could not be satisfied, and so kicked up a row. In revenge for the joke, we shipped two negro sailors in place of two white men who ran away, and put them in with the three white sailors who stayed. We shipped a big darkey for second mate, in place of the one we got rid of, he not being of much account.

In due time we got furnished, and started for St. Marc, Hayti. After a pleasant run, we arrived at St. Marc. While off Cape St. Nicholas, we encountered a white squall off the mountain.

These squalls are very dangerous because they come on one unawares. I had been informed of their nature by the second mate, who was an old cruiser in that vicinity.

It was about half-past eight, p. m. It being my first watch, I was on the forecastle with the lookout, when I discerned what appeared to be a bunch of fog on the mountain side. I thought I would not take any chances, so I told the man on lookout to run aft to leeward and let go all sheets and halliards, and I would do the same to windward. In a minute or two, we had reached the gear of the mainsail, when the squall struck us right abeam. It was only a "swish," and all over; but it had force enough to throw the craft on her beam ends. As the wind was gone and no damage done, she righted, and all went on as before.

Hayti has been called a "Nigger Heaven," but that name does not seem hardly applicable, as they are fighting among themselves all the time.

Sometime near the year 1745, the slaves revolted, (the Island being under the French government.) There was not much progress made till 1795, when Toussaint L' Overture, a slave of remarkable military ability, was made leader. This man has been eulogized largely by historians; but it does not seem to have required such a very great amount of generalship to do what he did.

All the fresh water on the island, is procured from mountain streams clear and cold, running to the sea. Toussaint and his forces retreated to the mountains as soon as they saw the French fleet coming in, and poisoned the water, thus throwing more death and destruction among the troops than could have been done by any other means.

About 1796, the invaders gave up the job of trying to conquer the negroes, and abandoned everything on land to them. Soon after, Toussaint L' Overture was enticed on board a French man-of war by friendly pretence, and there confined in irons, then taken to France, and placed in the Bastile where he died literally of a broken heart, at the age of 60 years.

Since that time, they have been fighting among themselves, to see who should be President.

It is true, there were intervals of peace, some of several years duration. The country was made a republic, but they did not seem to have the faculty of governing themselves. Cities and towns were built up in the meantime, and commerce was carried on largely by whites going there to settle.

Affairs moved along as usual till 1860, when another rebellion broke out between the legitimate government, whose capital was at Porte au Prince, and a rebel faction quartered at St. Marc. In their fights, several presidents were killed, (in battle.) or put out of the way by their own people when they became dissatisfied with them.

In the year '68, Salnave was the President, while Nesarge was the rebel leader. They were fighting each other all the time.

We saw the army on parade one day at St. Marc, and a queer looking set they were. Armed with all sorts of weapons, from a Sharp's rifle to a pitch fork, the only decent feature in the army was the horses, which were very fine.

President (?) Nesarge came on board of us one day, to trade for a trunkful of percussion caps we had for sale. We run the blockade in there, disposed of our general cargo, filled up again with coffee, cotton, and log wood, and one fine night we started for home. We went out of the bay with a light breeze, which died away along towards morning and left us becalmed.

At about six o'clock in the morning, we made out a steamer bearing down on us, which proved to be he steamer Galatea, a man-of-war belonging to the Salnave government. We were overhauled and accepted as a blockade runner, and taken possession of by a prize crew, put on board and taken in tow for Porte au Prince where we arrived late in the afternoon.

While at St. Marc, we took on board as a passenger, a commissioner who was going to New York to buy an iron clad steamer for the Rebel government. As soon as we were captured, I went into the cabin and found our passenger tearing up some papers and throwing the pieces down some auger holes we had bored in the cabin floor to let the water into the hold when the cabin got flooded.

I told him he had better not do that as the papers were going right down among the cargo, and if they got to overhauling things there they would find them. He was about as scared as they make 'em. I told him if he would give me the papers I would take care of them. So I took them and put them into a half nail keg, which was under my berth, and covered them up with the nails and old iron which was in the keg. I kicked the same under my berth. When they came on board to search us at Porte au Prince, they looked everywhere they could think of for hidden papers, or other evidence of illicit trade. hauled the old nail keg out of their way several times, but found nothing, little thinking how near they were to a fortune for themselves and trouble for us.

When we arrived at Porte au Prince we were anchored in the harbor to await the action of the authorities. There were three war ships there, one English, one French, and one Prussian. Our Captain was visited by officers from each ship, and arrangements were made for our protection. The next day we were hauled in to the wharf, where they intended to take our cargo out, and claim the vessel as a lawful prize. But the commander of the man-of-war informed the powers that were, that if anything of the kind was attempted, they would shell the town, claiming that the vessel was British property and the cargo French property. After lying there two weeks, we were informed that we might go to sea, and our papers, which they had taken from us, were tendered. Capt. Thomas, being of rather a stubborn nature, told them that he came there against his will, and would stay as long as he pleased against their will; and if they had any business with him they must transact it through the British minister. We finally went to sea, after recovering a demurage of one hundred dollars a day for the twelve days.

Our passenger we landed in safety at Turks Island, whence he took other conveyence to New York. But I never learned whether he succeeded in purchasing the iron clad or not.

The island of Hayti is very mountainous, but fertile, and very productive, and in the hands of an enterprising people might be a valuable source of revenue. But as it is now, it will never amount to much. Cotton, coffee, and all tropical fruits grow spontaneously. All they have to do is to gather the crops in their season. It seems a pity that such a garden should be in the hands of such an indolent class of people.

On the east side of the island is Samana Bay, owned and occupied by the United States, as a naval coaling station.

A year or so after we left there, Nesarge got the best of Salnave, and Salnave was killed. But Nesarge was not long allowed to enjoy his triumph, but was succeeded by another; and so they go, and probably will till some other nation gets a foothold there.

C. E. T.

May 15 '91

Sailmaker C. E. Tallman, who left Richmond April 9th to join the United States ship Marion at San Francisco, writes the BEE a very pleasant letter from Vallejo, Cal. Charles has been assigned to a mess, the united weight of whose four members is 785 pounds. He calls them the "big four," and well do they deserve the title. May their shadows never be less is the pious wish of the BEE.

...ner neighbors, for instance.

## See, the Conquering Hero Comes.

The gradual approach to these shores of a distinguished naval officer, whose contributions to our columns have delighted hundreds of readers, is an event which the BEE cannot pass over in silence. Our brethren on the Pacific coast, we are pleased to observe, have discerned the coming of our hero, and already the press is heralding his triumphal advance in double leaded bourgeois. The Vallejo (Cal.) *Daily Times*, of June 18th, publishes the glad tidings as follows:

The United States sloop-of-war Marion arrived here at seven o'clock Tuesday evening, not having stopped at San Francisco. The ship returns from a three years' cruise in Asiatic waters, via Honolulu. Previous to this service the Marion fitted out at Mare Island and took her crew here. Accordingly there are many people in the ship's company who are well known in Vallejo. Her officers, according to the last *Navy Register*, are as follows:

We shall not trouble our readers with an itemized account of the Marion's officers. Boatswain Dominick Glynn and Commanding Lieutenant Alexander McCrackin are jaw crackin' names for which we have no use. But when, at the bottom of the list, we encounter the familiar cognomen of SAILMAKER CHARLES E. TALLMAN, we at once instruct the intelligent compositor to draw on the "cap case" and charge to our account. It is a relief to know that our friend is safely anchored on American mud, and if the BEE had fins instead of wings it would willingly take the Marion's tow line

*Written for the Bee:*

## A VOICE FROM THE MAIN TOP.

*Mr. Editor:*

In reading the Richmond BEE of February 29th, first page, an article headed "Bubbles No 25" a sea yarn is spun, for what purpose, it is impossible to decide; unless to interest boys and give play to their imagination on a stormy night in February, or incite them to emulate the daring acts of such brave commanders as Paul Jones and Lord Nelson, whose word was law, and must be obeyed: but when such superfluous assuming of authority on ship or "brig board" is set forth, most certainly any one having but a smattering idea of sea life, knows too well that it is all chaff: and in a small obscure quiet town like Richmond, the home of many a retired ship master, to relate such scenes and state them as facts, and that in public print, is assuming too much, and to "doubt before you farther go."

Bubbles does not state whether in that fearful catastrophe he mustered all hands, but it seems like one in a similar condition spoken of in the stormy passage of our Savior, all the difference seems to be, his voice commands, and "Bubbles" once obeys. The vessel is running dead before it. The Captain below, probably reading Dickens' novels. (No wonder Mr. Dingley is trying to help shipping, when such fearful exploits take place;) Away goes the topsail sheets, topsail, and foreyard, and he, "Bubbles," gently "floating by aid of his oil skins." Remarkable! I have a curiosity to know what became of the second mate. Was he translated, or swallowed by a whale? As this is a sea yarn in public print, and is supposed to bear on the face of it the stamp of truth, think me not incredulous, or wanting in comprehension, if I inquire of you, Mr. Editor, as one that has had a pull at the "main brace," what became of the captain, and the crew on that fearful night?

This interesting narrative continues. While on the forecastle with the lookout, a cloud, the bigness of a man's hand is seen, and "no chances are to be taken" not even to awaken the Captain, and say "awake thou that sleepest;" but tacks, sheets, and halliards are let go by the run, over she goes on her beam-ends, and not a hair of their heads singed. Don't think for a moment I am doubting this narrative, only I ask the question: "Is it true," and where was the Captain; reading Dickens' novels still?

SAILOR.

Sailmaker, Charles Tallman, is home on a three months leave of absence, and on Tuesday morning last made the BEE a pleasant call. The sloop-of-war, Marion, arrived at San Francisco last week, and Mr. Tallman came over-land, arriving here last Monday. He is looking hale and hearty after his absence of about three years.

The Richmond Bee.

Friday, May 2, 1884.

**"The Turn of the Tide."**

A larger audience than was present at either the Proctor show or the minstrel performance, greeted our local performers who appeared last evening at the Opera House in the well known drama entitled, "The Turn of the Tide." The play itself is in three acts, and if the dialogue is not especially brilliant or witty, the characters are varied, and the action lively enough to satisfy any popular audience. Last evening the play was produced with the following cast of characters:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. C. E. Tallman, | Jonas Aldrich |
| Mr. C. W. Richards, | Capt. Hugh St. Morris |
| Mr. Joseph Costellow, | Col. Ellsworth |
| Mr. Orrin Small, | Herman Clyde |
| Mr. Chas. F. Reed, | Bowie Knife Jack |
| Mr. E. F. Hatch, | Sling Shot Rube |
| Mr. Geo. E. Ames, | Pepper |
| Mrs. Flora E. Rowe, | Aunt Rebecca |
| Miss Jennie Parks, | Susie Aldrich |
| Miss Lyde A. Sturtevant, | Lillian Lacy |
| Miss Mary L. Rowe, | "Frisky." |

Mr. C. E. Tallman, as Jonas Aldrich, was a decided success. In representing the old fisherman, he was careful not to overdo the part either in makeup, speech or action. The original puns that he introduced were witty and pointed, and in every way superior to the "gags" usually attempted by amateur performers. In short, from the beginning to the end of the play, his acting was consistent with his assumed character, and far superior to anything we have ever seen him do before in Richmond.

Mr. C. W. Richards made a very fine looking Captain Hugh St. Morris, and appeared to good advantage, especially in the fencing combat with his nautical rival. Had he spoken his part in a louder tone, it would have added greatly to the excellence of his performance, and would have enabled the listeners in the rear gallery to get their money's worth, so far as he was concerned.

As Col. Ellsworth, Mr. Joseph Costellow had but little to do, though that little was done well. His meeting with his daughter, was perhaps a little stiff and formal, yet not more so than might naturally be expected.

Mr. Orrin Small as Herman Clyde, did not strike us as being a dashing freebooter. On the contrary, he seemed

> "The mildest mannered man
> That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

Even when threatening to cut out his wife's quivering heart and throw it to the fishes, he uttered the menace in a forced tone, and with a tameness of manner that would have failed to terrify a more timid female than the one whom he addressed. Like his fellow performers, Mr. Small was perfect in his part, and if he made no brilliant hit, he was equally guiltless of a serious blunder.

Mr. Chas. F. Reed as Bowie Knife Jack, and Mr. E. F. Hatch as Sling Shot Rube, did very well as minor villains, and by judicious acting added materially to the success of the performance.

The applause which greeted Mr. Geo. E. Ames in the character of Pepper, the old fisherman's colored servant, was not due entirely to a blacked face, or a grotesque makeup. Mr. Ames' conception of the part was all that could be desired; and without descending to buffoonery, or overstepping the bounds of propriety, he gave such a representation of the lively darkey as elicted roars of laughter from the audience.

Mrs. Flora E. Rowe, who assumed the character of Aunt Rebecca, took the part easily, and carried it through successfully to the end. If a naturally sweet disposition prevented the lady from exhibiting quite as much spitefulness as might be expected from a scolding virago, we are not going to find fault with her on that account, but shall vote her performance an unqualified success.

In the *role* of Susie Aldrich, Miss Jennie Parks found many opportunities for creating a favorable impression, and it is not going too far to say that she improved them every one. Self-possessed and graceful, gifted with a pleasing voice that has been improved by practice, and a study of elocution, Miss Parks won the hearts of all by her excellent acting, and if not loudly applauded, was fully appreciated by the audience.

As was to be expected, Miss Lyde A. Sturtevant acted the character of Lillian Lacy to the life, and performed her somewhat difficult task faithfully and well. Her performance throughout was full of quiet grace, and in the concluding scenes she exhibited an intensity of feeling which was in perfect keeping with her assumed character. The part of Lillian Lacy is, we think, the most difficult one in the play. The fact that Miss Sturtevant sustained it with credit to herself, and to the satisfaction of her audience, speaks well for her dramatic ability.

Miss Mary L. Rowe, as Frisky, was piquant and charming, and gave an excellent representation of the lively young lady whose witty sayings go far toward enlivening the somewhat heavy dialogue of the play.

**Viewed as an amateur performance, the entertainment was far above the average, and, in some respects, equal to the efforts of players who style themselves "professionals." The ladies and gentlemen required little or no prompting, the scenery was handled rapidly and effectually, and the intervals between the acts were enlivened with music suitable to the occasion, and excellently rendered. Under such circumstances everything passed off smoothly, and to the satisfaction of the spectators.**

**At the conclusion of the performance, the hall was cleared for a social dance in which some forty couples participated. Among the dancers were several visitors from South Gardiner, who seemed to enjoy the amusement quite as well as the natives themselves. The dance was well managed, and was fairly successful, although the music was nothing to brag of. The receipts of the dance were $25, and the receipts from the dramatic performance were $100.95. It is with great satisfaction that we pronounce the entertainment a financial success.**

Friday, Dec. 5, 1890.

The third performance included a presentation of the laughable sketch, "The Crowded Hotel." Characters were taken as follows:

Seth Hopkins—Yankee hotel keeper, Mr. G. E. Ames.
Snyder Dinglebender, C. E. Tallman.
Mike Flynn, F. William Dunham.
Pete Peagreen—colored gentleman, W. F. Tebbitts.
Miss Perkins—a lone and unprotected female from Peppermint Holler, Mr. W. Price.

"Snyder Dinglebender" had an admirer in the audience at the Opera House Wednesday evening, whose enthusiasm was manifested in the gift of an enormous bouquet. It took two men to carry the floral tribute off the stage.

*Written for the Bee.*

## WAITING FOR THE SNOW.

A LYRIC CONTAINING MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Kind friends, if you will listen,
A story I'll relate
Of hard times on the river,
Which we have had of late;
Go here, go there, go everywhere
There's nothing else but woe,
For men who work upon the ice
Are waiting for the snow.

Through life I've had to knock about—
A deal I've had to rove.
I thought that I was anchored
When I came to Cedar Grove;
But times seem to be changing,
They may grow better, though,
As I sit down and ponder,
While waiting for the snow.

My flour barrel's empty,
To get it filled I hate:
For very well I know it must
Be charged upon the slate.
I sometimes think it very hard
For Fate to use me so;
But it's only for a little time
While waiting for the snow.

Mr. Barker comes around each day,
His kind face wears a smile.
He says: "Don't get discouraged boys,
It's only for a while."
And then he adds, quite sadly,—
He don't mean it, you know,—
"Why, boys, I'm really sorry that
You're waiting for the snow."

Some men are from the railroad,
And more are from the farms.
They all sit in the grocery
And spin their toughest yarns.
When night comes on the boss remarks:
"Now, boys, 'tis time to go."
They straggle out, and go to bed
To dream about the snow.

The tramps they pass along the road
In gangs of two or three.
Some look as if a good square meal
With them would well agree,
Their clothes are all in tatters,
Their boots gap at the toe,
They'll tell you, if you ask them,
They're waiting for the snow.

We have a man named Killam,
And though funny it may seem,
He thought, as work was rather slack,
He'd hatch some eggs by steam.
The machine it burst, the eggs flew out
Like arrows from a bow,
And Killam's took to mending shoes
While waiting for the snow.

Mr. Cotton is a gentleman,
I'll have you understand.
Although, you know, such times as these
Are not right in his hand.
He keeps a first-class boarding house
Where hungry men can go
And eat their three square meals a day
While waiting for the snow.

I think "Old Probabilities"
Is nothing but a beat;
For just the time we want some snow
He sends us rain and sleet.
He's bribed by the Company,—
I really think 'tis so,—
And that is the true reason why
We're waiting for the snow.

And now my rhyme is ended,
If errors you should see,
Just lay them to the printers,
And blame the RICHMOND BEE.
When I am on the river
Where the stormy winds do blow,
I'll pity the poor editor
Who can't be helped by snow.

LIVERPOOL JACK.

of Richmond Lodge was held January 10th, 1850. The Lodge was opened by Brother Stephen Webber of Gardiner. There were present Brothers Davis Blanchard, Elias Colby, F. R. Theobald, Stephen Weston, William Patten and Abial Avery. It was then agreed that the regular communication of this Lodge be held on the Monday evening before, or on the full moon of each month. On the 14th of January, at a special meeting, the petitions of Samuel Blanchard, George H. Hatch, Davis Blanchard,2d, Joseph D. Springer, William W. Weston, Edward Buker and George Weymouth were received. At this meeting, Brother Charles Theobald of Dresden, became a member. Also, January 21st,R. D. Tallman ;Feb. 12th, Thomas J. Southard ; March 25th, Charles Blanchard ; March 31st, Jefferson Hathorn ; April 22d, Daniel Holway ; May 12th, Hugh Curtis. These were all old Masons and the chartered associates of this Lodge. All but two are dead ; Davis Blanchard and T. J. Southard being the survivors.

Davis Blanchard, our first Worshipful Master, spent many years of his life steamboating on the Kennebec. He has always been a careful, prudent and reliable man, honored and respected wherever known, as many of you who have lived with him these many years can testify. Sometime since, he moved to Iceboro where he still resides. We hope and trust he may be spared for many years to come.

T. J. Southard was made a Mason at Augusta, but on the institution of this Lodge he immediately joined it. His active business life has been passed with us. No man in Maine has built as many ships as he—if, indeed, any man in the United States. His enterprise has contributed largely to the growth of this place, and his wealth,gained entirely by his own energy and untiring industry, has raised many a lasting monument that will perpetuate his name. Hale and hearty, he seems now as likely to win in anything he might undertake, as many a younger man.

Stephen Weston, one of the earliest settlers of this village, was the first of these chartered associates to pass away. An honorable man in business, he accumulated a handsome property for the times in which he lived.

William Meserve, a man of good cultivation, having taught school in his youth, with two brothers purchased a large tract of land a few miles from this place, and continued to improve it until his death, which followed Brother Weston's in order. He held offices of trust in town, and was an active citizen.

Abial Avery will be remembered only by the older people who hear me, as he moved to California twenty years ago. He was the faithful Secretary of the Lodge six years, and its records bear witness to his ability. He was a man of more than ordinary intellect, and a true and consistent Mason.

Many of his early years were spent at sea as ship master. He was competent, faithful, and successful in his calling.

As these brothers originated the Lodge, we thought it fitting to give them particular mention.

This Lodge worked under a dispensation from January 10, 1850, to June 3d of the same year. Brother Stephen W. Stuart was the first candidate initiated. This was on the 28th of January. He received his first degree on the same evening his petition was presented, as he was going a voyage to sea. The other degrees were conferred on him in November, 1851. While working under a dispensation, twelve Masons were made and elected members. They were: Samuel Blanchard, George H. Hatch. Davis Blanchard, J. D. Springer, Edward Buker, J. C. Boynton, Libbeus Jenkins, Abial Libby, Daniel Witham, David Stearns, G. W. Golby and L. C. Blair. Of these, six are dead: Brothers Hatch, Buker, Boynton, Witham, Stearns and Colby.

The petition for a charter was sent to the Grand Lodge at its annual meeting in May, 1850, and was granted: so Richmond Lodge met for the first time after receiving its charter, June 3d,1850, and elected officers as follows: Davis Blanchard, W. M. ; J. C. Boynton, S. W. ; Abial Libby, J. W. ; Wm. Patten, Treas. ; Abial Avery, Sec. ; G. W. Colby, S. D. ; G. H. Hatch, J. D. ; J. D. Springer,S.S. ;Davis Blanchard 2d,J. S. ; Libbeus Jenkins, Tyler. These officers were publicly installed in the Town hall,by Brother Stephen Webber of Gardiner, assisted by Brother John C. Humphrey, D. G. M.

At a regular communication it was voted that the By-Laws of Hermon Lodge of Gardiner,be adopted as our By-Laws ; and therefore the annual election of officers occurred at our regular meeting in October, when another set of officers was chosen for one year. Z. H. Blair was appointed first chaplain, May 3d, 1852.

We procured a new hall in the Spring of '52, in a building owned by Mr. Fuller, on Front street, and now occupied by the Grangers. Here we held our meetings until January 22d, 1866, when we moved into a hall on Main street, fitted up by Mr. Hagar, where we remained until December 3d, 1876, when a more commodious hall was hired of Mr. P. Foster, on Front street. In January, 1883, we united with the Knights of Phythias and hired a hall of Brother T. J. Southard, in his new block on Front street, which is very convenient and nicely fitted up. During the past thirty-six years we have moved four times, and there is a decided contrast between the place where we now meet and the one where we first met ; both of which were owned by Brother Southard.

Since our organization we have elected and installed seventeen Worshipful Masters, who have served as follows: Davis Blanchard from June 3d to October, our annual meeting in 1850. Edward J. Buker; Daniel Clark, Senr.; Daniel Stephens; James Herbert; Sil[illegible] Gardiner; H. G. Allen; Geo. M[illegible] ard; Henry H. Savells; John [illegible] S. D. Grant; Henry Willis; J. B. [illegible] hind; J. C. Boynton; J. F. Bates; Ol[illegible] ton Pottle; H. M. Dinslow; Thoma[illegible] Salley; Ewins Alexander, Senior; Alb[illegible] A. Reed; Albion J. Drew; W. W. Wes ton; Samuel Garcelon; Otis Whitney; Geo. Stilphen; Alvan Robinson ; Daniel W. Reed; Nathan Williams; James La-Plain; R. B. Street; Alvin Dingley; Eben Small; Peter Trenor; H. H. Irving; J. C. Buker; John Finch; Joseph W. Dinslow; F. A. Small; Geo. A. Bickford; W. R. Shroeder; Geo. H. Osborn; John Savells; Rufus Sampson; Jefferson Hathorn; Edwin D. Lamson.

There are twenty-eight members whose names are on our records, but of whom we know nothing, though they are supposed to be living. Their names are :

Thaddeus McFarland; Jonathan Furber; Rev. Albert Alton; Abel W. Young; G. Henry Snow; P. R. Parker; J. F. Lawson; James S. Campbell; Daniel D. Merriman; Joseph Roberts; Daniel Johnson; Alonzo Colby; Winslow Buker; J. D. Thompson; Isaac S. Cox; Daniel D. Boynton; Hartley B. Cox; Henry A. Shopper; Charles E. Lawson; W. A. Stuart; John P. Welch; Geo. W. Flint; Harrison Dudley; P. H. Farrin; S. J. Mitchell; Elliot Savells; D. M. Emerson; W. H. Marson.

Several of these Brethren have been dismissed, and have since joined other lodges. Our present number is one hundred and thirteen.

*Brethren :* I have sketched briefly the origin and progress of Richmond Lodge. The little seed, planted thirty-six years ago to-night by a faithful few, took root, sprung up, and has grown to bear much fruit. I can say with truth, *good* fruit. I call upon the widows and orphans, whose necessities we have relieved, to witness to my assertion. It is not the custom of the Brotherhood to make a boast of its deeds, but many hearts have blessed us, and the Good Father keeps the record on high. To-night we think of the dead—of the Brothers who started with us, who journeyed along with us—to whom our hearts turned with love. ; who were suddenly parted from us, and were lost to us forever here on earth. But we trust we shall meet them again in that Lodge above where the Supreme Architect of the universe presides. Many a heart must be sad as we read the death list, but, friends, think of husbands and fathers—not as dead, but as those who have passed over the river, and are now waiting on the other shore to welcome you.

Our record may almost be said to be a record of the place. As the names are called, once so familiar to our ears, but strange to the youth who are coming to take our places, we think that *our* names, in a few years will be as strange a sound. There are many faithful brethren of whom it would have been a pleasant duty to speak particularly ; but my already lengthy article forbids. I hope any errors I may have made will be pardoned by my friends and Brothers.

*Written for the Bee.*

## GLIMPSES OF A QUIET CITY.

ANNAPOLIS is located near the Severn river, which is a tributary to Chesapeake Bay, about thirty miles south of Baltimore. It contains about seven thousand inhabitants, two thirds of whom are colored. When the place was first settled has long been a mooted question, but it is supposed to have been established in 1651. It was incorporated as a town in 1683, and received a city charter in 1708, making it to-day one of the oldest cities in America.

The town is laid out rather irregularly—that is, the State House is located on an eminence in its centre, and is surrounded by a street called State House Circle, from whence other thoroughfares radiate to the cardinal points of the compass. Of course many cross streets intersect these main lines, and upon them are several old colonial buildings in a good state of preservation. The State House stands on the highest elevation in the town. Its senate chamber is the apartment where Washington tendered his resignation as Commander-in-chief of the American forces, on the 23d of December, 1783. A large painting, representing the scene, is hung in the senate chamber. The apartment has been changed somewhat since the memorable event. It was originally provided with a gallery, but certain smart Alecs, with a craze for modernizing, had it removed. They also inaugurated other "improvements," so that the room bears little resemblance to its delineation in the picture. There should never have been a single change made in the chamber. Everything should have been suffered to remain exactly as it was at the time of Washington's resignation, in respectful commemoration of the event.

In the rear of the State House, and across State House Circle, is the Governor's mansion. It is an imposing brick edifice, two stories high and crowned with a Mansard roof. The building stands in a circle of its own, and is surrounded by a street called Governor's Circle. The Church of St. Anne's (Episcopal) is situated near the Governor's residence and is enclosed by a street known as Church Circle. St. John's College stands in the midst of a beautiful park of some fifty acres. At this institution the students dress in uniform. In addition to their collegiate course they have to practice military tactics. Although St John's is a "pay school," one student from the public schools, who stands highest at the annual examination, is admitted free each year.

Near by is a cathedral, connected with which is a jesuit college. The latter is guarded by a high wall at its water front. The college owns a farm situated about three miles from the city. Within the college grounds is St. Mary's hall, fitted up as a place of amusement, and completely equipped for theatricals. I never heard of any performance taking place in the hall, save the society's annual fair. Woe to the poor victim who visits the place on such an occasion. The young ladies have such winning ways that they will fairly (?) win his last penny. The fairs at St. Mary's are very much like similar entertainments elsewhere—there is nothing fair about them.

Annapolis is so old that it has spent nearly all its wealth. What the inhabitants lack in money, however, they make up in style. They are bound to put on airs if they go hungry. Well, I don't blame them. The young ladies must catch rich husbands if they can, and there are so many "bachelorettes" here that their chances are few and far between. When a stranger strikes the town it doesn't take the girls long to find out all about him. In this connection I recall other places where the fair inhabitants are equally enterprising. Like every other city in the world Annapolis possesses a fair quota of cranks and queers. Having no lunatic asylum, its cranks are allowed to run loose. One old darkey insists on white-washing St. Anne's church, varying his attempts with occasional dabs at the State House or the Governor's mansion. Another colored gentleman, who styles himself "the Rev. Mr. Harris," literally proclaims the Word from the house-top. Last summer he experienced "trubble in de church." He wanted the alpha and omega, but the brethren, who had no sympathy with his aspirations, bounced him without ceremony. By way of revenge he built a sort of stand on the ridgepole of his domicile, and every Sunday morning he expounds the gospel from this elevation. On working days he amuses himself with well digging, but in the evening his voice is frequently heard for miles.

There is little industry in the place. Last year a company built a glass manufactory here, but they have not used it yet. While admiring the facilities for manufacturing in Annapolis, the writer remarked to some gentleman that its people ought to possess a little Northern ambition and try and do something.

"Oh, we don't want any ambition," was the reply.

The people are a good deal like the old-time South: all they want is to be let alone. The town is dead, any way, and only needs somebody to come and bury it. The chief enterprise is displayed by a Portland and Boston concern which is building a short railroad line from this city to Baltimore. It is expected that the road will be in operation sometime in July or August.

The principal business here is oystering. Some five hundred vessels, including "dredgers" and "tongers," are engaged in it. About five hundred colored people find employment in the shucking houses during the oyster season. They are paid twenty cents a gallon for shucking, and make from two and a half to three dollars a day. The oyster trade has been dull this winter owing to the large quantity of ice in the neighboring bays. Oysters in the shell are worth sixty cents a bushel. When shucked they bring one dollar per gallon; a bushel in the shell generally making a gallon when shucked.

There are two vineyards near the city. One of them, embracing about four and a half acres, sent tons of grapes to market last season, besides making six hundred gallons of wine. Grapes wholesale at four and a half cents a pound, and wine at one dollar per gallon. Four years ago local option was established in this county. The rum faction then organized social and literary clubs, about twenty of which at present exist in the city. Local option doesn't amount to much, as every rum drinker belongs to one or more of these clubs. Any one can join a club these times. If a stranger drops in for a drink he has only to sign a card of application, and he becomes a member at once. Some of the clubs were indicted last year. The case went to the Court of Appeals where it was decided in favor of the clubs. The Court claimed to have no jurisdiction in private or family affairs, but allowed that any club or body of men had a right to introduce whatever refreshments it pleased into its room. In short, the club was regarded as a private family, and was so considered by the Court. It would have been hard for the judges to decide otherwise, as they themselves probably were members of the clubs At present there is a movement on foot to repeal the local option law. It may as well be repealed, since all drinking men belong to clubs from which the State derives no revenue. If they have free rum, otherwise a license law, no more liquor will be consumed than at the present time, and the State will receive large profits from what is sold.

The tastes of the amusement loving public are catered to by J. M. Hill of Alexandria, who, by the way, is not the famous J. M. H. of New York. Mr. Hill gives us good entertainments at popular prices. We have an Opera House which is about two thirds the capacity of the one at Richmond, though it is not half so finely finished as the latter. Blind Tom, the colored pianist (he is forty-five years old) was here not long since. He is truly a phenomenon, though as far as music goes there are pianists who are his superiors in every way. We have had the Mikado twice. Last week we were favored with a performance by the Boston Concert Company, consisting of Walter Emerson, cornetist, Mrs. M. H. Emerson, soprano, Mrs. O. W. Pond, *nee* N. F. Brown, elocutionist, and Chas. F. Denee, pianist. Mr. Emerson is—well, he is Walter Emerson; but between you and me I would as lief hear "Bert." I don't know *all* Emerson can do with a cornet, but I do know that I have heard Bert Hall render solos that are more difficult than the selections which Emerson usually attempts in public. Mrs. Emerson is a fine singer of ballads which require softness of volume and sweetness of tone, though in my humble opinion she cannot compare with Madame Amy Sherwin. I once heard in New York, Nilsson in the afternoon and Madame Sherwin in the evening. I much preferred the tone and execution of the latter lady. Nilsson is a famous singer, but it must be remembered that she is merging into the "sere and yellow." She is traveling on her reputation, and in her method of improvement has fallen behind the times. Mrs. Bond is the finest elocutionist I have had the pleasure of listening to. As the boys say: "She is a whole show." Mr. Denee is a pianist who can scarcely be excelled. Blind Tom isn't fit to turn music for him.

The skating rink in Annapolis lived about one year. While it was patronized by the whites, colored people were not admitted. When the former forsook it, its doors were opened to the latter, the manager expecting that his sable friends would rally around him. The colored population didn't rally. Then it was again set apart for the whites, but they, too, failed to show up. The rink was finally sold at a fair price to a colored doctor. It is now used for skating, balls, cake walks, etc., by the colored population. Occasionally a social hop is announced by some such organization as "the Band," or the "Fire Department." The latter consists of a steamer and two hose companys. Last week a masquerade party was given "for the benefit of the poor." The poor manager reaped the sole benefit, I fancy.

Social parties are hardly known here. The people are so clannish that it is difficult to discriminate. There are two brass bands in town. One is composed of white members, the other of colored. The "white band" gave three open-air concerts last summer and had one job. The "colored band" paraded the streets almost every evening, but so far as I know found no engagement. Brass bands don't pay.

The churches are by no means backward in the matter of entertainments. The Presbyterians gave a chocolataire not long since, introducing a "waiter drill." A company of forty-two young ladies were dressed as waiters and performed a series of marches, after which came a manual of arms, in which trays were used instead of muskets. After the drill, which was well done, the young ladies became waiters in earnest, serving the patrons with a variety of refreshments in which chocolate figured prominently. Later on the same society gave a fan drill called "Yum Yum," captured, of course, from Mikado. Twelve young ladies dressed in Japanese costume executed some meaningless evolutions with fans. To an unprejudiced observer the performance looked rather silly. Last week the Methodists gave a supper followed by a broom drill. Forty young ladies, after marching and countermarching, went through the manual of arms with brooms. Each of these church entertainments was a financial success.

Having endeavored to give the readers of the BEE an idea of social life in the city, I will now attempt a description of the Naval Academy, which is *the* institution of the place. Its grounds occupy the greater portion of the water front of the city, and are enclosed by a high brick wall. Entering the foot of Maryland avenue, we come first to a row of eight double houses, each consisting of three stories and a basement. They are built on the French flat plan and are occupied by officers of the school. The officer next in rank to the Superintendent has the house adjoining the latter's residence, which is a single, two-story dwelling. Among the other officers, the highest in rank occupy the ground floors: an arrangement which enables the officers lowest in rank to live the highest.

Next to the Superintendent's house is the chapel. Although styled a chapel it is quite as large as any church in Richmond. It has a tall steeple surmounted by a cross denoting the Episcopal denomination. The Episcopal service is used altogether in the navy; I suppose because it is the easiest and most liberal. Near the chapel is the library. It has a very extensive collection of works treating of the arts and sciences, classics, history, biography, travel, and light literature. Further on is the marine barracks. Crossing the ground to Stribling Row we pass the Observatory and come to the Historical hall. In this building there are weapons of every description, from the Indian bow and Fiji spear to the Remington rifle and Smith & Wesson revolver. Here are flags which were captured in the early wars of America. Old and tattered are they, and much patched. Here is the only royal standard that we ever captured from Great Britian. Here also is Commodore Perry's original flag bearing the famous motto: "Don't give up the Ship." Many other interesting relics are to be seen in the Historical hall, but time and space will not allow us to describe them at length.

Next to this department is the Dancing school room, occupying a part of the Seamanship building. Under the same roof is the Theoretical Seamanship room. It contains a full-rigged and completely equipped model of the United States Ship Tennessee. The model is fifty feet long, and is sparred in proportion. In this room are models,—some full-rigged and others in half model,—of all kinds of men-of-war, from an Italian ship of the line of the year 1650, to vessels of the present time. Among the latest acquisitions are sections, in metal, of the new ship Chicago.

Passing on down Stribling Row, we come to Bachelors' Row; so called because its quarters are occupied by unmarried officers. Many wistful glances are cast toward those same quarters by the bright eyes of lady visitors. But bachelors will be bachelors, and it is hard to make them believe that there is something better in life than scrubbing through the world in single wretchedness. Further on we come to a large, round building, which is the gymnasium. Its upper story is used as a bowling alley. The gymnasium is furnished with everything needed by the athlete, including the trapeze, horizontal and parallel bars, long and short horses, spring boards, vaulting bars, dumb bells, boxing gloves, etc. There are some very fine performers among the cadets, who have organized a base ball nine, and foot ball team. Rattling games are occasionally played here with nines from other cities.

A short walk down Rogers avenue, past the gas house and steam heating works, brings us to the pier. Here lies the steamer Wyoming; a ship which is used in the spring and fall for seamanship and gunnery drill. She goes out into the bay every Saturday for practice. Near by is the sailing ship Constellation, which is used for the cadets' summer cruise. They usually leave Annapolis about the middle of June, after the annual examination, and cruise along the coast till the middle of September. On their return the cadets receive a month's leave of absence. At its expiration they return to their old routine. Among the ships anchored here is the old frigate Santee. She is used as a prison ship, and home for the blue jackets employed on the station, who are without homes outside the yard. In cadet parlence, to get "Santeed" is to be sent on board the Santee for punishment. The monitor Passaic lies in the stream. Her hull and turret are indented by the marks of shot and shell from Fort Fisher. We have now guns at the proving ground,—across the Severn at Gainsborough Point,—which will pierce her turret through and through. On the pier is the Practical Seamanship room, where the cadets are taught the useful branches of knotting, splicing, sailmaking, and rigging generally.

Returning from the pier we pass along the sea wall by the Photograph gallery, to the Engineering building. In this department is a fully equipped engine of some 800 horse power. It has boilers, propeller, etc., all complete. In the practical study room are models of all parts of engines, from a single valve to an engine complete. In the study rooms the cadets are required to make moulds for casting, and drawings for wrought iron parts of machinery. In the machine shop they are taught to build small engines, such as are used in steam launches and small crafts generally. In this department, as in all others, the cadets are superintended by practical workmen and instructors.

Leaving the machine shop we pass the Chemistry and Electric building, and arrive at what are styled "New Quarters." This establishment was erected when it was discovered that the old quarters would not accommodate all hands. Here the cadets live. The lower floor is devoted chiefly to the use of officers,—the Commandant of cadets and his aids,—though a portion is set apart for a dining-room, or mess hall. The upper floors are used for domitories, two cadets occupying one room. To fully describe this department would take more space than the editor is likely to allow this article: therefore, suffice it to say that the boys are well cared for, and that they probably enjoy their comforts as well as most collegians in America.

From the "New Quarters" we proceed to the Armory, passing the Nautitorium, where those of the cadets who cannot swim are taught that useful art. The Armory has a floor two hundred feet in length by sixty in width. Here military drill goes on when the weather is unfit for parading outside. In the Armory are rooms where theoretical studies in gunnery are taken up. Near the Armory are the Laundry and the "Sick Quarters." As the cadets possess robust constitutions and are well cared for, the latter quarters are but little used.

The grounds at the Naval Academy are artistically laid out, and during the summer months a great many rustic seats are placed under the trees. The lawns in the summer are mowed every morning by horse power lawn mowers, so that the earth looks as if it was covered by a green carpet. We have a very good band of twenty-nine pieces, which plays every day in pleasant weather from 9 till 10, a. m., and from 4 till 6, p. m. The Naval Academy is without doubt the hardest school in America. The discipline is extremely rigid. The number of demerits which will expel a cadet vary according to the class, the fourth class being allowed the most leeway, because its members frequently err through ignorance. The fourth class is expelled on 250 demerits, the third on 200, the second on 150 and the first on 100; and it isn't a hard job to get a demerit, either. Take, for instance, mess formation. If a cadet is tardy, which is at the order, "Fall in," he gets one demerit; if he is late, which is at the word, "Front face," two demerits, if he is absent, which is at the order, "Take seats," five demerits. Other demerits are rendered in proportion through all the different studies and drills. The routine is as follows:

Turn out at 6, a. m. Breakfast, 6:45 to 7:30. Study and recitation 8 to 12:30. Dinner, 1 to 1:40. Recitation, 2 to 4. Drill 4:14 to 5:30. Recreation, 5:30 to 6:30. Supper, 6:30 to 7. Study, 7:30 to 9:30.

By this it will be seen that the cadets have no time to be idle. Their studies are severe and many of them have hard work to keep up with their classes. As all lights are extinguished at "gun fire," —9:30, p. m.,—there is no chance to "bone" after hours, although if one had admittance to the quarters after that time he might possibly find some "short" "boning," i. e., studying to gain, by a half turned gas jet in the corridor, while his chum is on lookout for the watchman.

Hazing is nearly abolished, as the penalty for it is very severe, though now and then it is practiced to some extent. The studies are mathematics, geometry, navigation, trigonometry, physic and chemistry, rhetoric, French and Spanish. The drills include infantry and artillery tactics, sword exercise, seamanship, practical and theoretical gymnastics and dancing. The classes are divided into four divisions. Each division has a week about in their respective studies and drills. At the end of the week the cadets are rated according to their ability, and marked. At the end of the month they are averaged by hundredths. If a cadet is marked 2,50 he is satisfactory. If he has 2,45 he is "warned" and given another trial. If he falls below 2,45 he is "dropped." This rule works for the annual, semi-annual and quarterly examinations.

There are at present 230 cadets at the Academy, twenty-five having failed at the last semi-annual examination. The officers attached to the school number eighty, all told. The cadets have a list of technical terms which they use among themselves, and which the uninitiated cannot understand. Each cadet receives $500 per year. They are obliged to remain four years at the Academy, besides spending two years at sea. Then, if they pass a satisfactory examination, they are returned, and commissioned as ensigns in the navy. A cadet who goes through the six years' course and fails at last, is paid $1000 and dismissed. All who fail before that time are simply "dropped," or permitted to resign. He who is "dropped" can never be taken back again, while one who resigns may possibly be reinstated.

There are many points of interest which are necessarily omitted in this account, but the foregoing description may serve to give the readers of the BEE some idea of the method and general aim of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The weather is awfully cold and blustry. Talk about "the sweet, sunny South! I prefer Maine, where the weather is endurable, even if there is occasionally a little snow on the ground.

C. E. T.

ANNAPOLIS, MAR. 23d.

## ABOUT OUR FLAG.

### A Naval Officer Who Finds Lots of Ignorance on the Topic.

"It is astonishing when one considers how very few persons, native born Americans too, are acquainted with the composition of our national symbol, the star-spangled banner," said Sailmaker Tallman, U.S.N., a few days ago. "Upon engravings and pictures I daily see what is represented as the United States flag, and even from poles, or in processions, on holidays. They are made with more than the required number of stripes, more or less stars in the union than there should be or the arrangement of the stripes as regards colors is not right. Then again the flags are not made of proper dimensions.

"The official flag is made as follows: There should be thirteen stripes, representing the original states of the union, the border stripes of red; the union of blue should be seven stripes square, resting on white, with four red and three white stripes on the sides; the entire flag should be 21 stripes long and 13 wide.

"I have very often seen flags with from 15 to 20 stripes and over 50 stars in the union. Aside from these irregularities, it is quite common on holidays to see flags with the union down. By the union down is meant having the stripes where the union should be. On a pole it should be at the head; upon a wall it should be uppermost; on a horizontal pole it ought to be at the end. If it is down, it signifies distress.

"These few remarks may be of some use to you. All good Americans ought to understand what I have said, but from observation and inquiry I find that hardly one in fifty understands the composition of our emblem or even knows how to fling it to the breeze."

*Occasional Correspondence of the Bee.*

## A SPICY LETTER

### WHICH WILL INTEREST OUR READERS.

The holidays are over, and we settle down into the regular routine for the year. How many new leaves have been turned over? How many new resolutions have been formed? And how many are kept long? We quit drinking intoxicants, using tobacco, and all bad habits. But after a few days we fall in with "the boys," and there is no harm to try just one cigar; and, well the deed is done, and away we go again for another year.

We are not making much of any change in our business in the Navy yard. Men are taken on in one department and discharged from the other every week. But in any case a man must have a pretty good political grip to get a job any way. It is a regular political grab, and the one who has the best grip is the best fellow.

There is a great cry of poverty in Boston this winter. The charitable institutions, as well as the criminal, are all full, and some waiting their turn. And yet the stores are full of shoppers, the nine theatres, beside dime museums and concerts, are liberally patronized. The streets are full of people who seem to have nothing else to do.

Where does the money come from to carry on this great traffic? What supports all the people who do nothing? Of course the public institutions, the Island, poor-houses, etc., have their quota of regular winter boarders, but after all there is a vast number who manage some way to keep out of those places: but all the same the wolf is mighty close to the door.

The latest fad here is to keep the coal in the safe, and leave the money handy for the burglars. It saves wear and tear on the safe. It is a decided piece of realism to play coal mine strikes for the sake of booming the price of coal. It is only the poor who suffer; for those who are able put in their coal in the summer, when it is cheap, while the poor folks who have to buy by the hod or basket, must pay from $12. to $14. per ton, and "mighty short" tons at that.

We don't hear so much about burglars lately. Perhaps they, like the potato bug, have passed over. However, the scare made a boom in the sale of firearms.

While on the criminal tack I might mention that Mrs. Robinson, who was tried lately for the murder of her son by poison, in which case the jury did not agree, is to be tried for the murder of her son-in-law. By the time they get through with the seven counts against her, the jury failing to agree in all, she will be hardly worth trying over again, provided she lived for the next fifty years.

I see Joe Totman once in a while. "Tot" is all right. He is doing policeman at Austin & Stone's. Joe is regularly "sworn in" as a Boston policeman. His collegue is a man who will tip the beam at over 200; so you may judge they make a nice team, and woe be unto the toughy who does not walk straight. Joe is quite a "curio" in himself, and a great pet.

Speaking of pets reminds me of little Josef Hoffman, the boy piano sharp. He is really wonderful. He draws crowded houses wherever he plays. He gets many dollars, and more hugs and kisses from the ladies. Petting does not seem to spoil him, though. It takes considerable to draw his mind away from his music.

Speaking of ladies, did you ever study female human nature in public places? Street cars are good places to see their selfishness displayed. A woman will not give way to a woman in a street car if she can possibly help it. Each one will sit and look at the other, to see who is going to make room for the new arrival, when there is plenty of room for two or three more. A good-looking man can always find room, though. The girls have "got onto" the stereotyped answer of "I'd as lief stand, thanks," when a man offers them a seat. But of course he don't feel like remaining, after offering, especially in view of the freezing smile which accompanys her answer, so the poor crestfallen fellow sneaks away to another part of the car, and leaves her master (or mistress) of the situation.

Mrs. J. Brown Potter is starring it at the Globe this week. (regular prices.) She is a very pretty woman, but would not wear well as an actress. It stands to reason that any lady of her age, who was pushed on to the stage as she was, could not pretend to vie with old stagers who have devoted their lives to the business.

"She" takes the boards at the Hollis next week, and promises a good drawing card. The National English Grand Opera opens soon at the "Boston," with a large company of extra fine talent. Miss Clara Poole, a lady well known to some of our Richmond friends, is one of the principals in the alto grade.

We called on Jimmy Proctor a few days ago, They are very cosily situated at the Highlands, and as snug for the winter as a bug in a rug. Long life to them say I, (and possibly "so say we all of us.")

Oh, by the way, the "Witch of Wall Street" has bought Davis Island in Wiscasset harbor. The name is to be changed to "Witch's Island." It is a pretty place, and contains about twenty-five acres of land, partly wooded. She proposes to build a nice cottage on the Island this spring, and keep open house to all visitors the first season. All will be welcome to the Island at any time. The Island is connected with Wiscasset by a bridge, thus making it easy of access to picnic parties or excursionists.

I will here state for the benefit of any young medical students in your vicinity, that there are twelve vacancies in the grade of assistant surgeons in the Navy. It is a good opening for young men. It pays $1,900 per year at sea for the first five; promotion after.

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery Navy Department at Washington, will supply all necessary information on the subject.

Weather splendid, but cool.

C. E. T.

Boston, Jan. 12, 1888.

A Rockland gentleman whose boy had been teasing him for a bycicle bought the little chap a trycicle the other day which seemed more adopted to his size and strength. The boy was saying his prayers the night before the machine was to be sent home, when his mother gently suggested to him if that if he wanted a bicycle so much he should pray for it, and very likely his prayer would be answered. He did so, and went to sleep strong in faith that he would get what he asked for. Next morning, when he awoke, he found a little tricycle by his bedside. His eyes fairly glistened with pleasure, but on a closer examination he noticed the machine was not built on the plan he prayed for, Turning to the little chair which to him represents the throne of grace, he exclamed—"Look here, God, do you call that thing a bicycle?"

# THE ACE OF CLUBS

## A ROMANCE

OF

## RUSSIA AND SIBERIA,

BY

PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

*Author of "Safar-Hadiji, a Story of Turkistan," &c.*

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The drizzling rain that had continued several hours increased the darkness which in late autumn evenings covers St. Petersburg as with a pall. The gas lamps had not yet been lighted in the streets, and on the square adjoining the Blue Bridge the semicircle of lamps was still dark; only here and there a faint ray of light came through the show windows of the large stores on the wharf, which were always lighted early.

The long passages in the ministry of the interior were deserted. Here and there a lamp suspended from the smoke-blackened and vaulted ceiling gave a little light and much bad smell. On a dirty bench, carved by awkward, idle hands, a humble official snored aloud.

It might be 8 o'clock. The offices on either side of the passages, resembling cells, were almost all closed. Only now and then a ray of light pierced the keyhole and showed a belated occupant. At one place, where the passage was wider, another bench contained a second watchman, an old soldier, who was asleep. The whole vast building was silent as the grave, for the office hours had just come to an end, and nearly all the officials had gone home.

Suddenly the sleeping invalid started up; an unusual noise, coming from the broad staircase, had frightened him out of his sleep. The quick steps of a man approached, spurs rattled, and a sword knocked at every step against the stairs. The soldier listened in surprise, and the walls of the building seemed to be similarly impressed, for they echoed the noise in a low, subdued tone, as if they meant to protest and complain. The old guardsman was not long left in doubt; he smoothed his slightly disordered hair, straightened himself into the shape of a lamppost, and in this prescribed posture awaited the new-comer. Soon the dim light of the lamp showed an officer, who came up with hasty strides and now stood before the old soldier.

He was a man of gigantic stature; his features were hard, and in his eyes resolute courage shone brightly. His beard was jet black. The whole face produced an impression of stern severity. An ominous, ironical smile played now and then around his narrow, pale lips. In his whole carriage insolence was reflected; in every gesture boundless pride.

He saw the soldier in the uncertain light, and called out curtly in a tone of command;

"I must see the minister!"

"Your excellency will please walk down the corridor; there is an officer down there who will take you to the minister."

"How they make us run about before we can find one of these bureaucrats," the officer growled angrily.

As he disappeared around a corner in the passage the old soldier stretched himself out again on his bench, saying:

"That must be somebody—he has not a nice way of speaking."

The officer soon reached the other bench, but here also the sleeper had been roused, hearing the ringing of spurs and the short conversation with the watchman. As, however, there was a certain hatred existing at that time between the military and the civil services, he pretended to be still asleep. The colonel made more noise as he approached and knocked with his sword against the walls of the narrow passage; the official seemed to hear nothing. The officer saw himself compelled to shake him not very gently.

"Air!" he cried angrily. "You, sir!"

The official, thus stirred up, rose slowly.

"How can I serve you?"

"Show me the way to the minister's office."

The official shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"The minister's? I crave your pardon! A nice desire! He is not here, for the present moment. Those who have anything to do with him must demand an audience."

The colonel looked anything but patient. As the official spoke to him in a somewhat bold tone of voice, and did not by any means cringe, as many did, his eyebrows twitched very ominously. Unfortunately the official smiled. This was more than the officer could endure; he seized the unfortunate man of the pen by the ear and pulled him up violently.

"I—I can see the minister at all times! Do you hear?" he exclaimed furiously.

The poor man yelled with pain.

"Help! help! Save me!" he cried in despair.

"Hush!" broke in the officer. "I am Col. Palkin, aide-de-camp of the head of the gendarmes."

The official was silenced instantly. The name of the head of the gendarmes, a person who in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas was omnipotent, was a terror for everybody. The unfortunate man of the pen turned deadly pale, and tried to suppress his groans, although the colonel still held his ear. A whole long minute he continued this torture, and finally let him go, saying:

"You see, the minister must always be at home for me; make haste, therefore, and announce me, and then you may hope that I shall forgive you."

The man assumed a humble and devoted posture.

"Your excellency," he said, almost crying, "I told you the truth. At this hour the minister is never here."

"Then send him word that I am waiting for him."

"We do not know where to find him. But if your excellency have very urgent business, the head of the division for political affairs, the minister's alter ego, has not yet left."

The colonel interrupted him eagerly.

"That is Schelm, is it not?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"I am not an excellency. You can show me proper respect without giving me titles that I do not own."

"Very well, your — colonel!"

"And now announce me quickly to Schelm."

The official opened a door nearly opposite the bench and showed the colonel into a large room, saying humbly:

"Colonel, condescend to wait a moment here."

"Well! Make haste! I have no time to lose."

The aid of the head of the gendarmes walked up and down in the vast apartment, chewing his mustache almost fiercely. Three minutes had passed; his impatience was visibly growing and showing itself very clearly, when the door opened and the man of the pen said:

"I pray, Col. ——!"

Behind a table covered with documents and papers of all kinds sat Mr. Onophri Schelm, head of the division of political affairs under his excellency the minister of the interior, Count Perowski. His study was large and comfortable; the furniture covered with green velvet; thick curtains and portieres at all the rooms and windows; a thick carpet covered the floor. Two enormous paintings, representing Alexander I. and Nicholas I., looked down upon a desk in oak, standing in the centre of the room.

A mysterious dim light reigned in the apartment; a half-covered lamp on the writing table and a flickering fire on the hearth alone lit up these dark walls, out of which the stern figures of the Czars of all the Russias seemed to step forth.

Mr. Schelm was still young; he could hardly be more than 35, but his features looked worn, full of wrinkles and without expression; his complexion was yellow, like parchment, and his hair, carefully oiled and brushed, could not quite conceal a premature baldness. His small gray eyes looked keen and sharp around him. Mr. Schelm, however, subdued his glances by wearing large spectacles.

When the head of the division was alone he frequently took off his glasses to wipe the perspiration which continually shone on his face. Then Mr. Schelm looked positively fearful; his eyes flashed lightnings, the red lids opened wide as if they wished to draw breath; the dark mark which the spectacles made on his nose turned bright red, and the nose itself looked not unlike the beak of a bird of prey; an uncanny smile played around his pale, firmly-closed lips. Schelm felt in such moments that he was alone and took no pains to disguise himself, and his eyes turned from his own person to the forms of the all-powerful rulers of Russia, which he had continually before his eyes.

As soon, however, as somebody entered he closed his eyelids and hid them behind the glasses, sat square down in his armchair and assigned, with his inky, crooked fingers, to each visitor his place, as if he did it, not from courtesy, but in wrath and indignation.

In short, Schelm's exterior was terrible; the expression of his half-concealed, squinting eyes did not encourage the boldest of the bold. This delighted him. All who entered this luxurious apartment felt instantly what power this man possessed, and were uncomfortable, even anxious. Schelm was fully aware of this; quite conscious, in fact, that he made a painful impression upon all, and he liked it. It gave him a kind of joy, and he took it almost amiss if any one did not seem to be afraid of him and to tremble in his presence. In the meantime our officer had not in the least changed his appearance; he remained as cold and as haughty as before.

Upon a sign from Schelm, who seemed to ask permission to finish the perusal of certain papers before him, the colonel answered with a slight bow, threw himself into a comfortable easy chair, put one leg over the other and looked at the ceiling as if studying the stucco ornaments. Schelm noticed all this through his spectacles. The head of a division under Count Perowski was a great man and almost omnipotent in the ministry. The emperor knew him personally and occasionally deigned to have him near him. The colonel's indifference offended him, therefore, and in order to give him a little lesson he seemed to be absorbed in his papers.

The colonel waited patiently five minutes, looking fixedly at the ceiling. After five minutes more he looked fixedly at the writing desk. Schelm pretended to read, but in reality he did not cease watching his visitor.

The aid-de-camp smiled ironically, raised his eyes once more to the ceiling, and at the same time began to whistle very softly. When the head of division heard these subdued, measured notes, he jumped up from his chair and began to cough aloud. The officer coolly continued a familiar Italian air, but getting louder and louder. Behind one of the portieres suppressed laughter could be heard.

Angrily Schelm threw away the documents, arranged his chair so as to face his visitor and said rather roughly:

"What is your desire, Col. Palkin?"

Palkin answered with a honeyed smile:

"It is a mere trifle. The head of the gendarmes has charged me to inform his excellency the minister of the interior of the arrest of Count Prosoff and Prince Marin, who are involved in a conspiracy against the emperor."

Schelm sprang up, and, forgetting his usual cautiousness, beat the table so that several papers fell to the floor.

"Again!" he exclaimed.

Palkin's smile was sweeter still.

"What will you have?" he continued. "The police must watch over the life of the Czar when they have no time to do so in the ministry of the interior. This is now the fifth conspiracy which we have discovered without your knowledge and your assistance."

Schelm turned pale, he was furious and entirely lost his self-control.

"Or which you pretend to have discovered!" he sneered.

"Mr. Schelm!" exclaimed the officer threateningly.

The head of the division replied in the same tone:

"Mr. Palkin!"

Their eyes glowed with hatred and thus they measured each other for some minutes. At the same time the folds of one of the portieres moved gently and for a second the face of a curious official peeped in. The two adversaries saw nothing; they were on the point of falling one upon the other. The Colonel, however, resumed his seat and laughed aloud.

"Your insults do not reach me, and I should be foolish indeed to feel annoyed. It provokes you to find that we are cleverer than you! I understand your anger and can easily explain it!"

"Cleverer!" repeated Schelm; "say, rather, greater intriguants!"

"Oh, call it what you choose!" replied Palkin, shrugging his shoulders; "I will not discuss that with you. I have been ordered to deliver that message to Count Perowski, and as this affair concerns you likewise—or rather mainly—I have done my duty as promptly as I could. Your criticism does not concern me. I repeat, therefore, that I have been ordered to report. Last night the police occupied the house of Prince Marin; after a long search documents were found there which strongly commit the prince as well as Count Prosoff. Both have been arrested forthwith; the examination will take place next Monday. The conspiracy seems, however, to extend over the whole province, and hence the head of gendarmes requests the minister of the interior to take charge of this matter as soon as possible. The papers and documents on the question will be sent today."

"How can a conspiracy that never existed extend to the province? Marin is known to be a drunkard, Prosoff a philosopher. The whole affair reminds me curiously of your last conspiracy, which ended in sending 12 young men to Siberia, who every week gave a dinner to ballet dancers. Your reports stated at the time that the regularity of these meetings looked very suspicious and little was wanting or you would have convinced yourself that the ballet dancers talked politics."

"That was only a plausible pretext," said Palkin. "The Agent Black himself heard how one of those men said the Czar ought to give Russia a constitution."

Schelm clapped his hands in apparent indignation.

"And that was enough for you to send 12 men to Siberia. And you have the face to acknowledge it?"

Palkin laughed bitterly.

"This holy indignation is exceedingly becoming to your honorable chevalier. Confess, however, that you would be very glad to hear something of the kind yourself, in order to discover behind it a grand conspiracy. But, no! You are too well known; nobody would speak aloud in your presence. We—we have our secret agents, whom nobody fears because nobody knows them. And that is what grieves your chivalrous head of division?"

Schelm gave him a poisonous look.

"A nice craft, no doubt," murmured Schelm to himself. "That was the way Kaloff got into the senate, had high decorations, etc. One of these days Count Palkin also will make a brilliant career; he will be made colonel of a regiment in a distant garrison, where the echo of his deeds has never reached. After a while his original profession will be forgotten, and then the spy will be made a general."

"And you consider already in your mind, honored friend, how you may denounce me? I warrant you it will be useless. The Czar is high above us, as the eagle above the toad! He knows nothing of us, and if he ever should hear anything his contempt would hurl both of us into eternal oblivion! Our superiors do not wish to soil their hands with this profession and bear with us, because they must have tools—tools that are very vulgar, but also very necessary—tools that are too much despised to be easily replaced. Your possible report passes through the hands of my superior, as mine passes through your hands. Where others would be punished we receive a reward. But that you must know even better than I do."

Suddenly an official interrupted them, opening the door and announcing:

"Count Lanin, aide-de-camp of his Majesty the Emperor."

Schelm and Palkin rose quickly and bowed deeply.

The imperial adjutant noticed their submissive bows with contempt, and said in a haughty tone:

"Glad to find you here together, as I have important orders for both of you from the Emperor."

Schelm and Palkin, who had risen again, bowed once more to the ground.

"Too much grace and happiness," they exclaimed.

The imperial aid, hearing the two voices blending so closely that no separate voice nor single word could be heard, could not keep from laughing.

"Col. Palkin," he said at last, "the emperor sends you word through me that he is well pleased with you, and as a token of his favor he bestows upon you the order of St. Vladimir."

"Excellency!" was all Palkin could utter, so overwhelmed with happiness was he.

"For you, Mr. Schelm, I have less pleasant orders. You know nothing of the most important events and affairs! You are asleep while the empire is in danger! and yet the high office which the Emperor has intrusted to you ought to have spurred you to be unceasingly watchful!"

"Your excellency, the secret police is not in my hands."

The adjutant did not let him finish.

"You are not expected to be a spy—only watchful! You are not spies, only sentinels!" he added, without concealing his scorn, "only with this difference, that Col. Palkin has known how to watch. His majesty the Emperor has therefore ordered me to make you aware of his dissatisfaction, as will be done moreover by the minister of the interior also!"

Schelm turned pale and trembled.

"His Majesty the Emperor does not seem to know—"

The count turned to the door, saying as he went out:

"I have nothing else to say to you!"

When both were alone Palkin at once drew himself up, and his arrogance returned doubly offensive. On his narrow lips hovered a smile of triumph. He patted Schelm on his shoulder and said:

"Ha! ha! ha! What do you say now, minister? But I am an honest fellow and bear no ill-will. To honor my new decoration I invite you to dinner."

"Go to the devil!" said Schelm.

"All right. I am going at once," replied Palkin, humming an air that was then very popular:

Your wrath rejoices, rejoices me highly!

This song of triumph resounded a long time in the ears of the unfortunate head of division. Long he sat at his desk, absorbed in sad thoughts, throwing unconsciously his papers from one place to another.

Suddenly he rose, and supporting himself with his hand on the table, he said, looking at the Emperor's portrait, with a resolute voice:

"To win your favor, we must discover or make up a conspiracy! Very well, then. I shall discover one, and such a one that you shall tremble on your throne, you ruler of all the Russias."

Then he took out his spectacles, wiped with his dirty yellow handkerchief the large drops of perspiration that had gathered on his brow, took his hat, pulled it down over his face and hurriedly left the office.

The official on duty in the anteroom made a deep bow, and accompanied it with a scornful smile, which he did not even attempt to conceal, since Schelm never deigned to look at one of his subordinates. He then went into the office of the head of division, arranged the papers on the table, and did not leave the ministry till towards 8 o'clock.

## CHAPTER II.

Alexander Wernin was 60 years old. He was a senator, counselor of state and a knight of many orders. He had an income of 100,000 roubles a year and only one daughter, the fair Jana, who was to inherit his whole fortune.

Wernin was a favorite at court and devoted heart and soul to the Emperor. In every reform or innovation he saw revolutionary tendencies, and believed firmly that since the French revolution of 1789 the reign of the Antichrist had begun. His respect for the hierarchy of the civil service was very extraordinary; subordination and etiquette were to him Christian virtues. As soon as he saw a privy councillor he rose; a general he accompanied bareheaded to his carriage in the bitterest cold and always bared his head when any one uttered the name of the Czar in his presence. He required, however, something like it from his inferiors, also, for himself; he called every inferior officer by his Christian name, and only became respectful with privy councillors. He often repeated the words: "In my eyes no one is anybody who is not a counsellor of state or a colonel."

The only exception he made was in behalf of the surroundings of the Czar. Whenever he appeared at court—and this occurred quite often—he bowed even to the lackeys who wore the imperial livery. In spite of these eccentricities Alexander Wernin was one of the best men in the world—courageous, noble, ever ready to help others and benevolent. He won the love and esteem of all who came in close contact with him.

Jana, his only daughter, whom he loved with his whole heart, was in every sense of the word a spoiled child, and the enormous fortune of her father enabled her to gratify every whim. Gradually she came to tyranize over him entirely; he never ventured to check her in her caprices, and he trembled at a look from her. Jana did not look at all like a fair daughter of the North. In her dark eyes, overshadowed by heavy, black brows, every moment flashes of impatience or wrath would shine forth; her gestures were quick, passionate, full of life and energy. Her beauty was enchanting, and everybody soon recognized in her the omnipotent woman, before whom all in the house knelt down. And Jana was, by nature, not bad at all; there was nothing devilish in her eyes as in those of George Sand's heroines; when she was at rest her features reflected the satisfaction of a queen whose every wish is silently fulfilled by her subjects. Wrath was not infrequent, but it was short-lived. Her heart was good, and her joy greatest when she could make others happy. Unfortunately, she, the object of continuous flattery, had become so proud that when she did a kind act or conferred a benefit she made the recipient feel that her presence alone was a great favor.

On the same day when the remarkable scene took place at the ministry of the interior Jana was sitting in a large drawing-room idly turning over the leaves of an album. The clock struck 4. Facing the fire sat a young man of very fine and promising exterior, busily engaged in arranging visiting cards and writing addresses. This was Count Vladimir Lanin, Jana's betrothed.

Jana refused to hear marriage spoken of till she was 20; she knew how to dispose of all aspirants to her hand very cleverly and kindly, though occasionally one fared not quite so well. One day, however, she met a young diplomat who was presented to her by his uncle, the emperor's first aid-de-camp. She had known him now a whole year. She had early begun to favor him among the host of admirers who constantly filled her father's house. He was desperately in love with her, yet he did not venture to declare himself, although his position and his fortune would have justified the step. Jana anticipated the confession, which the young diplomat did not venture to make.

"Count Vladimir," she said one evening to him, calling him for the first time by his Christian name, "you are in love with me, are you not?"

The young man blushed, then turned pale, and was barely able to fold his hands as if in silent prayer.

"I love you also," continued Jana, and her voice, which was generally icy cold, became of a sudden soft and gentle. "Will you make me your wife?"

Count Lanin fell on his knees, overwhelmed by his unexpected good fortune, kissed the hem of her dress, and was so rejoiced and so deeply moved that the haughty beauty did not repent having given him such vigorous encouragement.

The next day Jana informed her father of her engagement. The councillor was unable to oppose any wish of his daughter, and moreover Lanin possessed all that could be desired in a son-in-law, and was certainly an excellent match. Alexander Wernin gave his consent most willingly.

As Jana knew only one will, and that her own, and as she never liked to wait, she determined to have the wedding at once. Wernin knew no difficulties and no impediments when his daughter's wish was made known to him, and he turned everything upside down in the house in preparation for the wedding on the following Sunday.

On Tuesday Lanin was already busy sending out invitations, which he did very methodically, having gone through all the cards of friends and acquaintances, selecting those to be favored, and now appending their names to engraved invitations. Lanin paused for a moment in this occupation. Examining one card which evidently caused him great surprise, he read it once more, laughed aloud and asked, showing it to his betrothed:

"Who might this be?"

Jana raised her eyes and said smiling:

"I must see the name; I cannot read it from here."

"Oniphri Schelm, Privy Councillor, Head of Division in the Ministry of the Interior, Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas, I., Class of the Order of St. Ann, &c., President of the Society for the Protection of Animals, &c. Caravan street, 35."

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

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Jana laughed aloud.

"He is one of my adorers, who last Saturday asked my hand through the agency of a very high personage. When father brought me his card, he said very solemnly: 'This is a man recommended to us from high places, and if Lanin did not have our word he would not be a man to be despised. At all events, we must be careful not to offend him, and I shall at once go to the minister and tell him that Mr. Schelm came too late. Monday I shall call on Mr. Schelm himself.'"

"Do you know this admirer?" asked Lanin.

"I never saw him," answered Jana. "To tease father, I asked him if my unknown worshipper was handsome and young. 'He is not 40 yet,' was the answer, 'and has already secured a high position; he looks very well, too, when he puts on all his orders and decorations.' To punish father for saying this, I forbade his going to the minister, and told him to use nothing but empty phrases of politeness, and not to forget our wedding. He wanted to make excuses," continued Jana, laughing merrily, "but I did not let him get his breath, so that, to this day, I have no idea what sort of a man he may be—nor do I care in the least."

"Schelm! Schelm!" repeated Lanin. "I remember a fellow student who had that curious name. He studied law. He was an untidy, malicious, poisonous sort of man whom nobody could endure. Perhaps it is he?"

"What?" exclaimed Jana. "Such a man dared ask me to become his wife? We must punish him! Write at once his address on one of those cards of invitation, but do not forget to give him all his title. My father can afterwards make his excuses to the minister. Quick! quick! Write to Mr. Onophri Schelm, etc., etc. Copy the card faithfully."

Lanin was hesitating, but Jana frowned and he quickly did as he was bid.

"What is now to be done with his visiting card?" he asked, after having copied it exactly.

"Throw it into the fire," she said eagerly, "even his memory shall perish. A man whom I never saw in all my life, who did not even condescend to appear in person as a suitor for my hand, he dared ask my hand. I have indeed a right to be angry!"

Lanin tossed the card into the fire and rang a bell.

"Now I have done with the first list of invitations," he said, turning to Jana, "may I send them off at once?"

Jana consented, and the count handed to the servant a pile of letters to be carried to the post office; then he sat down near Jana and looked enraptured into her eyes.

"When I see, my love," he said, in a whisper, "how you treat other mortals I wonder and rejoice at my own great good fortune. I love you, not merely because you are delightfully enchanting, witty, wise and fair, but also because you are conscious of yourself and respect yourself."

She pressed his hand.

"I seem cold to you, perhaps, Vladimir, but believe me, I can love! Bear in mind, my darling, all my life I have been spoiled and flattered. Thus I probably overestimate myself; but, at all events, I demand to be loved passionately, alone and above all others. For him who loves me thus—and you, Vladimir, I think, are capable of doing so—for him I am ready to make every sacrifice and to surrender everything. It is not difficult to love, surrounded with almost regal luxury as we are, but I sometimes dream of very different circumstances, and, will you believe it, I sometimes feel as if I wished my dream was fulfilled?"

"What dream, dear heart?" asked Lanin.

"I sometimes see you, in my dreams, alone, forsaken and unhappy. I see you in a far-off country, in a hut, hopeless and almost despairing. I step into the poor, wretched hut, but not in rich dresses and full of joy; not, as now, surrounded by flatterers and admirers, but fatigued by a long journey and in rags. And yet I am fair, and you love me still. You were despairing mainly because you thought you would never see me again. My presence makes the hut look beautiful to your eyes; I bring you new hope, happiness, the best consolation, and I am myself happy. Oh, so happy!"

Lanin fell on his knees before her and covered her snow-white hand with ardent k sses. Tears were in his eyes as he cried: "Jana, do not say such things or you will drive me mad with sheer happiness. I could almost wish to be unhappy, to find you near me, to live for you and in you and then to die at your feet, but I cannot imagine your living in such a condition. Luckily, it is all a dream," he added, smiling, "an idle dream, that can never be realized, for if you should ever follow me to foreign lands it could only be to Paris or London, when I am appointed secretary of legation!"

At this moment the doors opened and Wernin entered, dressed in his gala uniform and covered with stars and orders. He shook hands with Lanin, kissed his daughter and said:

"Your obedient father reminds you that this is the last of the three days during which your last admirer was not to be mentioned, and I was forbidden to make my excuses to the minister. You see how your slave obeys you, but longer I dare not wait."

"Dear father," replied Jana, "do what you like; I set you free. So that was the minister of the interior! Count Perowski was kind enough to be interested in my fate. I am exceedingly obliged to him!"

"You are forever jesting, child, because you do not know what life is. You do not know what trifles may suddenly become of the utmost importance. People who hold the rudder must never be offended!"

Jana interrupted him: "You can take my excuses, too, when you call on the count and on Schelm; I have just played a good trick on the head of division!"

Old Wernin was almost beside himself.

"You are not in earnest. I hope, when you say that. You surely were not childish enough to offend a man who has never done you any harm? What frivolity that would be!"

"He has done me no harm, you say, father? A man who dares ask for my hand through his minister without knowing me, without ever having entered our house? Who does he think I am? Dear father, you almost make me angry."

"For four years Mr. Schelm has been at every ball given in our house, and two years ago he hinted at his intentions, although so obscurely that I took it but for general politeness."

"Then, I suppose, he belongs to the ugly old men who play whist during the ball or watch our dancing from afar off. All the greater is his guilt."

"He is neither very old or very ugly. The minister was kind enough to come in person and to solicit your hand. I was not at home. Today I shall explain the matter, and I beg you will not cause me any new anxiety with your frivolity."

"But, dear father," said Jana, laughing heartily, "I did not dream of jesting with you. In answer to his demand for my hand I have sent Mr. Schelm an invitation to my wedding, giving him carefully all the titles on his ridiculous card."

"Did she really do that?" asked Councillor Wernin.

"Certainly, Councillor," replied Lanin, smiling, "and we have actually committed that crime."

Old Wernin turned very pale.

"Foolish, imprudent children!" he exclaimed. "Do you know who that man Schelm is? Do you know that from his office in the Ministry of the Interior he disposes of our fortunes and our lives? Do you know that he decides questions which we dare not allude to in conversation? You all tremble when you hear the head of the gendarmes mentioned. Well Schelm is a hundred times more dangerous than Count Orloff. Do your duty to the Czar and to Russia, and you need not fear the high officials. But tremble when those subordinate people approach you who have such formidable powers in their hands; tremble when you hear their names mentioned! This man Schelm disposes of an equal power with the head of the gendarmes, but it is hidden, mysterious, and he is capable of using his power readily to gratify his ambition and his revenge. You have offended Schelm, and you laugh! I tell you, if you have wounded his self-love, we are lost! No money, no influence, can save us from ruin!"

Jana did not mind her father's ominous forebodings in the least.

"He must be a chamberlain," she said, ironically, "or you would not esteem him so highly. How is it that this title is not on his card?"

Perhaps for the first time in his life the old man cast a stern look at his daughter.

"My child," he said very seriously, "your jests are out of place here. No, Schelm is not a chamberlain; he does not even hold a high place, but his power is great. I am not a liberal, and I do not despise the men who are necessary in order to watch over the life of his majesty and who honorably do their duty. I know Schelm too little to say what sort of a man he is, but his hatred fills me with apprehension for you, my child, my dearest Jana"—here the poor old man's eyes filled with tears and he pressed his daughter to his breast. "I tremble for you, Vladimir, and for my own child."

The young diplomat, who had silently listened to the old man's words, looked proudly up and said:

"Fear not, councillor, for us! My life is blameless. I am loyal to my emperor and always shall be. I fear nothing; but against vile calumny the influence of my uncle, the adjutant of his majesty the emperor, will protect me."

"And if he were the adjutant of St. Nicholas himself he could not protect you against Schelm's denunciation! Do you hear that, young Hotspur?"

Never had the councillor shown such excitement—never had he uttered the names of the emperor and of St. Nicholas in such a way. Jana became at last aware that her ill-timed jest might find result in evil consequences, and as in the depths of her heart she loved her father dearly, she stepped up to him, kissed him tenderly and said:

"Be calm, I beseech you, dear father! If this Mr. Schelm holds such a high position he cannot be a fool. He must see the real meaning of our invitation, and look upon it as a poor joke."

"Schelm is a vain, ugly and malicious man," replied Wernin, "forgetting what he had just said. "He makes all the greater pretensions because he feels how little he deserves them. Perhaps it would be better for you if you had conspired against the Czar than to indulge in such a dangerous jest. But this is no time for complaints—we must see what can be done. Tell me quickly where he lives."

"Vladimir, do you remember his address?" asked Jana.

"No! But it was near the Newski Perspectives in one of the side streets."

"His card must be here somewhere," exclaimed Wernin. "Look for it quickly; it will soon be 5 o'clock, and there is no time to be lost."

At the sight of the old man's visible anxiety Jana and Vladimir lost their heads entirely and became confused.

"Father," said Jana, folding her hands, "I have burned the cards and cannot remember the address."

"What a chain of mishaps," said the old man. "Jana, my angel, what is to become of us? I will hasten to see the minister, and if they cannot tell me there I shall have to call at every house near the Prospective and inquire." He left the room hastily.

"My father is so easily disquieted," said Jana. "I cannot see anything in this that we should be so frightened."

"Unfortunately," said Lanin, "I also have become anxious. I never saw your father in such a state of excitement."

Count Ivon, the owner of the house in which Schelm lived, had arranged it after French fashion. The portier inhabited a small room, from which all the staircases started that led to the different apartments of the tenants. As in Paris he also received all that came by post for the inhabitants of the vast building.

It might have been 7.30 when Schelm came home and passed the portier's lodge.

"Here is a letter for you!" cried the latter.

"Give it to me at once!" said Schelm, stopping a moment.

As soon as he had received the letter he stepped under the lamp that lighted up the hall. At the sight of the imposing address he began to frown; quickly he tore open the envelope and found this letter:

The privy councillor, A. A. Wernin, has the honor to inform you of the engagement of his daughter Jana with Count Vladimir Lanin, and at the same time to invite you to be present at the wedding ceremony in the Cathedral of Our Dear Lady of Kasan on Nov. 2.

For a moment Schelm stood as if struck by lightning; he grew fiery red, the perspiration covered his forehead and his knees trembled. With one hand he took off his spectacles, with the other he sought his yellow silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, looked blankly at the portier, who smiled stupidly, and crushed the letter wrathfully and threw it down; then he rushed out into the street without his hat and spectacles.

"What a look that was!" said the portier to himself; "he must have gotten bad news."

Faithfully following the example of his Paris colleagues, he picked up the letter on the floor and tried to read the contents. Schelm could not have gone far when a carriage drove up, and a gentleman, covered with decorations, called the portier and inquired for Schelm.

"He has just left," answered the portier, carefully concealing the crumpled letter in his hand.

"Did he get any letters?"

The portier looked very much surprised, but did not answer the indiscreet question. Wernin did not like to wait any longer, and repeated his question in a voice of thunder.

The frightened portier's conscience smote him. The letter was beginning to burn his fingers, and he thought the impetuous stranger might punish him for his curiosity. He stammered, therefore:

"Yes, your excellency; he had just received this note, and had thrown it, crumpled, to the floor . . . so I thought . . ."

"Quick! Hand it here! You ass," cried Wernin, tearing the ball of paper from the portier's hand. "Too late!" he whispered, after he had read the fatal invitation.

Then he returned the letter to the portier and stepped into his carriage, saying to himself, "I was not mistaken! We shall have to fight a fierce battle!"

## CHAPTER III.

The drizzling rain had in the meantime become a very hard rain, it poured. And yet Schelm was still wandering about, unmindful, without his hat or spectacles. His egotism had been terribly wounded, and this aroused in him all his evil passions. He was so excited that he could not even devise a plan of revenge, and yet his mind, as well as his heart, thirsted for revenge. His instinct told him that he could form plans only in the ministry, and without any clear purpose he returned to his office. The perspiration ran from his brow, and his scanty hair was damp. His eyes, always inflamed, were bloodshot and bleared. He looked horrible in his dumb despair. Only after he had walked about half way he stopped and tried to collect his turbulent thoughts.

"There, we see what human life is," he said to himself. "Yesterday I fancied I was on the high road to honors and riches; today all is over, at one blow."

His thoughts filled him with new bitterness, and he again hastened his steps.

"A Lanin is aid of the Emperor. Another marries Wernin's daughter. That name is unlucky for me."

An ominous smile disfigured his mouth.

"The 28th of October is written in blooded letters upon my memory. I cannot forget it, but I shall remember the names."

He went on repeating to himself:

"Lanin! Palkin! Wernin!"

In the same moment he heard somebody call out behind him:

"That must be he! Schelm! Schelm!"

The head of division, who had not a friend on earth, turned round, quite surprised on hearing himself called in this familiar way. Before him rose the dismal walls of the ministry of the interior, and in a corner of the huge portico, half in the shade, stood a man who looked sharply into Schelm's face. The man was a picture of misery; his shabby costume, his lean, haggard face, all spoke but too clearly. When he saw that Schelm looked at him attentively he exclaimed with a smile of delight:

"Te be sure! Schelm in his own person! A strange meeting!"

The head of division cast at him a look of contempt.

"I do not know you!" he said dryly.

"You do not know me?" continued the unknown.

"Well, it is some years since you saw me last. I am your school friend and your only friend. Don't you recognize me? I am Miller of Millertown! Come into my arms, comrade!"

The meeting was not pleasant for the great man; he attempted to break off the conversation.

Miller, however, willed differently; he almost forced his friend to come under the shelter of the balcony, where he himself had sought protection, and said to him:

"Are you in such a frightful hurry? I understand how, in the position which you seem to occupy, a meeting with an old comrade may not be very pleasant, but console yourself; my misery is as great as your illluck. You need only look at me, my coat, my hat, my boots; I am thoroughly demoralized. I should be glad if I found you to be still the same man you were of old. I was glad just now to notice that you were not happy. At the sight of your unhappiness my heart warmed up. Surely, you must still be the same as of old."

Schelm did not conceal his annoyance, but submitted to his fate and did not leave his old friend. He asked him, with an air of bitter haughtiness:

"What do you want of me? Out with it! Quick."

"To press your hand, dear friend, and to tell you how I have fared since we separated, and then, perhaps, to take leave of you for another 10 years An, my friend, fate has not been kind to me. I had a small patrimony which I soon squandered. I could not bear the position of an officeholder; I resigned and plunged into the whirlpool of life. That la ted five years. At last I awoke one morning from this dream, without money, not a friend, no prospect for the future. For five years I have knocked at all doors, tried every profession and can do nothing to earn a living. All this time I wanted to work honestly and fairly; my feelings revolted against all that was contrary to honor and to conscience. This disposition closed every career against me. I was driven away everywhere as being good for nothing. For three days I have been living on crusts. Today I am ready to do anything. If any one were to ask me to steal I verily believe I could do it; if I were asked to libel and slander anyone I could do it; if they wanted me to commit murder I would be able to do even that. Hunger is powerful!"

Schelm had listened attentively to the words of his old schoolmate. When he paused he shrugged his shoulders and said brutally:

"What is all this to me?"

"You are just as kind, I see, as you used to be," replied Miller. "I thought I would please you by telling you my history. I felt a certain comfort in seeing you, whom I expected to find rich and happy, looking anything but happy—your disordered dress—your melancholy face—all this encouraged me to offer you my hand."

"Who told you I was poor and unhappy?" interrupted Schelm. "On the contrary, I hold a high office and have a salary of 15,000 rubles. Perhaps you like to hear that news?"

"Is it possible?" cried Miller, "that's very different, I am sure. Pardon me, but be so kind as to lend me 25 rubles."

Schelm drew back a step quite surprised.

"Twenty-five rubles! What for?"

"That I will tell you at once. Tonight takes place the annual law supper, at which all appear who have studied law together. You are no doubt invited as well as I. But you have perhaps never been present, while I do not neglect a single meeting. It is the only place where I can appear without accepting it as alms, and where I always meet kindred and sympathizing hearts. Every one of my places or employments I owe to these annual suppers, to my former fellow-students. Tonight I shall attend for the last time," continued Miller, leaning on his schoolmate's arm. "but I must have 25 roubles to pay my score, and to hire a decent costume. Can you lend me that amount?"

Schelm withdrew from the hands of his colleague, and said in a hard, icy cold tone:

"Mr. Miller, I observe in life the principle that everybody lives and cares for himself alone. I only show favors to those who can return me favors. But how could you prove your gratitude? That would be simply impossible. You could not even return the borrowed money. You are simply a beggar, and I do not like beggars! Good-bye! Here, after leave me alone and do not refer to our former acquaintance."

Thus the head of division left his friend perfectly dumbfounded and entered the office.

"A very nice man, indeed," murmured Miller. "I must try Vladimir. I must absolutely attend this supper once more."

Trembling with cold and wading through the deep mud, Miller went away.

In the meantime Schelm, in still worse temper than before, ran up the stairs. It had just struck 9 and a few clerks were again at work. The old soldier slept once more on his bench. Schelm hurried down the passage, drew a key from his pocket and opened the door of his office.

There was no life in it, the fire in the grate had gone out, and it was bitter cold in the vast apartment. Schelm looked all around, uttered a fearful curse, pulled the bell rope and waited a moment. No one came. More and more excited, Schelm rang and rang, till at last the old soldier appeared in the door, only half awake. Schelm's eyes glared in the dark, and his repulsive form assumed strange, fantastic outlines. The old soldier crossed himself, fearing he saw a ghost.

"Why have you not lit the lamp and made a fire in the grate?" asked Schelm. Don't you know your orders? You know that I often work here at night."

"Your excellency, I have received no orders from the officer on duty."

"Call him at once!"

The soldier hesitated.

"You do not obey," repeated Schelm, in a rage. "You obstinate rascal! A hundred blows with the stick if you do not bring him here instantly."

"Your excellency, the officer on duty has not returned yet from his dinner."

"Is that the way you do your duty in the ministry of the interior? Whose turn is it today?"

"Mr. Popoff."

"Very well. I know Popoff. Call to me instantly the head of his bureau, No. 71; you hear? And then make a fire on the spot and light the lamps if you wish to escape your punishment."

The soldier hurried away. Schelm stepped back into the dark that seemed to suit his temper and fell into deep thought. His whole past came up before his mind's eye. The memory of his youth, however, which ordinarily causes men to be deeply moved, only increased his fury.

"Ah! if I could but make others suffer what I suffer today!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth.

The soldier brought light. Soon after the head of bureau No. 71 entered also.

"You have excellent subordinates," scolded Schelm, very loudly. "At 9 o'clock they have not come back from dinner! I shall remove your name from the list of those who are to receive special rewards, and Popoff you will instantly dismiss."

The official tried to excuse himself and to defend his subordinate, but Schelm did not allow him to speak, and said:

"I will hear nothing more! And now get away!"

The fire soon danced merrily in the grate, the lamp illuminated the room brilliantly, and yet Schelm was in a very bad humor, and found it impossible to work.

"I can't do it," he said at last. "What if I did as Miller does? If I were to go to the lawyers' supper! I have had no dinner yet!"

He rang the bell.

"Get me a droschka at once," he said to the soldier. "This room is too cold to work in."

The Restaurant Dusan was brilliantly lighted and illumined the whole street for some distance. The lawyers rented the principal hall for their annual suppers. Servants were seen hurrying to and fro with dishes and plates, bottles and glasses. Some 40 men had taken seats at the long table and carried on a lively and loud conversation. Several chairs were still vacant. Miller had taken a seat next to Vladimir Lanin. The supper was just beginning when Schelm entered and cast a side glance at the assembly, who looked at him with astonishment. His insignificant figure contrasted with the luxurious furniture and the elegant company. The younger and more fashionable members cast one look at him and then turned away with a contemptuous smile, not troubling themselves any more about him. Schelm soon became aware that he knew no one in the assembly, and took one of the unoccupied chairs without looking around.

Miller was engaged in earnest conversation with his neighbor at table, and did not become aware of Schelm's presence till the latter took his seat rather noisily. Then both looked at each other and started.

"You have remembered after all that you studied law," Miller asked.

"And you have managed to collect the necessary means."

"As you see," continued Miller, "I have found assistance elsewhere after my schoolmate and friend of my youth had refused me. But no offence. Today we'll eat and drink, and leave care outside. Lanin, hand me a bottle of champagne!"

Schelm trembled. "How did you call your neighbor?"

"He is the one who has lent me money."

"That is not the question. Tell me his name."

"Vladimir Lanin."

"Are you intimate friends?"

"He is my last friend and patron."

In a still lower tone of voice Schelm continued:

"I behaved foolishly when I treated you badly awhile ago, especially when I said you could not do anything to serve me. On the contrary, I find we can be very useful to each other. You said you were willing to do anything, provided you were well paid. Dear Miller, I want you today, and you can earn one, perhaps even two, thousand roubles for nothing," he added, with a pressure of his hand.

But Miller withdrew his hand.

"I said that under pressure—when cold and hunger drove me to despair. Now I am sitting in a warm, well-lighted hall, at a richly served table. Before I enter upon your conditions I must know what they are."

"Come next Friday to the Ministry of the Interior; there we can confer better with each other."

Schelm was thinking to himself that by Friday his friend would be penniless again and ready to do anything.

"Well!" replied Miller. "But how can I get at you? There are so many officials in the ministry."

"Send your name up to the head of the division of political affairs."

"What! are you employed under so great a man?"

"I am the head of division myself."

"What, the devil!" cried Miller. "That is another matter. I shall be there on Friday, certainly."

"Now be so kind as to introduce me to your friend."

"Very well," said Miller, and lightly touched his neighbor.

Lanin turned around.

"Vladimir, M. Onuphri Schelm wishes to be presented to you."

"I know you very well, count," said Schelm, with his most obliging smile. "I remember our schooldays very well. We were schoolmates for some time, and today I received the polite invitation to your wedding. Ah! Count Vladimir! You young people are ready to laugh at us old people, bookworms or office rats, as we are. Fortunately I cannot be angry with anybody. You must have had some work, writing the whole long address—I take it for granted it was your handwriting."

Lanin blushed and could hardly stammer a few words.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I confess the jest was out of place."

"Oh, I ask for no excuse. I am not angry. It is all right. I remember you very well; Vladimir Lanin, that handsome, clever, witty young man; I was ugly and everybody ran away from me, and I am still the same. But that does not matter. I am happy to renew our acquaintance. Let us turn to the past!"

"Really, Mr. Schelm, I am ashamed—"

"Oh, never mind! Let us drink your health, and that of your fair one!"

During the somewhat protracted supper Lanin, Schelm and Miller chatted like three excellent friends. Vladimir repented again and again that he had permitted Jana to tempt him to commit such a grievous mistake, especially now when he saw that terrible man, who made the old counsellor tremble, in such good humor by his side.

At last all was over. They took leave and Schelm whispered into Miller's ear:

"Remember! On Friday!"

"Certainly!" replied Miller.

## CHAPTER IV.

After crossing a number of islands in the Neva, and as many bridges of almost every possible shape and size—some of iron and beautiful, others built of wood and not too secure—you reach, at last, the other bank of the vast river where you find yourself in another world.

Low huts, half underground, wooden stables and tumbledown fences are here reflected in the waves of the Neva. Not a trace here of streets or squares of sidewalks or pavement; here the huts are huddled together; there they stand like the squares of a chessboard, and again they appear isolated and alone. Smoke covers the whole place and you breathe it; the muddy soil looks like asphalt. The city shows but one side, a mean, wretched suburb, and in the opposite direction stretch out as far as the eye can reach the sad plains and dismal swamps of Ingermannland.

There are the boundary lines of the city of Peter the Great. Beyond these the town seems to be unwilling to extend. No one lives here who is not compelled to do so; the city authorities seem actually to have forgotten this part of the town and no land owner or speculator has yet attempted to improve this forsaken suburb.

The opulent residents of Petersburg are not even aware of the existence of such miserable outskirts of the magnificent and gorgeous capital of the empire. None but poor people live here. This is the only refuge that is left them. To be sure, life is nowhere as dear as in Petersburg; only in this one suburb prices are reasonable and living cheap—but then, people live here on half-spoilt fish and cucumbers, because both may be had for a mere song. The poorest man can exist here for a few cents a day. It takes not less than three hours to reach the centre of the city, and those who reside here are virtually separated from the other inhabitants of Petersburg.

In one of the most wretched parts of this miserable suburb there stood a wooden hut, which sought support from an adjoining church. The decayed appearance of this wretched hut defied description. The roof had fallen in; the walls sunk into the ground; the only window hardly reached above the swampy soil, in which the whole hut threatened to sink and vanish. In the middle part there was a dark, vaulted room, and on the right-hand door might be read: "Sewing Needles & Yarn For Sale Here."

A narrow staircase, close by the door, led to the garret. The interior of the little shop was in no way better than the outside. A huge stove, a bed, a few chairs, a wooden table and a chest of drawers formed the furniture, and these were old, black and worn.

A little pile of thread on the chest of drawers and a few small boxes containing needles constituted the whole stock in trade. The store was cold and the windows covered with moisture; even the floor was wet and the whole hut fearfully cold and damp.

At the window sat an old woman knitting. A child was asleep on the ledge of the big stove. The woman was not over 40, but misery and want had made her hair gray and covered her face with wrinkles. She wore a wadded gown, and had a yellow handkerchief around her head. The child might be 8 years old. A sheepskin cloak, intended to provide for rapid growth reached down to his feet, which were hidden in wooden shoes. The old woman was whispering prayers without interrupting her work. The little boy blew into his chilled hands, and tried to attract the old woman's attention. At last he cried:

"Mother, I am so cold!"

"You good-for-nothing! Breathe into your hands, Andrew, and you will soon be warm!"

"Why don't you buy wood, mother? It is no longer so dear. The sexton bought a whole wagon load yesterday for a ruble."

"Because first you must have the ruble. Just wait till the first of the month. Then your brother will get money. Then we'll be nice and warm here."

"Two days longer, and today I have had no breakfast at all! I am hungry, mother, give me something to eat!"

"Wait, child; at 6 you will have dinner."

"What will there be for dinner?"

"What we always have. There is some bread left and four cucumbers."

"Every day the same thing!" and the poor boy began to cry. At that moment some one knocked very gently. The woman rose to open the door, and whispered to little Andrew as she passed him:

"Behave, now. You know it is not my fault. Quick! Dry your tears. Somebody is coming!"

She drew the latch and opened the door. On the threshold stood a young girl. Her pretty, sunburnt face had the color of health, her features were pleasing and cheerful, her hair light and her hands showed that they were familiar with work. She was wrapped in a warm fur cloak and her feet were protected by comfortable boots lined with fur. Her simple dress was utterly lacking in elegance, and yet no one could help noticing the natural grace which showed in the whole presence of the girl, especially in her large blue eyes, full of gentleness and delicacy.

Miller, of Millertown, looked over the girl's shoulder into the room.

"How are you Helen, my angel!" exclaimed the old woman, "come here to me, my child!"

"Ah! is it Helen?" cried the boy rejoicing, "She surely brings something to eat."

With these words he sprang up from his bench and began to examine the girl's pockets. Now Miller also entered.

"Dear neighbor," he said, "give me a little black thread; you see my coat is in great trouble; I shall have to sew again the whole evening."

"Directly, neighbor."

She went to the drawers to get the thread. In the meantime, little Andrew had found a paper with raisins in Helen's pocket. Shouting with joy he fell upon them, while Helen laughed merrily.

"How are you, dear neighbor?" asked Miller.

"Tolerably; thank you."

"Have you seen Nicholas recently?"

"A week ago. He never has time. On the 1st of the month he brings me half of his pay; he gives me that. Otherwise we see him rarely. He has no time. He earns 50 rubles a month and gives us 25. Under such circumstances a man has to work hard."

"You have a good son, Mrs. Lina, have you not?"

"Oh, sir; he is our providence. What could I, unfortunate woman, do without him? He denies himself of everything to provide for our wants, and I really do not see how he manages to live and dress for 25 roubles, for at the ministry they expect them always to be well dressed. Fortunately, they have promised him promotion, and an advance in salary besides, as a reward for his exemplary conduct. They advanced him a month's pay, so that we might be able to buy warm clothes. But there I am, talking to you of our domestic affairs, that cannot possibly interest any one, and least of all you, dear neighbor."

"On the contrary! You know how I like to come to see you and how often I come down from my garret to have a pleasant chat with you, especially when I have the good luck to meet this fair young lady here, whom I admire so greatly, as I do all her sex."

"You scapegrace!" exclaimed the old woman, and just then, noticing Andrew devouring the raisins, she added: "What are you doing there? Surely you have taken something again from Miss Helen? Are you not ashamed to beg and at the same time to steal?"

"But I must eat something," replied the boy, with cheeks stuffed full; "you never give me anything."

Old Lina was fiery red with anger.

"Are you not ashamed to say so, when your brother is working hard to give you your daily bread. But bread you will not eat. You want candy and sweets! As if bread was not the staff of life!"

"But you never give me enough bread!"

Lina, who did not like that her neighbor should see their poverty, felt terribly mortified, and a tear ran down the wrinkles of her face.

"Oh, you bad boy! You always worry me." She turned away to hide her tears. She never complained and did not like to be pitied. She was as all people are who have seen better days and preserve their pride.

At that moment the door was thrown open suddenly and Nicholas Popoff, Lina's eldest son, rushed in, deadly pale, wet through and utterly unnerved. In one hand he held a bottle of brandy, in the other a portfolio, which he threw away as he entered. At this unusual sight all drew back.

Nicholas next seized his little brother, raised him on high and looked at him with bewildered eyes. Lina had in the meantime recovered from her fright and went up to him, saying:

"What is it, Nicholas?"

"You shiver," said the man to his little brother. "You shiver all over and cry from cold and from hunger. Cry on, my boy, for henceforth you will always hunger. You will never have a piece of bread any more."

He kissed the boy passionately and let him fall so suddenly out of his arms that the poor little fellow crept behind the stove and lost all of his raisins.

"What do you mean, my son?" asked Lina aloud.

"Mother," said Nicholas, "you thought that, thanks to my work, you would be able in your old age to lead a quiet life—and now we shall have to beg in the streets and die in the hospital. Helen, your father, a wealthy merchant, allowed you to visit us and promised me your hand when I should have secured a better position. Go home, Helen, and look for another husband, for I shall never marry you. Neighbor, guard your money well, for I might steal it if I should live here: hunger is a bad counsellor."

"Nicholas, are you mad?" asked Lina, sternly.

"Not yet, mother, nor drunk, but I shall soon become both. Here is a bottle of brandy, the last present I shall ever bring you; I have spent my last penny on it."

Helen approached the unfortuate official, and asked him in a gentle, soft voice:

"Nicholas, what is the matter?"

Nicholas pushed her back.

"Hush! Do not say a word. Your voice pierces my heart. You ask what is the matter? They have turned me out of the ministry!"

Lina's head sank low; two big tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, and she said, in a low tone:

"Lord, Thy will be done! Now we must prepare for misery, for starvation. I am an old women, it matters not for me—but this child!"

She wiped her tears and asked in a quiet, resolute tone of voice:

"And why have they turned you out?"

"The chief was in a bad humor yesterday. At 7 he went away. I could not anticipate that he would come back as soon as 8 o'clock, and went to dinner. When I returned they told me his excellency had been there but had driven away again, in great wrath, because the fire had gone out in the grate and the lamp had not been lit. You know, every officer when on duty, has an hour free for dinner. I was not a minute behind my time, but because the great man stayed an hour beyond his usual time I also had to wait a whole hour before I could go to my dinner. The way from the office to my restaurant, you know, is pretty long, and a man must, after all, eat at least once a day. When they told me that the chief had been angry I feared at once that some of us would have to suffer, but I never expected that matters would be quite as bad as this. This morning the head of the bureau told me that I had lost my place under the government.

"At first I thought this sentence could not be final. I begged, implored. I wished to speak to his excellency. But there was no help. These six years that I have been in service I have never had a complaint against me, and this is the way they reward services rendered the Czar! For long years we work hard and earn little more than our daily bread. Then one day the chief is in bad humor and the poor subordinate is turned adrift! Therefore, mother, let us drink, let us forget all, and tomorrow let us die!"

He sat down and put the bottle on the table.

"Hand us glasses," he cried. "Mr. Miller, Helen, pray . . . Our last meal! Mother, have you nothing to eat? I am starving!"

"Nicholas! Control yourself. You do not know what you are doing! God is with us. It is His doing."

"Quiet!" commanded the clerk. "I am hungry and I want you to give me something to eat."

The old woman turned slowly to the chest of drawers and took from it a piece of bread and four cucumbers. She put a plate before her son and two glasses on the table.

"That is all you have, mother?" said Nicholas. "Then, tomorrow we shall have nothing at all to eat. Mother, let us drink. Let the toast be, 'Our impending death!' Bring me the first glass."

Lina shook her head, filled one of the glasses and put it before her son.

"Will you not drink? Not if I beg you?"

The mother pushed back the glass he offered her.

"If you will not do it I must get drunk."

Nicholas' wild looks and his strange ways had in the meantime frightened the little boy so terribly that he crept farther and farther behind the stove.

"Don't hide so, boy; don't be afraid! Taste the brandy! Believe me, it is a good drink and makes us forget everything. When I am drunk I may dream that I am the head of a division and sit in my armchair in a beautiful office and gaze at the portraits of the Czars. Come here, Andrew; come to me!"

The boy, whose terror had grown steadily, was no longer visible.

"Will no one drink? Not you, Helen? Nor you, Mr. Miller? Then I must drink alone and get drunk alone. And then we shall go away from here, I unto death, and your mother, with the boy, to beg in the street!"

He emptied the glass at one draught, wiped his lips with his sleeves, and seized the bottle. The women wept silently, utterly unnerved by this picture of despair. At that moment Miller, who so far had listened without opening his lips, rose from the bench, went up to Nicholas and said:

"Stop there, neighbor! Perhaps all is not lost yet. Perhaps I can get you another place. But, in the meantime—" . . . With these words he emptied his packets, and threw a five-ruble note and some small change upon the table.

"So much for today! I need no money! I can always have what I want. Only do not give up hope! Till we meet again!"

To hide his increasing emotion and to escape the gratitude of the women he went away quickly, repeating on the threshold: "Tomorrow at the latest I'll bring you news!"

Helen broke the silence that followed the departure of the man from Courland, saying:

"Your neighbor is a good man! Nicholas, he'll help you!"

"He," repeated Nicholas, "he is neither rich nor has he any influence whatever, nor should he be able to help one. He is a poor devil as I am. To be sure, he has given us five rubles, and I bless him for it. But what is that? We may live a day longer, and instead of dying tomorrow we shall die the day after."

"Nicholas," said Helen, rather timidly, "I have saved some little money and I'll ask father also."

"Many thanks, dear Helen, but I cannot accept any sacrifice from you. The brandy has given me thought and I begin to feel as if we had been rescued."

He rose and said with bright shining eyes:

"Yesterday they beat me! Every day I had to bear scorn and disgrace. If anybody gave me an order, it was generally: 'You ass, do this and that and make haste!' And all that because they paid me 50 rubles a month. I have borne that treatment for five years, although my soul revolted at such injustice. Yes, Mr. Palkin and Mr. Schelm! Like a dog you have treated me, because you knew that the work of my hands had to support my mother and my little brother, and that my place was my life. But now that I have lost the place, I raise at last my head once more and bend my neck no longer. Mr. Schelm! Mr. Schelm! Tremble before the worm you have so long trodden under foot!"

He emptied a second glass, rose, embraced his mother and took Helen's hand.

"Where are you going, Nicholas?" asked his mother anxiously.

He made no reply, but in the door he turned once more, and bade the women farewell with tear-filled eyes.

"Take some money, Nicholas, and come back soon. Think well before you do anything," implored Lina.

"I need no money. I shall have enough where I am now going."

Helen wrung her hands.

"Where are you going, Nicholas?" she asked with trembling voice.

"If you should not see me again in two days, pray for my departed soul."

With these words he slammed the door behind him. The two women, dumb with despair, sat a long time. Neither of them touched the money. At last little Andrew came forth from his hiding place, gathered the raisins that were scattered over the floor and devoured them eagerly. Then the two women began to cry bitterly.

Outside the rain was pouring down furiously, continually increasing in violence.

## CHAPTER V.

It might have been 9 o'clock at night, but the windows in the office of the head of division were brilliantly illumined. In spite of the late hour Schelm was still at work. Opposite him sat his former schoolmate, Miller of Millertown. The conversation between the two old friends seemed to have continued for some time, as their passionately agitated features testified. Miller's face was especially excited. He was deadly pale, but his eyes glowed an uncanny fire.

"I have told you," he said, "I am ready for anything you may order to be done! The straight road is a nuisance to my eyes. But yesterday I allowed myself to be misled by my better feelings and gave my last money to people who were even poorer than I am. That has not paid well. Today I have had literally not a morsel of food."

"The more readily you will comprehend that I cannot agree to your demands," said Schelm.

"For five long years I have led this miserable life, and might, if need be, stand it a little longer. To be sure I have often felt sick and tired of it. The philosophers tell us that he is happy who needs little—but they ought to have added, and does not have an empty stomach. Your offers are vulgar; but why not do a vulgar thing? Only I cannot respect the thief who makes a distinction between him who steals a loaf of bread and him who runs away with a million. The world despises both alike, but the thief knows the difference. If you want me to steal a few rubles I should say nothing. But as it is, I tell you, I will not leave the path of virtue and of honor without being paid well for it. After that may happen what will! It is only the first step that calls for courage; afterwards we do no longer mind conscience and its reproaches. Do you understand me?"

"Perhaps. You surely never had so much money in your life!"

"I had at times 10, perhaps 20, times as much."

"But just now you have not 10 kopecks in your pockets."

"For that very reason my conversion to the bad must produce a goodly sum. Otherwise I do not sell my honor and my conscience. I have mentioned my price. Ten thousand silver roubles and an annual income of the same amount during the time of my mission."

"But, my dear friend, consider a moment what your demands are. I myself have only 15,000 roubles a year! If I pay you 5000 out of that at once, and then defray the other expenses besides, I would really take the bread out of my own mouth, and if I did more than that I would simply ruin myself."

"And what is your ruin to me? Do you think I sell myself to you in order to please you?"

Schelm looked at him threateningly.

"Cautious, Miller, be cautious?"

Miller laughed aloud.

"Dear friend, how could you hurt me? Do you think of imprisonment? What is that to me? Board costs nothing there, and perhaps I should fare even better there than as a free man. And Siberia? That would give me a most desirable change of air, and perhaps I would be happier there than here. No, no; I am in such a state of abject misery that I can fear nothing worse. I say, therefore, pay out your money or I go."

"How could I raise at once such a sum?"

"A man who fills such a high office as you do does not mind a paltry 10,000 roubles. Besides, you know very well that if your plan succeed all your expenses will be repaid a hundredfold."

Schelm covered his brow with his hand and reflected a long time; then he seemed suddenly to have come to a decision, for he drew from his pocket a large portemonnaie and said to Miller:

"May I, at least, count upon your loyalty and blind obedience? You would be lost were you to betray me!"

"Why will you give yourself the trouble to threaten me? I have told you I have nothing to fear. Rich people and men in high position may tremble when they think of the dark power you wield, but I, I do not care. I was born an honest man. As I was honest in good things, I shall not cease to be honest in bad things also. As soon as I accept your conditions I am yours entirely."

Schelm looked at him sharply, opened his portemonnaie and began slowly to count the bank notes. At the sight of the money Miller's eyes glowed with covetousness. Schelm counted them once more, pinned them together and said, finally:

"Here are the 10,000 roubles you demand."

Miller eagerly stretched out his hand.

"One moment," said Schelm. "Who secures me that, when you have my money, you keep your promise?"

Miller drew himself up with dignity:

"My word ought to satisfy you."

Schelm laughed scornfully.

This harsh, defying laugh wounded Miller's heart. He hung his head and said in a low voice:

"Schelm, Schelm, it is not right in you to treat me so!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Schelm again, quite as contemptuously as before. "You do not wish me to make merry over your word of honor? Confess that is rather comical in such a moment."

The man from Courland sprang up and walked up to the great man. His face was deadly pale and an expression of dumb pain distorted his mouth.

"Look here, my friend," he said in a suppressed tone of voice and in abrupt sentences, "we have sat upon the same benches at school and entered life together. You can today do me a favor for which I shall be your life-long debtor. You have a big sum of money in your hand. With that you wanted to buy me and for a bad purpose. Do more! Lend me the hundredth part of the amount. The humiliation which your laughter has inflicted upon me will give me the necessary strength to persever in the

path of virtue. I shall repay the hundred roubles, preserve my honor and begin to work. Do this, schoolmate, and you will earn the merit of having done a good deed."

Tears stifled his voice; his eyes and his whole carriage were eloquent. Schelm took off his spectacles and regarded him as he would have regarded a curiosity; at last he turned aside and said very dryly:

"I do not understand you."

Miller passed his sleeve quickly over his moist eyelids, suppressed his sobs, turned round and fell into a chair.

"I was a fool," he cried. "How could I expect to find in Schelm a trace of a noble sentiment? In vain! I cannot escape my fate; I cannot remain an honest man when everything is against me. I am ready to sell myself. Pardon me for thinking, for a moment even, so well of both of us! Let us make our bargain!"

Silent and solemn as usual, Schelm made no reply. Miller trembled at the thought that he might break off the negotiations. The notes were still lying on the table; Miller looked at them fixedly; they would suffice him for life. All of a sudden a cramp seized him in the stomach and reminded him that he was suffering hunger. With a trembling voice he repeated, therefore:

"Hand it here! I am ready for everything."

Schelm answered coolly:

"You will write me an acknowledgment of indebtedness for that sum, and a solemn promise to do my bidding. These last five minutes have increased my distrust considerably."

The man breathed again.

"If that is all—willing! Dictate if you choose. I'll sign anything!"

Schelm dictated:

"I have received from M. Schelm, head of a divis on in the ministry of the interior, the sum of 10,000 roubles as compensation for the trouble and the steps which I pledge myself to take in behalf of the speedy discovery of all the motives and the branches of the conspiracy—"

At these words Schelm paused; Miller looked up at him and their glances met for a moment.

"How shall we call them?"

"Write La— and leave space for several letters. If the thing succeeds, everybody will know what that means."

Miller's hand did not tremble; he wrote the prescribed letters. Schelm rose and looked over the writer's shoulders. In the folds of the portiere the head of Nicholas Popoff appeared for a moment. Schlem went on dictating:

"I bind myself to serve M. Schelm as agent provocateur—"

Miller cast one more imploring look at Schelm, and deadly pallor covered his face.

"How did you say?" he asked, and his voice rattled in his throat.

"As agent provocateur," repeated Schelm. "And now sign your full name with all your titles. Have you done?"

"Yes" replied Miller, so low that Schelm could hardly hear it.

Now the great man pushed the money towards the small man whom he had purchased, and then carefully locked up the contract signed by Miller and his certificate of indebtedness in one of the drawers of his table.

"I cannot understand what value you attach to these papers!" said Miller.

"You will understand it," was the reply, "when you are again in better circumstances. But you will see this much even now. By virtue of this sheet of paper you are in my power. Whenever you repay me the money I have paid you this paper also will be returned to you."

Miller was about to remonstrate, but now Schelm assumed at once a very different bearing; he became stiff, abrupt and hard, as he was with all his subordinates.

"Enough of this," he said. "You will now come here every Friday at the same hour, to report to me as to the result of your efforts. Now I do not want you any more and you can go where you choose."

Miller bowed and went into the adjoining room. There he found an official, who seemed to watch the last remnant of a coal fire in the grate. At the noise of the closing of the door he turned round quickly.

"Nicholas Popoff!" cried Miller, astonished. "What are you doing here?"

"Hush! hush! neighbor," whispered Nicholas. "Schelm's goodness has presented me with my dismissal. An obliging colleague has allowed me to do my duty today, and I hope I may procure my pardon. But what are you yourself doing here, neighbor? I saw you enter, but I did not trust my own eyes."

"I have in the meantime thought of you," replied Miller, "and I have found a place for you which will pay you better than what you get here, even if, contrary to my expectations, Schelm should be merciful and pardon you."

"But, neighbor, who are you—really?"

"That does not matter to you. I am able to do you a great service. Go at once, tomorrow in the forenoon, to 17 English street, and ask for Count Vladimir Lanin. I have recommended you to him and he will make you his private secretary with a salary of 100 rubles a month and free board and lodging. I myself shall not return to my former quarters. You can take whatever you may find there; it does not amount to much, but—"

Nicholas Popoff opened his eyes wide.

"Neighbor, dear, what does this mean? Yesterday you were as poor as I, and today—"

"You need not accept my offer," broke in Miller, "if you have any scruples. I only repeat that I have recommended you to Count Lanin, my friend, whom I happened to meet yesterday. I give you my word of honor that yesterday you could accept favors from me because I was as honest as you are."

In the words of Schelm's new agent there spoke such candor, that Nicholas shook hands with him.

"I do believe you, neighbor, and thank you with all my heart. But what can have happened since yesterday?"

"Goodby!" said Miller, curtly, and disappeared in the windings of the long passage.

As soon as Schelm was alone he looked at the door to make sure that it was locked; then he drew curtains and portieres closer together, opened a drawer and began to examine Miller's acknowledgment of debt most carefully.

"One agent I have," he said to himself, "but that is not enough. He shall serve my personal revenge. He is right when he says it will be easy for him to play the part of a friend. Then a closer intimacy must, and no doubt will, spring up. So, that is settled! But it has cost dear! In order to attain my ends I want more: I must have a regular organization. But how? It must be done—for the minister was very cool last night."

While thus thinking aloud, Schlem pressed a spring in the portrait of Alexander; it turned half round and revealed a secret compartment in the wall. In the same moment Nicolas Popoff had opened the door without making the smallest noise and had entered the room on tiptoe. Schlem had heard nothing. He drew a small package of writings from the niche and added Miller's paper. Then he touched the spring once more—the portrait moved back to its place. Deeply absorbed in thoughts, Schlem sat down on a chair near by and said to himself:

"I must have money. This rascal has cost me already 10,000 rubles; if I were to sell all I possess and to deny myself everything I could hardly scrape together twice as much. And what could I do with that? I must absolutely have 100,000 rubles to carry out such a gigantic intrigue as this. Where can I get it?"

Nicholas, who was standing close to the door, purposely made a noise. Schelm jumped up and fell upon him like a tiger.

"Who are you? How dare you enter here?" he cried, beside himself. "Answer! I must know you. What is your name?"

"My name is Nicholas Popoff, and till yesterday I had an office in the ministry of the interior," said Nicholas quietly.

"Popoff!" cried Schelm, furious. "Did I not have you turned off? How dare you reappear here? That is open rebellion! You shall pay for that!"

A sudden thought flashed through his mind.

"How long have you been standing here?"

"One moment and I heard your excellency's words."

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Heard them? You confess that, you insolent rascal."

While uttering these words Schelm turned to his table to seize the bell that was standing there near at hand. Popoff did not let him do it—he placed himself between his former chief and the table. Schelm turned pale with fury.

"Insolent fellow!" he cried again. "Do you want to die under the knout?"

"More calmly, your excellency," replied Popoff, not without a slight admixture of scorn. "I came to render your excellency a great service."

"A service? You to me? Hallo! Is anybody there?"

His voice, however, hardly penetrated the heavy portiere, and besides, there was nobody in the adjoining room. The man on duty had left Popoff in his place and had gone away.

"I can furnish your excellency the money you want." The firm voice of his former subordinate calmed Schelm and let him recover his senses.

Speak! What do you want of me?"

"Your excellency has sent me out of the ministry when I was supporting my mother and a younger brother out of my modest pay. I want to recover the lost place, because I need it absolutely. I propose, therefore, to your excellency this: If I suggest means to secure the sum of money you want, may I then hope that you will restore me to my former position?"

"Is that what you want?" asked Schelm, very much pacified. "We'll see, we'll see! What else have you to say?"

"Your excellency, I have long been employed in the finance department. I know, therefore, that the treasurer has secret funds which are at the disposal of the ministry of the interior. The present treasurer knows me very well."

"I know all that and very accurately," said Schelm. "But how can I get the minister to authorize my using such a large sum from the secret fund?"

"Your excellency has only to permit me to continue. The treasurer pays out these funds upon the signature of the head of the bureau, even if the minister consents only by a marginal note. How does he express his consent? He writes on the margin nothing but his name, as evidence that he has read the paper and grants the demand. Now it is not difficult to imitate such a signature."

"Wretch!" cried Schelm; "how can you dare?"

The silence of Schelm up to this point had made Popoff think he would listen still further. Hence, the affected indignation made no impression upon him and he went coolly on:

"Your excellency will write the receipt and I will forge the signature of the minister. I can prove to your excellency's satisfaction that I am able to do it. We amuse ourselves in our leisure hours in the offices by imitating various signatures. And later, your excellency will have no difficulty in proving that you did not forge the writing."

"But what are you really aiming at?" asked Schelm cautiously. "Your offers are very far reaching."

"I beg leave, therefore, to propose to your excellency the following compact: You appoint me your private secretary and send me apparently to the minister to obtain his visa."

"Go on!"

"Suppose your excellency should want 100,000 roubles, I bring you the money; but the story goes that I have only gotten 80,000 roubles, because the minister thought that would suffice for the purpose in question. In the receipt this purpose has to be mentioned, I believe."

"Certainly—but go on."

"Your excellency knows, moreover, that the secret fund is only examined once in three years. The last time this was done was in November. We have, consequently, more than two years before us. If we succeed no question will ever arise as to the means by which that purpose was accomplished and the ministers will be glad enough to make matters easy. Should we fail you could, in the worst case, accuse me of having kept back 20,000 rubles, and of having forged the signature. Appoint me, therefore, your private secretary and pay me a handsome salary so that I can spend a good deal of money. Such a change in my mode of life will coincide with the date of the whole affair; besides the experts will easily recognize my handwriting. Then comes the accusation. I am tried and sentenced in contumaciam, for your excellency is kind enough to give me timely warning and let me escape abroad with some little means of living."

Schelm had attentively listened to this exposition and patted his former subordinate on the shoulder.

"You are a cunning man and I am sorry I did not know you as I do now. I cannot conceive, however, what your personal advantage can be in this matter."

Popoff looked at him firmly and fixedly.

"I do not want my mother to suffer any longer from hunger and misery. I sacrifice myself for her, and I offer your excellency my services because I know you are wise and cunning, and I believe in the success of all your enterprises and intrigues. I propose an immoral thing, because such things alone pay, for a moral and good thing a nod of the head is thought to be ample reward."

Schelm made no reply, but went to his table, this time unhindered by Nicholas. He promptly wrote this certificate:

Upon this voucher the treasurer will pay to Mr. Popoff, my private secretary, the sum of 100,000 roubles, from the secret fund. I need this amount in order to ascertain the character, etc., of the conspiracy. La—.

Schelm, Privy Councillor.

"Is that satisfactory?"

"Truly, your excellency."

"Then you do not go to the minister; you forge his signature, keep back 20,000 roubles and bring me the remainder!"

"Very well, your excellency."

Popoff wrote the usual exequatur, with signature of the minister, and then handed Mr. Schelm the paper.

"Excellent! Now go to the treasury! Our compact is concluded!"

Popoff seemed to be unwilling to go.

"Your excellency will have the kindness to appoint me your private secretary."

"Well," said Schelm, and rang the bell.

The old invalid appeared on the threshold.

"Call the head of Bureau No. 7."

The soldier disappeared instantly.

"But will the thing succeed? Your former chief is perhaps no longer at the treasury at this hour."

"We need not fear. The treasurer lives in the ministry, and even when he goes out he always leaves word where he may be found; such are the regulations. The man knows me personally and will make no difficulties."

The head of bureau No. 7 entered the room. At the sight of Popoff he was greatly surprised, but his astonishment grew when he heard Schelm's words:

"I did Mr. Popoff wrong, and to make amends I appoint him my private secretary. He will, however, belong as heretofore to bureau No. 7, and only draw a larger salary. And now, my friend, go to the minister and attend to my commission there!"

"I thank your excellency!" said Popoff, bowing.

Schelm dismissed him with a friendly gesture, but retained the head of bureau No. 7, who was also about to withdraw. After he was sure that Popoff had reached the end of the passage he quickly locked the door and turned to the other man:

"You will receive a letter from me, which you will have to send instantly to the police."

Then sitting down at his table he hastily wrote these words:

"The head of the division of His Excellency Count Perowski, directs the attention of the police to the official Popoff. He is a dangerous man; he cherishes revolutionary ideas and is dishonest. He has stolen 20,000 roubles in the ministry. As the matter is secret the head of division requests his excellency, the chief of police, to have Popoff arrested tomorrow and quietly to be put aside."

After signing these lines Schelm ordered the official to jump into a cab and drive full gallop to the police.

Popoff, in the meantime, had become thoughtful.

"It is, at all events, better for me to be private secretary of the Head than to seek a place at the hands of an utterly unknown count. But one cannot be too cautious in having to deal with a man like Schelm."

With these words he stepped into the perfectly empty bureau, lit the lamp and got the copying press; then he put Schelm's receipt under the press, copied it into the book and tore out the sheet which he had taken from the blank part of the book and carefully put it in his pocket.

"Thus," he said, "I shall secure a feeble but still very weighty weapon for my defence."

Then he went to the treasury, received the money and returned in order to fulfil this part also of his compact with Schelm. As he, however, passed the invalid who slept on his bench, he looked almost unconsciously at the staircase, and noticed how the head of his bureau, with a letter in his hand, was hurrying away.

"My chief at this hour running down a staircase that is not his! What can that mean? Evidently he has but just left Schelm's bureau and the two must have discussed me!"

A sad foreboding overpowered him. Instinctively he felt a great danger hanging over him. His first step was to rush down stairs and to follow his chief. He saw him race down the street and take a cab. Popoff, hiding behind the other hacks, heard him say, "To the police! At full gallop!"

That was enough for Nicholas. He hurried back to the ministry, approached a table in the passage on which paper and envelopes were always kept lying for those who came to ask for an audience. He selected five large envelopes, put one-fifth of the sum of money he held in his hand into each one and directed a sixth to "Mr. Schelm, private and confidential." Then he hastened to Schelm's ante-chamber, where there were always two officials and a servant on duty.

Popoff said to himself:

"Evidently Schelm has asked the police to have me arrested at once. But he will not have it done here—I shall, therefore, have time to await the return of my chief."

He sat down on a bench and waited. Half an hour later the official appeared. Popoff stepped up to him, handed him the six envelopes and said:

"Here is the money which I was to hand to his excellency; also a confidential letter. His excellency ordered me to wait for you here and to hand you the money. You were to be so kind as to carry it to him at once in his private room. The amount is 100,000 roubles; his excellency will have the kindness to count it over in your presence. I myself have important business to attend and must leave."

"Very well, Mr. Secretary, I'll fulfil your commission at once!"

Popoff left the building slowly, but as soon as he reached the first corner he began to run as fast as his feet would carry him.

In the meantime Schelm was impatiently walking up and down in his room, when the chief of bureau was announced.

"Your excellency's demand will be carried out tomorrow," was the report, "and here are 100,000 roubles which your excellency's private secretary has just handed me to give to you, together with this letter."

"A hundred thousand roubles! And a letter? Quick!"

The letter ran thus:

I send you the money untouched. I have convinced myself that you wished me to disappear, and I have handed the whole sum to my chief of bureau in the presence of witnesses. I possess a copy of your receipt, signed by you, but I shall use this weapon only when I am attacked. You wanted me to disappear. Be calm; I do disappear. But I shall know how to defend myself when I shall be attacked.

Schlem trembled from rage and terror combined. He shouted at his subordinate:

"Pursue him! Arrest him! Kill him!"

The official stood there staring at him and not knowing what it all meant.

"Whom? Popoff? Is the amount not correct?"

Schelm recovered himself.

"No! No! It is all right! I did not mean to say that. What was it I meant to say?"

His eyes were wandering around. He looked like a madman.

"Oh! the rascal!" he cried at last. "Petroff, make haste, go to the police and tell them I had made a mistake. Tell them to stop all proceedings. Why do you stand here?"

The poor bewildered man left the room and Schelm fell almost fainting into an arm chair.

[CONTINUED TOMORROW]

## CHAPTER VI.

The following Sunday the marriage of young Lanin took place. The day before Vladimir had appointed Nicholas Popoff his secretary, upon Miller's special and emphatic recommendation. The latter, having found out that the young couple meant to spend the honeymoon on the estates which old Wernin possessed in the Crimea, asked and obtained leave to go ahead and prepare everything properly. On the day after the wedding therefore, Popoff left St. Petersburg, after having handed his mother a considerable sum of money, which Vladimir had advanced him on his salary.

Miller went immediately after his remarkable interview with Schelm to Vladimir. He explained the change in his circumstances, which was very striking, by an inheritance he had made in Aurland. He belonged to a wealthy family there, and Lanin had once upon a time known him in a better class of society, and thus he readily believed the story and congratulated his friend very heartily. Both had met in a perfect whirlpool of amusements, but Vladimir had soon wearied of easily purchased joys, while Miller had been forced to do the same by the stress of necessity, but had held on to Lanin as his last friend, even after he had been completely ruined.

Towards evening of the same day on which Miller had made known this welcome change in his circumstances, he had taken the sum of 1514 roubles and gives it to his friend on the plea that he owed him this amount. Vladimir had often left his friend small sums of money; he refused, however, to accept this amount, till Miller becoming slightly angry, forced him to consent. The man from Aurland then told him how conscientiously he had year after year put down every penny he had borrowed, hoping one of these days to be able to make a return. This great delicacy made a great impression upon Lanin, and deeply interested him in the unfortunate position of his old schoolmate.

He offered Miller the rooms he had himself occupied as long as he was a bachelor, leaving behind nearly the whole of the furniture, and even introduced him at the English Club, where he had up to this time spent nearly every moment he could not be near his betrothed. As was mentioned before, Miller had in his early years lived much in good society, and met here some of his earliest companions. No wonder that when they heard of his inheritance they all recognized him again and greeted him most kindly. Vladimir, since his engagement, had a heart overflowing with love and kindness towards all men, and thus he told all to whom he introduced his old schoolmate: "This is my best friend, Mr. Miller of Millertown."

On Tuesday, Nov. 2, 1849, Vladimir and Jana turned their faces southward, after Miller had first been presented to the new countess and made to promise that he would come and pay them a visit in the Crimea.

Strangely enough Miller in consequence of his much changed circumstances, and Lanin on account of his marriage, had entirely forgotten Popoff. His name was not once mentioned. When, therefore, Miller went to spend, as he had promised, the Christmas holidays in the Crimea and found Nicholas here installed as his friend's secretary, he was greatly surprised. Miller had not the slightest idea of what had happened between Schelm and Nicholas, but, as by instinct, he thought Popoff's presence here and his intimacy looked very suspicious. When Lanin, sitting down at table, said to Miller: "I thank you, dear friend, for having made me acquainted with Mr. Popoff," the latter had simply replied by a cool bow. At night Popoff managed to find himself a moment alone with Miller.

"Believe me, neighbor," he said to him, "I am here with no evil intentions, since I am as happy here as I could be at home in my own family. It is you to whom I owe everything, and I am under eternal obligations to you. My people at home need fear nothing as long as I remain in my present position and am not attacked."

Although Miller could not understand the meaning of the last words, he was at least free from all doubt as to Popoff. When the latter noticed a few days later that Miller made no secret of his former poverty, he related at dinner how kind the latter had been to his mother, and this sympathy of a man, then so very poor, with other poor people, deeply affected Jana, so that the tears started to her beautiful eyes, while Lanin cordially pressed his friend's hand. Miller gradually became convinced that Nicholas had none but thoroughly honest intentions, and renewed his old friendship with him.

Miller spent two weeks in the Crimea, and, as if fortune favored him, no unpleasant visitor interrupted them during this time, so that he became daily more intimate with husband and wife. He had very good manners, conversed well, had his share of wit and pessed an unusual stock of information. In a short time Jana had become very fond of him and everybody liked him.

The happy young couple, loving each other daily more tenderly, would have liked to prolong their honeymoon in this enchanting solitude, but Vladimir's leave of absence draws near its end, and old Wernin longed for his daughter. Toward the end of February they began to think of returning.

Popoff again went in advance to prepare a house. He had changed so completely that few could have recognized him. The poor official in his shabby uniform was now a young man of elegant appearance and the manners of a gentleman. The name of Popoff is far-spread in Russia, and thus Nicholas could return without fear to Petersburg, where he rented a superb palace in a fashionable street for Count Lanin. He was permitted to lodge his mother in one of the outbuildings, although he dared not visit her yet, even in the new home to which she had moved in the meantime. When he at last met his mother he heard with joy that no inquiries had been made after him.

In the first days of March the young people returned to Petersburg, and Vladimir immediately informed Miller of their arrival. Easter week, the highest of Russian festivals, was drawing to a close, and the balls and entertainments which usually close the winter season were beginning.

Jana was sitting in her boudoir, surrounded by all the splendor and the luxury of the Orient: magic odors were wafted through the air and everywhere works of the highest art and best taste were visible. Stretched out on a luxurious couch Jana was giving her foot to a maid kneeling on the thick carpet, who was trying on her tiny satin slippers. Another maid was busy putting some white camelias into her abundant raven-black hair. Near by two more maids were standing, busy holding other articles of ornamentation for Jana. One was doing something to her gl ves, the other was arranging the folds of her ball dress. The mistress herself, draped in a gorgeous morning gown, trimmed with matchless lace, seemed to be dreaming.

A slight knock aroused the attention of some of the servants. One went to see who it was, a few words were whispered, and then a maid came saying:

"The count begs to know whether the countess will have the kindness to receive him."

"Let him be so kind as to wait a few minutes," replied Jana; "how late is it?"

"Half-past five."

"Quick! Dress me as quickly as you can, for it is late!" she exclaimed, rising at once.

It was not 10 minutes later when the young wife sent her maids away and let her husband know that she was waiting for him.

She was just buttoning the last button of her long gloves when Vladimir entered; his features spoke of great impatience, but when he beheld the magnificent figure of his wife, as she smiled upon him, he quickly drew her to his heart. Jana slightly held him back.

"Be careful, Vladimir! You spoil my dress!"

He drew back, surprised.

"You do not love me any more, do you?" he whispered. She laughed aloud.

"You men make strange demands upon us! You doubt our love if we do not spend the whole day in assuring and swearing that we love you! My dear Vladimir, I love you as much as ever, perhaps even more than before, but we need not ruffle and crumple my beautiful dress on that account."

He fell into a meditation.

"We were so happy with each other in the Crimea! There the world did not part us. There there were no soirees, no beautiful dresses; we lived for and in each other."

"My dear Vladimir," she said, resting on his arm, "don't trouble yourself, and believe me that I love you with all my heart! No one was happier than I was when we were alone. But here, in Petersburg, I have to consider my father, my old friends and kinsfolk. Let me enjoy the world a little longer—and then we'll be so happy again in our solitude."

"Ah! that world!" he repeated sadly, "where I cannot accompany you. During these five weeks I doubt if I have seen you three hours daily. If you are not dressing you are resting or you are undressing. Dinners, balls, parties, promenades, and if we come together by chance I have to behave as if I hardly knew you. If you receive at home I must stay away. Believe me, Jana, a man who wants to live in society ought not to love his wife. If he does, it is all pain and sorrow."

Jana laughed again.

"You are incomparable, Vladimir, and as a reward you shall have a sweet kiss. But mind my dress."

She kissed him and exclaimed, rising:

"And now I must tell my lord and master how I mean to spend the day. Dinner with Sophie and Countess Halm at Rita's; next to the Princess Olga, where an important affair is to be discussed, of which you shall hear something if you behave well. At 11 I'll come home and then we'll take tea together. How do you like my plan?"

"I cannot tell you how much, my angel. But let me make one little remark. This Rita, of whom you are always speaking, is not a suitable companion for a woman of your age and in your position; and besides, who knows if her name is unstained?"

Jana bit her lips.

"I cannot bear evil tongues, dearest. What can they say against Rita?"

"Perhaps nothing more than that her name is on everybody's tongue. This French woman has turned everything topsy-turvy in society. Her dress, her carriages, her liveries, all excite attention. Her whole manner is marked with an irrepressible desire to be independent. She has succeeded in charming everybody, so that her eccentricities and her bold, original ways are forgiven. I prize you so highly that I suffer when I see you continually in the company of a French secretary of legation who, like his countrymen, seems to think he can do whatever he chooses."

"Why," replied Jana, "you develop no small diplomacy by appealing to my self love. But, remember! She is almost ugly, while I reign by my beauty. She is poor. I have a large fortune. No one will ever count me her equal. Her eccentricities arise all from her naturally gay and cheerful temper. You surely would not have me be more fastidious in the choice of my friends than the Empress—who cannot get along without Rita!"

"I repeat, my darling, her name is too well known. A woman who is much talked of always arouses mistrust. Sophie and the Princess Olga are both of them slightly insane. And this Count Hahn who passes for ever so many years now, for a Don Giovanni, who is always with you everywhere, is not a desirable companion for a good woman."

Jana went to the mirror.

"Have I not listened long enough patiently? But now it is enough, if you do not wish to make me angry. You know I do not like to be contradicted. Rather tell me, how do you like this dress?"

Vladimir turned very pale. He went up to his wife and said with a tremor in his voice:

"Jana, do you know what jealousy is?"

She turned round quickly; her eyes flashed fire.

"Do not repeat that word before me! I look upon it as an insult. If there are women who are humble enough to pardon their husband for being jealous I am not one of them. If you love me more than all things else, Vladimir, you must never pain me again by such a mean idea! I demand not only love but esteem!"

Vladimir loved his wife passionately, and was so accustomed to see her everywhere adored and worshipped that he now bent his knee before her and said, deeply moved:

"What a woman you are, Jana! And how I love you and feel unworthy of you."

She held out her enchanting little foot and laughed:

"Humble yourself, then, and kiss!"

He pressed it to his lips, while she kissed him on the forehead and said laughing:

"The little boot you can luckily not injure! If you will only leave me alone and not contradict me, you do not know how happy we shall be."

"So I must again dine along with Miller?"

"Is he here?"

"Yes, he is waiting for me in the salon. I shall take him to a restaurant, for at home I can eat nothing."

"And you do not even tell him to come here and see me in my splendor. I have 15 minutes to spare."

She rang the bell and soon Miller appeared. The way in which he entered the room showed at once the footing on which he stood in the house. He went up to Jana and kissed her hand, and exclaimed, clapping his hands in affected delight and admiration:

"Is there anything more beautiful in the world than a fair woman in evening costume? Pray turn round a little so that I may admire your side also. Vladimir, what can be grander than your wife? See how graciously she accepts homage and allows herself to be admired."

"I am certainly exceptionally good," laughed Jana.

"I would not trust that goodness very far. May I venture to ask where the countess will display this splendor?"

"At Madame de Dugar's; I shall meet Sophie von Linska and Count Halm there."

"If I were Vladimir I might be a little jealous," said Miller. "This man Halm is such a Don Giovanni."

"You see, Jana," said Lanin, "Miller says what I also said and you do not scold him."

"What is excused in a stranger is not allowed to you. Let drop that subject, however. I leave you to my husband, for I hear you are going to dine together. That pleasure, by the way, you will enjoy on Saturday also."

"Again?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, laughing.

Lanin hung his head and this resignation disarmed Jana.

"Since you must know everything sooner or later," she said to Lanin, "I will tell you a secret that nobody else knows as yet. This is nothing less than a conspiracy. We—Sophie, Olga, Rita and I—have determined to meet once a week at Rita's; no gentlemen are to be admitted. Halm alone is expected in his capacity as secretary, but he must stay in another room. This will give us a kind of club like yours. Saturday is the first day when we meet: then we will draw up the statutes and found the club."

"How pretty. And then we shall not see each other on certain days at all."

"Certainly. In Paris they have already such a club. The ladies have invented the whole thing to punish you gentlemen for your fondness for race courses and hazard playing. So much the worse for husbands like you, Vladimir. You will have to suffer for the others."

Miller broke out into uproarious laughter, but Lanin grew sad.

"May the whole concern go to the land where pepper grows, and the insane French woman who have invented it with it!" cried he, more in jest than in real earnest.

Jana laughed now.

"You can do nothing against us, husband! You had better submit to your fate and get used to it. Now, for instance, next Saturday you will not see me at all the whole day; you can go and drive with Mr. Miller in the city, and at night take a box at the Michael Theatre. I and Rita will join you there, as I have not seen the French actors yet. You may expect us between 9 and 10. And now, goodby! Six o'clock! I must make haste!"

"Well, goodby, Jana. Come back soon!" sighed Vladimir.

"All right!" she replied, and disappeared behind the velvet portieres.

Vladimir took the Courlander's arm.

"What shall we do till dinner; I do not think you will care to drive before 7?"

"Today, not before 8; I have much to do and must leave you. If you insist upon dining with me, you may expect me at Dusaux, at 8 o'clock sharp."

"That is very nice!" said Lanin, angrily. "What can you have so much to do?"

"I call that pretty good. Such curiosity and such egotism as you married people possess have no limits. You forget that I am a bachelor!"

"Well, adieu, then! I shall have to take a drive thro' the town," said Vladimir.

Miller, who had already opened the door, turned back once more.

"I shall go by the theatre—shall I order a box for Saturday?" he asked.

"Very well! Do so."

## CHAPTER VII.

Miller, after leaving Vladimir's palace, hastened his steps along the canal for some distance, then turning into a wretched side street, a mere lane, he stopped, raised the fur collar of his coat to entirely conceal his features, stepped into the doorway of one of the houses, and waited patiently.

He began to whistle a curious air; then took off his sable cap, as if to smooth his hair, and began to stroke the cap with his sleeve.

This must have been a preconcerted sign, for after repeating it several times he proceeded on his way and entered a low tavern. Taking a seat on a bench near the window, he ordered a glass of beer.

Almost at the same time with Miller a poorly-clad man entered, whistling to himself, as it seemed, the same air which Miller had whistled, and he also, like Miller, had smoothed his cap with his sleeve.

The last comer sat down by Miller, and when he had his glass of beer before him he at once began a low conversation.

After a while the insignificant looking man arose, when Miller said to him:

"Do not forget; Saturday at the Michael Theatre two decently well-dressed agents. At night I will give you the number, but there can be no mistake, as I shall sit in the same box."

"All right," said the other man, bowed and went out. Miller paid the score for both, left the tavern, stepped into the entry of the next house and quickly ran up to the third story, where he rang the bell.

A little flap in the door opened from within, and a cautious eye scanned the newcomer. Slowly a latch was drawn back and Miller was admitted. He found himself in an anteroom which looked like an office. Opposite the door an iron railing prevented intrusion, and there stood a man who asked:

"You want?"

"The great party!"

"Who are you?"

"Ace of Clubs!"

"Your name as a player?"

"Initiative!"

"You may enter!"

Miller raised the heavy portiere, behind which was a door, knocked three times and was admitted. He entered a large hall, lighted by lamps that hung from the ceiling. In the centre was a large table covered with cloth. Around it some 30 men were seated.

They were mostly young men. Some were in ordinary civilian's dress, others wore the brilliant uniform of the Imperial Guard. Among the youthful men a few graybeards were visible. Before each lay a card fastened to the green cloth, which marked the seat and the name of the owner. On the table lay a second pack of cards. The assembly was evidently not complete as yet; several places were marked, but not occupied. Ace of Clubs evidently marked the place of the presiding officer, because this card was lying between a bell and a strong box. The chair was empty.

The man who had opened the second door returned silently to his seat, while neither advanced towards the chair before which the Ace of Clubs was lying; he spoke to no one. The dismal looking, cold hall might very well have belonged to a gambling hell, but nobody thought of playing and the deep silence was not interrupted.

The clock struck 6.30. Miller drew a key from his pocket, opened the strong box, took a letter from it, read it and rang the bell. Two men entered and took two of the empty chairs. They were the men who had watched at the doors, admitting the members as they arrived. Miller then rang the bell once more.

"Gentlemen," he said in a low voice, "the Ace of Clubs cannot attend our meeting today. I have been duly informed and authority has been conferred on me in the usual way."

He seated himself in the president's chair and rang the bell a third time.

"Gentlemen, the session is opened."

All the members present listened attentively while Miller spoke to them.

"Before we discuss the measures to be decided upon in this our last meeting but one, I must excuse the absent members. Ten of Spades is ill, King of Clubs, Knave of Hearts and Eight of Hearts are prevented, being on official duty. The secretary will take down the details and deposit them in the strong box. We count, therefore, today only 41 men, but as we are so near the end I propose not to admit any more. How do you say?"

There came a unanimous reply, "agreed!"

"Secretary General! what was decided at our last meeting?"

The man who had first admitted the arrivals rose and said:

"Ace of Hearts, Knave of Diamonds and Ten of Diamonds spoke to the satisfaction of all, and the plan proposed by them was unanimously adopted. In today's session, Ten of Hearts, called 'Power,' is to report as to the measures taken."

"Ten of Hearts has the floor," said Miller.

A young man, colonel of one of the regiments of the Foot Guards, rose and said:

"Gentlemen, my regiment follows me wherever I go. For six months since the word of regeneration assembled 42 bold hearts around this table and formed this our union, I have been able to point out to them the sacred rights of man. They know now what a soldier's honor means; they hate slavery, as we do, and the bodily punishments, which demoralizes man. As soon as the hour strikes for action you will find me ready. Two of Clubs is able to exercise a thorough influence on all the regiments of the guards; the six colonels and seven captains who belong to us make themselves personally responsible for their battalions and their companies. In this way, gentlemen, you virtually command a large part of the army now in the capital. Nine of Diamonds, represented by the treasurer in the finance department, will be active for us."

"I am ready even to steal for the benefit of our country," said a man of 40, as he rose. "What I have said once I say for all times. There are 8,000,000 of roubles in the money chest, entrusted to me. On the appointed day I shall hand the whole sum to our union."

The colonel continued:

"Thus we control the army which represents might; the treasury, which means intelligence; in all classes of society, in every department of the administration, we have men belonging to our conspiracy. To my mind, gentlemen, every moment's delay only increases the danger. Thanks to our energy, thanks especially to the escort protection of a high and influential person, who has not yet made himself known to us, we have been able to form this gigantic plan at the very doors of the home of tyranny—a case so far unknown in the history of despotism.

"We, the leaders of all Russians, who demand an account from the Czar for letting 60,000,000 of subjects suffer in slavery, we can no longer stem the current if we do not open a sluice somewhere. In the name of the army I demand the signal for action. Gentlemen, say the word for which we are impatiently waiting! Delay no longer. In the name of the army I repeat: On, for Russia's sacred liberty."

The colonel sat down, having produced a profound impression. Almost all the conspirators gave signs of assent, but a few of the older men shook their heads.

Miller rose and said:

"I second the proposition with all my heart. The time for action has come. We can hardly go on without arousing the attention of the government. I therefore propose that we hold our last meeting next Saturday at 10 o'clock. Then we can assign the duties and begin to live in deed and no longer in word alone. We shall cease to be conspirators, we shall be archangels of freedom, or die as martyrs!"

All noisy demonstrations had to be avoided in this hall. In Petersburg the walls have ears and the police are alert at every unusual sound. Nevertheless a low murmur of satisfaction manifested itself. Miller was in the act of seizing the bell in order to close the session, when suddenly one of the elderly men rose and asked to be permitted to speak.

"Gentlemen! Ace of Spades has the floor!"

"You have given me, gentlemen, the name of 'Experience,' and not without cause. I have, from childhood up, hated that despotism which disgraces our holy Russia. I have conspired against Katherine, Paul and Alexander. In 1826 I was a member of the conspiracy against Nicholas—"

"Order!" called one of the members.

"Ace of Spades! Tell us what you have to say, without going back into the past!"

"I thought," continued the old man, addressing Miller directly, "I ought to preface my words to this extent in order to justify what follows, which otherwise you might interpret as lacking in courage. So far, gentlemen, we have been content with secret meetings and confidential talk. We have listened to eloquent and powerful speeches against tyranny! but now we are to proceed openly; we are, as the president has said, to risk our lives and our fate. I want to know now who is going to lead us and who is virtually at the head of the whole enterprise. Before we proceed I want to know Ace of Clubs!"

Several members showed that they approved the motion. Miller had turned pale. The old man continued:

"We were assured that he was a high personage, who wished to remain unknown. Very well! So far our head may have had his reasons, but now, when we are to appear openly, this want of confidence is offensive to us! Today, when our lives are demanded of us, we have a right to know who our leader is!"

"Ace of Spades is right!" cried several voices:

Miller frowned. The assembly was evidently excited. At last he seized the bell and said: "Gentlemen! It is you who show a want of confidence in Ace of Clubs. Has he not given you proof enough of his power and influence? Has he not shown his devotion to our cause? Who freed the bookseller, Schimon, who distributed revolutionary works and restored him to his business and his family? Does not Two of Clubs, who was arrested for having conspired with soldiers, owe it to him that he was set free? Must I recall to you in how many instances Ace of Clubs has shown you the power he wields? Is idle curiosity to turn your hearts away from our great work?"

"It is not idle curiosity," said Ace of Spades. "I have asked no question till the day when we are to proceed to action. We must at least know who is our leader. We are not children to be led blindly. No doubt, we have learned to know the energy, the power and the wisdom of Ace of Clubs—our number has increased from a dozen to 40 members since Ace of Clubs has become the soul of our meetings. But while he knows us, we have never been permitted to know him. And as he always transfers his privileges as president to Mr. Miller of Millerstown, I think we have a right to ask the latter, who alone seems to enjoy his confidence, to tell us who he is. I am inclined to move that we do not take another step till we learn who leads us!"

The assembly murmured applause. Some whispering took place and then one of the younger officers said: "We all vote for the motion of Ace of Spades."

Miller was painfully pale; a dark resolve flushed his face and glowed in his eyes.

"If you insist upon it you shall have your will. I know Ace of Clubs and am ready to make you acquainted with him, but our president, who has given so often evidence of his self-sacrifice and his courage, can have no confidence in men who mistrust him. Brother Experience has confessed that Ace of Clubs is the soul of our conspiracy. He has brought us everything—power, intelligence and material subsidies. He can make himself known only to such as have done the same. I therefore move that you choose nine delegates, who will remain with me in this hall. They shall learn from my lips the name of Ace of Clubs. They can meet again on Saturday and carry the final orders to other members. Today I move we close the meeting."

He appeared almost great under the influence of his sublime courage. All were carried away, they were ready to explain, to excuse themselves, even Ace of Spades hung his head. All cried unanimously:

"We believe it! We trust our leader!"

Miller, however, meant to profit by this lucky turn of affairs. He insisted upon the election of nine delegates. After a moment's general confusion the secretary named 18 members, with eight corresponding cards. Then each man present drew a card from the pack that was lying on the table and threw it into a basket. The president, to whom the basket was handed, mentioned thereupon the nine names upon which the lot had fallen. Then Miller turned ironically to the conspirators and said:

"As we have no other room and all leave at the same time to avoid suspicion, I beg you will wait a while in the ante-room. In a moment you shall be called."

The conspirators felt humiliated by Miller's haughty manner. All, even Ace of Spades, now regretted their want of confidence. In deep silence they waited.

When Miller had only the nine delegates before him he drew himself up proudly and said:

"Gentlemen, I am happy that the choice has fallen upon you. I, myself, could not have chosen better. Those who are to hear my words must be tried men, ready for everything. Gentlemen, you wished to know Ace of Clubs. I will gratify your wish. I, myself, am Ace of Clubs."

All drew back dumbfounded. In the meantime Miller had quickly drawn forth a black mask with a hood, covered his head, and in a changed voice exclaimed:

"Do you recognize this mask and this voice?"

Then casting aside in a somewhat theatrical but dignified manner both mask and hood, he added:

"You need then mysterious influences and important individualities? Genius and mind are enough for the multitude! I knew this. I had in mind a gigantic project which I had invented, prepared and elaborated. To carry it out I needed a hand. Then you admitted me to your circle. It counted only 12 members, and all your dreams and your ambitions amounted to the reading of forbidden books. I came. I kindled your imagination and warmed your patriotism. I filled you with courage, but what was I in your eyes? An honest man, that was all. If I had offered to become your leader you would have thought me insane. Then I appeared one day before you, masked, bringing in one hand Schimon's pardon, and in the other 5000 rubles. The colonel has introduced me here. Ask him why he did it."

"I had," said the colonel, "received a letter from our correspondent in London, who recommended you. Two of our brethren vouched for the masked man. At the sight of the money and the pardon I hesitated no longer."

"How I could do all this," continued Miller, "I shall, perhaps, tell you hereafter, but you know how my cunning, my powerful intellect has overcome every impediment in our way. I do not deny that I was indorsed by a man, an enthusiast for our holy cause, who was ready to support it and who had opened me up an unlimited credit. This man is still alive, has large means and extensive relations, but he is not a man of great weight in the empire and need not hide behind a mask. You shall see him Saturday. He gave me the money I spent, he made my task easy for me, but, after all, he was but an instrument in my hands, which I knew how to use profitably. All this I have done alone. Gentlemen, now you know me. Do you acknowledge me as your leader?"

"Yes! yes!" they cried with one voice.

They had listened in silence; they could not conceal their surprise, their admiration. Miller opened the door.

"Gentlemen, come in, I pray you. One of the delegates will draw up the resolutions. I must leave you now. Colonel, will you follow me?"

He gave Ten of Hearts his arm, and proudly left the hall. In the street he said good-by to the colonel, adding:

"Return, and if the members should insist upon removing Ace of Clubs I authorize you to give them my name. We shall meet again, I hope, colonel, and in the fire of action!"

Then he beckoned to a cab driver, drove to the Michael Theatre and bought tickets for a proscenium box. It was past 8 when he entered the restaurant where Lanin sat waiting for him impatiently.

"Pardon me," said Miller, "but I was engaged until this moment."

And while he unfolded his napkin he handed him the tickets and said:

"I thought of you—here are tickets for Saturday."

"I thank you," said Lanin, and sat down opposite him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The whole imperial court was assembled in the Winter Palace. The gentlemen in full uniform, the ladies in the national costume, were standing at their places opposite those reserved for the imperial family. The master of ceremonies with his marshal's staff was seen hurrying to and fro, seeing that the rules were observed. It was a gala day, and all hoped to see the Czar's family as they were returning from church.

The Winter Garden, separated from the Hall of St. George by the Pompey Gallery, had attracted several higher officials. They were engaged in confidential talk.

Only in the gallery nobody remained, for here two of the greatest statesmen of Russia were walking up and down. They were Count Orloff, head of the gensdarmes, and the Emperor's intimate friend, Count Perowski, minister of the interior.

A soldier of the Golden Regiment who stood sentry at the door that opened upon the gallery and the rooms of the mighty ruler of the empire presented arms every time they came near him, and the Arab who was posted on the opposite side never took his eye from them.

"Thus it is," said Count Orloff. "I left his majesty under the impression of very sad thoughts, nor could I bring him better news, for I have known for two months what you told me but now. My police have been watching a very dangerous conspiracy all this time, but as they often met with Mr. Schelm's emissaries they would not interfere with them. Yesterday, however, Col. Palkin assured me that Schelm was in the dark and that we must root up the whole conspiracy at once or there might be real danger!"

"Really!" replied the minister. "Your Palkin is very cunning. Schelm always tells me he is better at fictitious than at real conspiracies."

"Palkin told me literally the same of Schelm," said Count Orloff, smiling. "One is worth as much as the other. But I do not think him capable of inventing a conspiracy. He knows me too well for that; but I tell you frankly that I have authorized him to proceed, as he assures me he is on the point of discovery. I have, however, for your sake, ordered him to wait a whole week."

The minister's brow looked dark.

"I thank you, count. I am sorry I shall have to trouble his majesty the emperor once more, but as my people have unearthed this conspiracy I should, of course, also like to get the reward for the discovery."

"And justly so," said the head of the gendarmes, "that is why I leave the field clear for you."

At this moment the soldier on duty raised the portiere which concealed the door of the White Hall, and the admiral-general of the emperor, Count Lanin, entered. When he saw the two statesmen conversing he walked up to them and shook them by the hand.

"I cannot recover from my conversation with the emperor just now. Count, you cause him constant grief with your continuous reports of new conspiracies!"

"Unfortunately! What did the emperor say?"

"I wish all could have heard him! 'Dear Lanin,' he said to me, rousing himself from profound meditation, 'they have discovered a new conspiracy! The head of the secret police has told Orloff. Why will they not acknowledge me as their father and master? Why do they force me to be the stern judge instead? I am the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, but I should like to bear that title only for the happiness and the glory of all my subjects!' An indescribable emotion was reflected on his manly face and in his voice. When he noticed that I shared his feelings, he continued: 'You, at least, love me, Lanin! But how few such hearts have I around me! Everywhere court intrigues and flattery! I hate revolutions—but I despise conspiracies! I can comply with the wishes of my people without humiliation, but to be afraid of the threatenings of a few malcontents, that would be madness, vulgarity!' You are perfectly right, sire, I said; such people deserve punishment, and severe punishment. 'Punishment?' repeated the emperor, 'I always hear the same words, and it wounds my heart.'"

"Our master is a man of rare nobility," said Orloff, deeply touched. "Why cannot all learn to know him as well as we do, his nearest friends?"

The minister did not break this ominous silence and his features grew sharper and harder.

"Then the emperor," continued Lanin, "repeated the same words, adding: 'Alas! that punishment should be necessary! The country must be protected against these frequent shocks. If that conspiracy should be real you, Lanin, will judge the guilty and punish them severely, but,' he unexpectedly added, holding me back, 'do not forget, my friend, that I will hear nothing of capital punishment. During my reign too many lives have already been sacrificed. However great the crime may be, I swear, I give them their lives!'"

A reverential murmur here interrupted Lanin's recital. The chief chamberlain appeared in the door of the Hall of St. George. At a sign from him all the doors were suddenly opened wide, so that the eye could range through all the intervening halls and galleries to the end of the Winter Palace.

The master of ceremonies knocked three times with his gold stick and cried aloud:

"His majesty the emperor!"

When a few hours later Count Perowski sent for Mr. Schelm he received him in an unexpectedly cold and stiff manner. He reproached him with negligence and repeated his conversation with Count Orloff.

"The conspiracy of which you have been talking now for three months has already been discovered by the secret police. Col. Palkin is close on their track. The whole merit and all advantages thus fall again into the hands of the gendarmes. Mr. Schelm, I warn you; if this continue, you might lose your place! I cannot meddle with such matters, and it looks as if you were not equal to such difficulties. They actually accuse you of making up artificial conspiracies! I repeat, therefore, Mr. Schelm, take care!"

Schelm bowed very low, but did not show any signs of fear.

"Your excellency, the conspiracy is in our hands: to end the matter finally, however, requires means which I do not possess. I do not have the whole secret police at my disposal. I have to pay high for my agents. I have spent much already of my own, but did not wish to mention it to your excellency."

"Why did you not tell me that before?" asked the minister. "Is there not a secret fund at our disposal? How much do you want today?"

"Two hundred thousand roubles, your excellency."

Amazed at such an enormous demand, the minister looked at his head of division suspiciously and curiously.

"I have spent already 50,000 rubles," said Schelm, "and in order to wind up the matter in a week I must bribe the man who is the soul of this conspiracy. He is an independent man, but would not be able to resist a large sum. In that case I warrant success."

The minister interrupted him.

"The thing must succeed! That is absolutely necessary."

He took up a blank sheet of paper and began to write. Schelm, who stood near, added humbly:

"Your excellency will have the kindness to write: 'for expenses already incurred and still to come,' considering that I have advanced money."

"Well," said the count, writing: "towards the discovery of the conspiracy."

"What name shall we give to this famous conspiracy? How is it spoken of in the papers?"

"As the conspiracy Lanin," replied Schelm, coolly. The minister sprang up.

"What?"

"As the conspiracy Lanin, your excellency."

"Gen. Count Lanin, one of the adjutants-general, special favorite of the Czar, a conspirator? Mr. Schelm, you must be mad."

"I am not speaking of the general, but of his nephew, a young man very prominent on account of his revolutionary ideas." The minister shook his head incredulously.

"But are you quite sure of your man?"

"As sure as a man can be."

"And this man, who has one of the largest fortunes in Petersburg, you mean to bribe with two thousand rubles?"

"No, your excellency; I spoke of the soul, the leader of the conspiracy. A man of wonderful shrewdness, whom your excellency will learn to know at the proper time."

"You are not mistaken, Schelm? Consider. A blunder might cost you dear."

"I opine, your excellency, I am not mistaken. I assume every responsibility."

The minister wrote in big letters, "Conspiracy Lanin," and signed his name and titles; then he handed the paper to Schelm, saying:

"Now act as will be best for your advantage and mine."

Schelm went himself to the treasury and drew the money; then he returned to his office. He had only 100,000 roubles in his pocket. He was well pleased with the situation, and now, to crown his joy, Miller was announced.

The head of division assumed a very cool air to receive Miller, but Miller gave him no time to utter his phrases, and cried, even while at the door:

"Excellency, I bring good news!"

For some time already Schelm had no longer allowed Miller to treat him unceremoniously. He spoke to him as to a subordinate, and required to be called "Excellency" by him.

"Tell it, then, quickly."

"The conspiracy is at last ready. Hold your men in readiness. Saturday, at 10 o'clock, you can catch all the conspirators at their usual meeting place."

"And how about him?" exclaimed Schelm. "I have mentioned his name already to the minister. Will he escape you after all?"

"It will be just as you wish. To be sure, I promised you 42 conspirators, guilty of high treason, and now I can hand you over only 11."

"Why?" asked Schelm, angrily.

"Miller's voice betrayed an unusually soft emotion and sounded almost sorrowful.

"It cannot be helped. At the last moment my conscience smote me. I let the small fry escape and only kept the big fish, selecting nine victims, the most dangerous, because eminent in intelligence also in courage. But that is nothing to you. The conspiracy exists and you will yourself tremble when you hear of its importance and extent. The army, the finances and the administration are all three represented in their ranks! Next Saturday they were all to rise like one man! It was determined to ask for reform. If refused, opinions were divided. Some were for murdering the Czar, others proposed to place themselves at the head of the army, to storm the Winter Palace and to force the Czar to abdicate! It was a splendid conspiracy! We never met with a single impediment! We conspired under the protection of your excellency! Oh! It was a splendid conspiracy."

"You are right," said the minister, "to call it a splendid conspiracy, I'll write to Palkin at once and ask him to lead me his gendarmes. What a revenge!"

At this moment Miller sprang up with a wild, dark look in his eyes.

"Excellency," he said, "I shall, of course, be arrested with the others; but I count upon you! You send me abroad, where I can live quietly and forgotten. Perhaps I shall be able under another sky to forget myself."

"Well, well!" replied Schelm. "That was settled long ago. But, Miller, you tell me nothing about him. You do not know how I hate him! Yesterday I met his wife and was presented to her. A splendid woman. I hate that man! Without him the whole story is nothing to me."

Miller replied: "I hope to deliver him soon into your hands."

"He is one of the conspirators, is he?"

"He conspire? In his presence such a thing cannot even be mentioned. The Emperor has no more faithful servant. In all Russia there is no better patriot than he is!"

"How then will you get him implicated?"

"Excellency, you know the words of a Roman senator: 'If my shirt knew my secret, I would burn it instantly!'"

With these words he bowed himself out of the room.

## CHAPTER IX.

Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock Lina, Popoff's mother, now an upper servant in the Lanin palace, had finished her work. She had given the necessary orders and dropped now, very tired, into an arm chair.

Nicholas, standing by her, smiled at her.

"This active life suits you, dear mother?"

"Admirably, my son. I thank God every day that He has brought us to such a noble master. How good and gracious he is to us."

"And all this we owe to neighbor Miller?"

"Yes, indeed, a precious friend. But he also is better off—you know his inheritance in Courland."

"I do not know how that is," said Popoff. "Miller does not like to speak of it. There is some secret behind it."

"But to speak of another subject. My dear son, why do you never mention Helen now. Have you given her up?"

"On the contrary, mother, my feelings are still the same, but there is no hurry; my position is very insecure as yet."

"She was here yesterday and very sad. She doubts your attachment and her father repeats to her: "You see, child, when he was poor he wanted you because he hoped to get a good dower with you. Now he no longer cares. That is the way with them all."

"Dear mother, I tell you my feelings toward Helen have never changed, and my apparent coldness arises purely from the desire to collect as much money as I can, that her father may not refuse me a second time."

"That would have been sheer madness," said Vladimir unexpectedly, who had entered unnoticed and had heard the conversation between mother and son. "Why did you not mention that before? We should soon have removed all impediments."

"Oh, count," exclaimed Popoff, deeply touched.

Behind Lanin Miller also had entered. As a good huntsman he did not lose sight of his game and was a daily guest at the palace.

"May God reward you a hundred-fold," said the housekeeper.

"I only regard the good deeds of your son. My dear secretary," he said, turning to Popoff, "do you know, by chance, if my wife is at home?"

"The countess ordered her carriage, "answered Lina. "It has just come up. But here she is."

The door opened and Jana entered in company with a lady in a magnificent costume. Popoff and Lina withdrew, with a deep bow.

"I thank chance for meeting you on a day in which I had been sentenced not to see you at all," said the count, half in jest and half in earnest, to his wife.

She threatened him with her finger.

"Is it chance alone that brought it about? At all events I pardon you. We must not ask too much."

"Dear Kita," she said, then turning to her companion, "permit me to present my husband to you. If you wish to make him one of your admirers you must be warned. He does not like you. Permit me also to introduce our best friend, Mr. Miller of Millertown."

The gentleman bowed and Vladimir began quite embarrassed to say:

"But, wife, how can you—?"

The Frenchwoman, however, did not let him go on; she said eagerly:

"Do not apologize! I understand your feelings. The happy man who is Jana's husband must be jealous of all who also love her and slightly claim her. I am one of them. I capture Jana now and then, and mean to do it again. Instead of being angry with me, you had better come and join us, even though it be at my house. I shall be pleased to see you there very often."

Vladimir bowed silently and Mme. de Dugarcy offered him her fair hand.

"You see we shall soon be reconciled!"

"We'll meet you at the theatre, won't we?" asked Jana.

"Certainly."

"May I ask at what hour the ladies will appear?" asked Miller.

"We cannot possibly fix the time," said Mme. de Dugarcy, laughing. "You may expect us between 9 and 11. We have much to do today."

"To be sure!" said Vladimir. "In your Ladies' Club."

"But now it is time to be off," said the Frenchwoman. "They will be waiting for us, I fear. Goodby."

The two ladies went laughing to the door. On the threshold Jana turned round.

"Oh, I am glad I remembered it! Guess, Vladimir, who had himself introduced to me last night at the minister's." Mr. Schelm! Why, he is a very minister! He apologized, however, for his daring aspirations, so very cleverly that I was entirely disarmed and almost repented the bad joke we permitted ourselves to play upon him. I do not know what kind of a man he is. At all events, he is a very able man."

"I entirely agree with you," said her husband, and, still laughing, the two ladies went out. Vladimir took Miller to his room.

"Did you notice," he asked there, "how anxiously the Frenchwoman talked? I fear innovations from abroad, into which she wishes to inveigle your wife."

Vladimir pressed his friend's hand.

"You are right. She is no fit companion for Jana, and I dislike her very much. I do not know, but I feel as if some great misfortune was impending on us. That is childish, but still I cannot tell you how depressed and unhappy I feel!"

"You have a right to be jealous. Your wife is too much in the world, too little at home. But now, goodby. We shall soon meet again. We dine together, I hope."

"Certainly!"

Miller was busy all day long between the ministry and the tavern, where we have seen him. About 7 he met Lanin at the restaurant, and after dinner they adjourned to the theatre.

They came just as the operetta closed. The curtain fell amid the applause of the enthusiastic audience. The theatre looked as usual. The imperial box was still empty, but the public hoped that at least one of the grand dukes would yet appear. In the boxes the aristocracy of St. Petersburg displayed its beauty and its jewels, surpassed, however, in toilets by a number of French ladies who had come to St. Petersburg attracted by the wealth and the luxuries of the bazaars of Russia. In the auditorium the gorgeous uniforms of the army formed a magnificent spectacle. Officers of all the 26 regiments of the Guards; generals in gala uniform with innumerable stars and crosses in diamonds; lancers in red, with gold and silver epaulettes; while here and there a bashful black dress coat hid itself in a corner.

Between the acts Prince Max, a young officer of the Artillery of the Guard, came into the box. Miller frowned at the unexpected visitor. Lanin received his friend kindly.

At the same time two gentlemen rose who had been sitting in the front row of the pit by the side of a general covered with decorations and looked around. Miller, who had been in the front part of the box, quickly drew back and threw himself into a chair.

Vladimir handed Prince Max his opera glasses, and they, resting on the velvet covered edge of the box, looked into the auditorium, nodding to many acquaintances. The two men we mentioned stood directly under him, and, as they spoke loud, he could hear all they said.

"How on earth did you get all these details," said one.

"Simply because I was one of the chosen ones and I shall not forget it through all my life. Unfortunately, I shall never have that pleasure again. I am forgotten and so I do not consider myself bound any longer to preserve secrecy."

"But why did Count Halm choose you?"

"He knows nothing of it. I got it through the ladies."

"What self-conceit!"

"You are very much mistaken. I am no exception. It is enough to be well dressed, well mannered and especially to be known in the world, to be admitted. A certain Dugarcy, a Frenchwoman, is at the head of the club. Count Halm knows how to profit by everything. He is fully initiated, but of no weight in society."

"Vladimir!" said just then the young prince. "Look at that lady opposite us; how strangely her coiffure looks."

Lanin begged him to be silent.

"Hush," he said. "Just listen to what these men say."

Miller also invited him to come and smoke a cigar in the passage, but Vladimir begged him also not to disturb him. The thread of the conversation, however, had been broken. As last he heard these words which seemed to refer to the same subject:

"You say Batoff square, No. 17?"

"Yes. Under the pretence of playing—and there is really baccarat going on in the second story—the Frenchwoman has organized a kind of ladies' club. You know how women love to surround everything with secrecy. The club took thus very well with many ladies. Count Halm became their confidant. He rented a house and does the honors."

"I can hardly trust my ears when I hear such nonsense. It sounds like a novel."

The prince and Lanin listened with almost painful attention. Miller seemed to suffer torture. He managed to smile incredulously whenever Vladimir glanced at him.

"That is the romance of these fair ladies," continued the first speaker. "As to what happens in the house, who visits them during the day and who belongs to the happy chosen ones who are admitted in the evening—Mme. de Dugarcy alone can answer, and being a Frenchwoman, no doubt, she knows the mysteries of Paris perfectly. The club is, however, admirably organized. No one is admitted who does not have the watchword. 'What do you desire?' Count Halm asks you. 'The Great Partie!' you answer. 'You are?' 'Ace of Clubs!' Then the door is opened."

"But does the police permit such things?"

"The police does not trouble itself with anything but politics. Mme. de Dugarcy is, besides, a foreigner. She stands well at court and the ladies who visit her belong to the highest classes of society. The police does not see them."

"And these meetings take place daily?"

"No! Tonight, however, an unusually large assembly is expected to meet there. When I left home I saw the Frenchwoman, accompanied by the beautiful Countess Lanin, drive up to the door. They sent the carriage back."

Vladimir sprang up. The prince turned pale.

"Miller, what are these men talking about?"

Miller could hardly stand up. He pressed his friend's hand.

"At first," continued the speaker below, "I was not a little surprised seeing the beautiful Jana in such company, but our great ladies must always have some novelty."

"Pray," said Vladimir to the prince, "go to this gentleman and ask him for his card. There is mine. You know what else you have to do. I shall wait for you at home."

"Count upon me!" replied the young man, and went at once.

"I shall convince myself with my own eyes how matters stand," said Vladimir, in a low voice. "Batoff square, No. 17, to the Great Partie, Ace of Clubs. I remember it all. Every word has stabbed my heart."

At the same time he siezed Miller by the arm; the latter trembled at sight of his despair.

"I must go there—convince myself—and yet he must have lied, Miller—he must have invented the whole story."

"Brother, I know that house!"

Lanin passed his hand over his brow.

"I believe I am losing my mind. Is it a bad dream, or can it really be so? Till tomorrow, friend!"

"I shall follow you Vladimir. I cannot leave you. You know I have heard the whole story!"

"Come!" cried Vladimir, almost beside himself. "If that man has lied I must kill him like a mad dog, and if he has told the truth—the world no longer exists for me! Let us make haste!"

He sprang into a droschke." A hundred silver rubles if you drive fast!"

The horses flew as if they had wings. The night was dark and cold, but neither of the two men noticed anything. Not a word was spoken.

"No! It cannot be true! Jana is too proud, too noble!"

"I hope so with all my heart, for your sake," whispered Miller. "But remember, her father has spoilt her a little, and this Frenchwoman . . . I warned you this morning!"

In five minutes they reached the house. Lanin rang the bell. The door opened.

"I have the watchword; but, as you say you know the house, you can lead me."

"The card room is in the second story; we shall have to go up to the third, I suppose," answered Miller.

In the little cell of the porter three men were assembled who seemed to converse eagerly, but at the sight of Lanin and Miller they suddenly stopped and one of them whispered a few words in the ear of the porter.

"Gentlemen," cried the latter, "where are you going?,"

"I am the Ace of Clubs," said Lanin without turning.

"And I am ace of diamonds," added Miller. "If every ace is admitted here, I presume they will not refuse me,"

Lanin saw nothing and heard nothing: he did not notice Miller's strange conduct. The porter exclaimed:

"Very well, gentlemen. Please go up stairs."

One of the three men made an entry in his notebook. Vladimir had hastened in advance, and went so fast that Miller could hardly overtake him.

When they reached the third story Miller said in a completely altered voice:

"It must be here! Ring the bell, Vladimir!"

Lanin almost broke the bell rope; a small window opened and the door groaned on its hinges. Vladimir rushed in like a madman, crying:

"To the Great Partie! I am the Ace of Clubs!"

"Tray!" said the man at the door.

It was not Count Halm, and this circumstance aroused new suspicions in Vladimir's mind.

"Today it is probably another man's turn!" he hissed through his teeth.

Miller was about to knock at the second door. Lanin's excitement was so great, however, that he drove in the folding doors with his foot; they flew open and he found himself suddenly in the hall where the delegates were assembled. The Ten of Hearts was in the act of uttering these words:

"Gentlemen, if the emperor refuses, death awaits him!"

At the breaking open of the door the conspirators all turned around. Dazzled by the brilliant lights, astonished at seeing only men before him, and dumbfounded by the words he had heard, Lanin stopped on the threshold as if struck by lightning. He could not master his thoughts. A moment later he recognized some of the members of the assembly.

At the same time several voices cried out:

"What is that? You, Lanin, you are our ace of clubs. Hurrah for Lanin!"

Vladimir was utterly dumbfounded.

"Where am I? What is the meaning of this? Miller, explain."

Miller was as pale as death; perspiration stood in great drops on his forehead; he intended to reply, but it was too late. The secretary had today attended the door alone and had let in the two friends. Now he rushed in out of breath, barely able to cry:

"The police!"

"A sabre cut struck him down; he fell covered with blood. In an instant the doors and windows were broken to pieces, and through every opening gendarmens, armed to the teeth, rushed in and fell upon the conspirators.

Col. Palkin's thundering voice drowned every voice.

"Seize these rascals who threaten to kill the emperor! Bind them at once!"

When the first surprise was over all the conspirators, with the exception of Lanin, who did not know what was going on, and of Miller, who had quickly recovered his ordinary calmness, crowded towards a corner of the hall. The man called Ten of Hearts fell with his sword upon one of the gendarmes, but instantly a shot was heard and he fell weltering in his blood. The others were unarmed and easily secured.

All this was done in an instant. The conspirators did not utter a sound; they were terror-struck. At this moment Lanin, who could not yet find out what it all meant, felt a brutal hand on his shoulder. Now, only, he awoke and recovered his usual energy. Powerfully he freed himself from the hands of the gendarmes, who were about to bind him.

"You are mistaken: I only came in by accident. I am Count Vladimir Lanin!"

His voice was so clearly the voice of truth that the soldiers stopped. At this moment Ten of Hearts, who was lying wounded on the floor, raised his head, looked at Lanin so contemptuously that Palkin laughed aloud and said:

"Ha! ha! Ace of Clubs is innocent! That is news indeed! I swear—"

Now Palkin also looked at him with contempt.

"Go on boldly!" he called out to Lanin; "he who engages in such matters must take the consequence. I was present down stairs when you called yourself the Ace of Clubs."

"But I only came—"

"Quiet! Enough of that! Tie his mouth!"

Lanin tried in vain to resist; the gendarmes seized him, tied him, and actually gagged him. Soon all the conspirators were lying on the carpet by the side of the wounded secretary. Vladimir, dazed by the occurrence, thought it all a horrible dream. At this moment Schlem entered, highly rejoiced, with a portfolio under his arm.

Vladimir looked instinctively at this portfolio and read there in large letters the words:

"Conspiracy Lanin."

Now he comprehended and Schelm's diabolical smile told him the rest. The words of old Wernin came back to him. He gave himself up as lost. He looked reproachfully at Miller, but his face was turned the other way; he could not see his features.

"To the fortress with them all!" ordered Schelm. "Tomorrow the investigation will begin."

## CHAPTER X.

In the meantime Jana and Mme. de Dugarcy had reached the theatre. The countess went to her box and was surprised not to find her husband there.

"The gentleman may have gone out to smoke a cigarette," said Jana.

"Oh, certainly!" replied Mme. de Dugarcy.

The arrival of the two ladies caused a great commotion in the theatre. Prince Max was one of those men who love to enjoy the misfortunes of their friends. After having in vain looked for the unknown man in the pit, he could not refrain from telling everybody he met the strange story of Count Vladimir and his wife, together with the commission he had received.

Now, when Jana entered, all eyes were directed to her box. Although the young countess was accustomed to receive such homage, she still wondered why the admiration should be so marked tonight. The Frenchwoman, who possessed more knowledge of the world, felt at once that something extraordinary must have occurred, and something that concerned herself. After having looked around once more, she said to her companion:

"They stare too much tonight." Jana shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"We must not mind it!"

The first act was ended. During the short pause all opera glasses were directed to their box and remained fixed there so long that even Jana began to resent it. She felt, beside, troubled, because neither Vladimir nor Miller showed himself.

"Something must have happened to them," she said to her friend. "My heart feels oppressed. I cannot imagine why the gentlemen are not here."

In the middle of the second act Jana suddenly rose and said:

"Pardon me, but I must go home."

Mme. de Dugarcy reflected a moment.

"I dare say you are right. It is evident something has happened that concerns one of us. Ordinarily our box is full of visitors; tonight not a soul comes here."

"I can bear this uncertainty no longer. Good night!"

"Will you permit me to accompany you?"

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. I do not know why, but I feel as if I should not like to be alone."

When they reached the palace no one knew anything. Jana could get no answer to her questions.

Jana was perfectly helpless, and even the cheerfulness of the Frenchwoman disappeared gradually. All of a sudden Popoff rushed in like mad and cried:

"The police are here! The whole palace is full of gendarmes."

At that moment Jana remembered her father's prophecy. Schelm's miserable figure appeared before her mind's eye and she fell into a chair with the cry:

"My God! We are lost!"

"Lost? Why?" asked Popoff. "The coming of the gendarmes is surprising, but by no means necessarily terrifying. They perhaps look for a criminal who has hid here."

"Do you not know," said Jana, "that my husband disappeared several hours ago? No doubt he has been arrested. I recognize Schelm's revenge."

Popoff sprang up.

"Did you say Schelm? Do you know Schelm?"

"I know him, and have mortally offended him. My father predicted that he would avenge himself and he was right."

In an instant everything that had so long been a mystery to Popoff—Miller's sudden wealth, his intimacy with Vladimir, those letters, "La——" on the certificate of the chief of bureau—all became clear to him. Popoff was endowed with rare energy and no small acuteness. Since they attacked Lanin they would attack him also. At once he formed his decision.

"I think you are mistaken," he said, after a short pause. "But calm yourself. It may be that I can be practically useful to the count."

He had suddenly secured a great influence over the mind of the frightened ladies, and sat down by them while he poured out a cup of tea for himself.

"When the gendarmes come, please say I am your guest."

This whole consultation had not lasted two minutes. Popoff was just putting sugar into his tea when the door opened. Palkiu entered and brutally asked:

"Which of you is the Countess Lanin?"

Jana, whom nobody had ever addressed in this way, forgot for a moment her trouble and proudly asked:

"And who dares to speak to me in this way?"

Palkin threw himself insolently into an arm chair and said:

"O ho! the worthy wife of a man guilty of high treason! That is not the way to speak to an officer of gendarmes, who has just arrested your husband because he has conspired against the czar!"

Jana anticipated this news, and yet she trembled as if the blow had been unexpected.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "is it really true?"

Palkin looked sharply at the countess, who had thus been thinking aloud.

"Ah!" he said, "you seem to have known what was going on."

Mme. de Dugarcy looked scornfully at the officer of gendarmes.

"You must know," she said to him in French, "that I understand a little Russian, and that I find you behave very indecently. It looks almost as if you were to examine us here."

Palkin turned to the foreigner and answered in the same language:

"And who is this? No doubt a governess. But mind; there are prisons for such birds also, and nothing is easier than to send you to the frontier. Enough of this. What is that door there?" he asked Jana, who in the meantime had recovered her composure and ordinary dignity.

"I shall answer," she replied, "when you speak as it is becoming you should speak in this house."

Palkin cast a threatening look at the unfortunate woman.

"This manner benefits neither you nor your husband. You can do, however, as you choose. Hallo!" he said to the gendarme at the door, "send me two men."

"Are you going to use force?" asked Jana.

"No, although I have the right to do so. I send for the men to post a sentinel at every door."

He noticed Popoff.

"What man is that?" he asked Jana. But before she could answer Nicholas said very quietly:

"My name is Popoff; an invitation—"

"You keep bad company, young man," interrupted Palkin. "But I must have seen you somewhere."

He had no time to ask more, as the gendarmes entered just then. Palkin turned to the door leading to Jana's sitting room. The proud woman was burning with indignation.

"That is my own room!" she exclaimed.

Palkin shrugged his shoulders without looking at her. He disappeared behind the velvet portieres and left the two ladies under guard of a gendarme, with Popoff.

"Countess," said the latter, in French, "I must get away from here at once and speak to your father. I know that nothing will be found here and you will be free soon, but the gendarmes will remain. Tomorrow Schelm himself will appear here to examine, and he would, of course, recognize me instantly. If I am to serve you I must be very cautious so as not to lose my freedom."

"Oh, God! what a terrible catastrophe! He is, of course, innocent, I cannot doubt it for a moment."

"No doubt, but a denunciation by a man like Schelm is all-powerful. Still, I do not give up the hope of saving the count. Keep up your courage."

"Courage I have," replied Jana. "You have seen that. I must save my husband or perish with him."

Now Mme. de Dugarcy also took part in the conversation. She looked a different person. Indignation glowed in her eyes, her whole carriage spoke of courage and resolution.

"I'll take you away from here. Give me your arm! Jana," she continued, kissing her friend; "be of good courage. I shall always watch over you and go myself to see the emperor to save your husband. And now let us go!" Leaning on Popoff's arm, she turned to the door. On the threshold the gendarme stopped her with the words:

"You cannot leave here."

The lady did not look at him even.

"I may go where I choose, I am not a Russian subject."

"You cannot!" repeated the soldier, but in vaine, for Mme. de Dugarcy seemed not to hear him. At the sight of a fair lady in full dress passing him without minding his threats the man hesitated to use violence. The weak woman compelled the strong man to respect her.

"Colonel!" he called at last.

Palkin appeared at once.

"What is it? Miss, do you wish to be sent to jail?"

When the lady saw Palkins she said:

"Order this man to let me leave? I advise you, moreover, to be more polite or I shall complain to his majesty the emperor. I am Mme. de Dugarcy of the French Legation."

Mme. de Dugarcy was at that time one of the most brilliant stars in the great world of St. Petersburg; her name was on every body's lips. Palkin knew her relations to the empress very accurately. He bit his lips and said:

"Of course that changes matters. But as I do not have the honor of knowing you personally I shall send a gendarme with you. As soon as your identity is established I shall not fail to apologize at your embassy. I regret I cannot act differently, but duty first."

Then bowing coolly he told the soldier:

"You are no longer needed here. Follow this lady and do not leave her for a moment."

"Yes, colonel."

"Madame, you can go now. That gentleman, however, will stay here till further orders."

"Pardon me," said the lady, very firmly. "Mr. Popoff's arm and protection are indispensable to me. I must take several important steps today, and your gendarme cannot well pay visits with me."

"You forget that the gentleman is a Russian subject," said Palkin, impatiently.

"A truce to these formalities," said Mme. de Dugarcy, haughtily. "Mr. Popoff is just now under the protection of France. He gives me his arm and that settles the question. Use force if you dare."

"Cautious, madame; be cautious. Diplomatic privileges do not go quite so far. The emperor shall know all."

"What!" exclaimed the young lady. Now you threaten me with the emperor? Very well, I shall drive from here directly to the Winter Palace and explain it all to the emperor. Gendarme, get me a coach."

"You will not take your eye from this person!" said Palkin, bowing.

She motioned to Jana, who, half fainting, awaited the end of this scene to keep up her courage and went down stairs, leaning on Popoff's arm. The gendarme had brought a droschke, she took a seat and ordered the coachman to drive as fast as he could to the Winter Palace.

They had barely left when from the opposite direction another droschke appeared, and Schelm, with a huge portfolio under his arm, got out.

It was, perhaps, 2 o'clock in the morning when Count Wernin's valet waked him from profound sleep and announced that a strange lady, in company with Count Lanin's secretary, wished to see him. A gendarme, he said, accompanied her. Wernin arose reluctantly and somewhat impatiently put on a gorgeous dressing gown. When he entered the reception room he found there Popoff and Mme. de Dugarcy, warming themselves at the fire. The gendarme stood at the door. The Frenchwoman had found it impossible to see the emperor at this hour and therefore came to Jana's father.

The old man wept bitterly when he heard the terrible news, and cried: "That is Schelm's revenge! My poor, poor child! I shall see Schelm at once and fall at his feet. My son-in-law is innocent! I'll sacrifice my whole fortune to save him!"

"If your excellency should not succeed it will be my turn to act," said Popoff.

Wernin looked at him astonished.

"Who are you?"

"I am Count Vladimir's secretary, and owe him everything. Before I came to him I was employed in Schelm's office, and I have a weapon which in my hands may not be very dangerous, but—"

"What do you mean?"

"That in the hands of your excellency this weapon is mightier than all the gold of Russia."

"Why don't you tell me at once what weapon it is?"

"Clear evidence that Schelm has stolen money and that the count is innocent. But these documents can only be submitted to the emperor himself."

Wernin sank exhausted into a chair.

"The emperor! Only yesterday I could have done that! But tomorrow they will arrest me as the father-in-law of a man who is accused of having conspired against the person of the emperor, and I shall never obtain an audience. Your weapon is useless."

The Frenchwoman interrupted him.

"I am Jana's friend and I can always reach the emperor! Intrust those papers to me! Monday the burgesses will give a great ball, at which the emperor will certainly appear. I promise you I will speak to him and hand him the papers!"

Wernin shook his head.

"Idle hopes! You are not allowed to address the emperor at a ball!"

"What a gentleman may not do a lady can, and what is forbidden a Russian is permitted a foreigner. Besides I take the responsibility!"

"Ah! my lady," exclaimed Wernin, "if you could do that!"

"Certainly, it shall be done! And now Mr. Popoff, may I ask for those papers?"

"Only as a last resource, when everything else fails, can this weapon be used, for as it crushes Schelm it crushes me also. When a poor man rises to overthrow a great man he generally perishes first."

"But who can be this man Schelm?" she asked, filled with awe and terror.

"He is the man who watches over the safety of the empire, works in secret, concocts conspiracies."

"Now I understand! A policeman, a spy on a large scale. Ah, the more zealously shall I work for you. Mr. Popoff, what are your plans now?"

"Your excellency will go on Monday to Schelm and offer him a large sum of money. Perhaps the countess will go with you. If you fail I'll go to him at night. In the meantime you will go the ball and wait for me there. If I cannot bring you the count's pardon I shall at least bring you irrefutable proof of Schelm's criminality."

"Your son-in-law is innocent?" asked Mme. de Dugarcy.

"Beyond all doubt. Vladimir must be innocent. Schelm's association with the conspiracy proves it. I predicted the man would avenge himself."

"I swear to save the count," said Popoff.

"Count upon my gratitude, young man," replid Wernin.

"And now I must go," said Mme. de Dugarcy. "Tomorrow morning I'll come and see Jana, and I am always ready to serve you."

"A thousand thanks," said Wernin, kissing her hand.

When the lady reached the door the gendarme stopped her.

"Does your companion remain here?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed! I return to the French legation."

"You cannot do that. I am ordered not to lose sight of both of you."

She said smiling to Nicholas:

"Mr. Popoff, you will have to spend the night at the embassy. Nothing can be done with this man."

"Oh, God!" cried Wernin, when he was alone, "take my life, but save my children!"

And the old counsellor remained all night sitting before the fire, wrapped in dark and dismal thoughts.

The bells began to ring merry and the streets were full of people. The gilt cupolas of St. Isaacs and Our Dear Lady of Kasam shone in the sun. All Petersburg was in gala dress; it was Sunday, the day following the events just mentioned.

The fort of Peter and Paul, the foundations of which are laid on the bed of the Neva, seemed alone to keep aloof from the universal joyousness. The rays of the sun seemed to be unable to warm these sad walls, and the dense enveloping fog gave to it the appearance of a tomb. The bells of the fort rang, to be sure, like all others, but their sound came low and sorrowful, as if tolling for a funeral.

The casements, on a level with the river, have to be lit by day and by night with oil lamps. The prisoners are fearful. Cell No. 12, at the end of a corridor, lies opposite to a grated door, that is covered over with bars and padlocks. This door leads to a few steps which descend to the river. Here, as everywhere, the walls are damp and cracked in many places; the dirty, uneven floor consists of bricks; the vaulted ceiling is very low; the small window heavily grated outside, nothing but the waves of the Neva can be seen. And yet the keepers open this cell only reluctantly; never as long as any other cell is unoccupied. For this cell has its own grewsome story. A large number of unhappy beings have here ended their lives, and if tradition may be believed, the famous Princess Tarakoff also perished here in the waves, when, in 1787, her cell was suddenly flooded. In the year 1849 an old keeper was still alive who vowed he had seen the corpse of the wretched lady, as it was found after the waters had subsided. The rats, however, had left nothing but the skeleton of the beautiful woman. On the evening of the day, which had just passed, a rich capture seemed to have been made, for 11 times in succession the ponderous gates of the fortress had been opened. At last all was full, and Miller of Millertown was sent to the ill-fated cell. He rested his elbows on the small table, the one article in the cell, and was sunk in deep meditation. Fifteen hours had gone by since his arrest, and he could not yet recover his usual calmness. He was emphatically a man of action, of energy, and preserved even in battle his incomparable repose, while giving proof of his matchless boldness and resolution. But now alone in his dungeon, he had ample time to reflect, and with reflection came conscientious scruples and apprehension.

"Well," he said to himself, "it is done! Schelm has conquered and I have committed the most horrible deed that human imagination can well devise. I shrank from myself. Ten of Hearts, that brave, loyal colonel, will be shot or hanged, or sentenced to lifelong labor in the mines! Four of Hearts, the young man, full of trust and confidence, at whose mother's table I dined recently, is in prison! The treasurer of the ministry of finance, who had remained honest these thirty years, was tempted by me and by my misleading words. I have used my talents—for I have it in me to become a leader of men—to ruin nine men by taking them into a conspiracy of which they did not even dream. And Vladimir! I cannot think of him! I do not believe in parson's tales—but if there should really be a just God—"

And now Miller began to speak, as is often the case in solitary confinement, to an invisible person:

"Do you know that Schelm is capable of deceiving me even yet? The world knows no greater rascal than Schelm. I may, after all, have committed this fearful crime in vain. Why is he not here? I have waited so long already. He ought to have been here to give me my money and my freedom. He is really cruel to keep me waiting so long. I long for fresh air. I long for the wide, wide world! I must flee from Russia and try to forget all. Oh, my former misery, how I now envy you.

"There below me flows the river, farther on is the Baltic, then Germany, France and England. There I want to forget Vladimir, Schelm, Russia, the Czar and Siberia. But where is the rascal? Does he not know that with one blow I can knock over the whole cunning structure of his intrigue?"

Suddenly he paused in his walk, a rat ran across the floor, climbed up on the damp wall and disappeared in a crack near the window.

"That was only a rat—one of those that will eat me here, for Schelm is capable of forgetting me. If he should betray me as I betrayed them."

The rat had been frightened by a noise in the passage. Miller's heart began to beat violently when he heard the door open slowly and saw the lantern of the keeper, who was followed by another person. It was Schelm, who sent back the keeper, and remained alone with his victim.

"At last!" exclaimed Miller. "I have waited for you impatiently. I think I should have lost my mind if you had not come."

Schelm smiled knowingly.

"I come to keep my word, because I am fully satisfied. Here are 100,000 roubles. Are you content?"

"Perfectly, if I can live away from here. But that is not all. When shall I be free again? You come surely to give me liberty."

"Not exactly," replied Schelm. "Your evidence will be required. Lanin will deny, no doubt; he will have to be convicted."

"Another step down in my humiliation."

"Yes, you two will be confronted with each other!"

"Spare me that—only that! I would rather take my life than to look into his eyes after what has happened."

"Be calm, foolish man! Your wish shall be granted, but your evidence is needed. This alone will secure your liberation."

"You will not spare this poor young man, Schelm?"

"Look at me! Do I look like a man who spares an enemy? His cell adjoins yours!"

Miller went quickly over to the other side. "Will you soon let me out of this cursed hole?" he asked with trembling voice.

"Certainly, next week!" said Schelm, hastily going out.

No sooner, however, did he reach the passage than he shrugged his shoulders and ordered the next cell to be opened—Vladimir's.

Lanin had spent 16 hours here. At midnight he had been arrested; at 2 o'clock cast into this fearful cell; now it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He ate a little of the black bread left by the keeper and looked out of the small window. The Neva was flowing close under it; he could not even see a piece of the sky above. The setting sun, reflected from the surface of the river, cast a greenish, unhealthy light on the prison walls. At this moment the door opened and Schelm entered. Lanin shook with excitement when he saw who it was. The keeper remained outside without closing the door.

In a moment Vladimir was at the threshold, and with one look at his adversary asked him:

"Perhaps you can explain why this has been done to me, as you seem to have the thread of this intrigue in your hand."

A devilish, scornful laugh was Schelm's only answer.

"You laugh!" exclaimed Lanin, "and yet you know that I am innocent."

Schelm raised his dirty, crooked forefinger and said ironically:

"Innocent? Why, this is news!"

Vladimir seized him by his coat.

"Mr. Schelm, explain yourself. I allowed perhaps an unbecoming jest to pass when I ought to have checked it; you wish to punish me for it, and certainly I have been punished already, Mr. Schelm. I have suffered, suffered agony. I repent that jest. Shorten now my sufferings and release me."

Schelm smiled, continually feasting his eyes and his mind at the sight of his victim's suffering.

"You answer not. What more do you want of me, my fortune? Take it! I know you are omnipotent; remember that we once were comrades!"

"What nonsense are you talking," suddenly said Schelm. "You do not see before you Mr. Schelm, whom you once knew, and who may have had reason to be offended by your conduct. No! You have now to do with the head of a division in the ministry of the interior, who comes here to examine and sees in the prisoner solely a man accused of high treason."

Vladimir looked into his eyes; Schelm could not endure his honest scrutiny.

"Do you think I am guilty?" asked Lanin, trying to master his indignation. "The letters on your portfolio made it clear to me that this is your revenge. Do you know that I have ever conspired."

"For two months my agents have been looking for the Ace of Clubs, the head of this disgraceful conspiracy. You yourself acknowledged that you were the Ace of Clubs!"

"I? Great God! But you know this is vile slander." I will not be ruined, however. I have many friends and kinsmen!"

Schelm laughed aloud.

"The man who once conspires against the emperor loses friends and kinsmen at once. Young man, be candid, try to tell me the truth and your honest confession may soften the emperor's just wrath."

An unusual noise was heard at this instant. Spurs sounded and swords struck the stone floor. There were hurried steps of soldiers. Four men with torches preceded the newcomers. On the threshhold appeared the governor of the fortress, in company with the emperor's aide, Count Lanin. Schelm turned deadly pale. Vladimir quickly approached the door and called out:

"Villain, my friends and kinsmen have not deserted me. Dear uncle, save me!"

The general kept him back coldly.

"If this gentleman told you that you had no kinsmen he was perfectly right. I did not come to set you free, nor to pity you, because you have deserved your fate. I come in obedience to an order of his majesty the emperor, who does not wish to see our name forever disgraced, in consideration of my faithful services."

As soon as Schelm noticed the drift of affairs he endeavored to poison the mind of the count.

"Your excellency," he said, "let us begin the investigation."

Count Lanin looked at him severely.

"My words were not addressed to you. From personal regard the emperor has deigned to suppress this affair in quiet without judicial sentence. The men were caught in the act. The criminal here present has himself confessed that he was the anonymous head of the conspiracy. What good could an investigation do? His majesty the emperor has graciously ordered that all proceedings shall be stopped out of consideration for the name which I unfortunately bear. You are exiled to Siberia as a simple colonist, not as a private soldier, nor as one condemned to forced labor in the mines. Considering the magnitude of the crime this is very mild punishment. In like manner your fellow-conspirators, also, will be sent to Siberia. His majesty thus richly rewards my modest services. Be grateful, young fool, and forget, under the smock frock which you will hereafter wear, the name you have covered with shame!"

Vladimir listened to his uncle's words perfectly dumbfounded. His uncle had so far always shown him an affection which approached weakness. The manner in which he now spoke showed him that he would never be able to justify himself since his nearest relatives doubted his innocence. Still he was indignant at such injustice.

"Uncle!" he cried, "I want to be tried. I demand an inquiry. I am innocent. I am the victim of a wretched intrigue!"

This language of despair touched the old gentleman deeply; he replied, therefore, in a milder tone:

"You are out of your senses. Instead of attempting to defend yourself try, rather, to conduct yourself well. The czar is graciously inclined towards you, and perhaps in ten years—"

"But I swear I am innocent. Let me tell you—"

"Enough!" said Wernin, sternly. "Have the courage at least to confess your crime; your accomplices have confessed all."

"I beseech you be kind enough to listen to me."

"Not a word more. Day after tomorrow you start for Siberia. And you," he added, turning to Schelm, "you have nothing more to do here. Follow me."

"Uncle, as God is my judge—"

But the torches had already disappeared; the door groaned, and Vladimir was once more alone in his cell.

The sun had set. Instead of the greenish shimmer which had been reflected from the waters of the Neva, night had come, and darkness had covered all. The poor, despairing prisoner, unable to bear all this at once, threw himself on the damp floor and wept.

Schelm had in the meantime left the prison. In the passage the general, leaning on the arm of the commandant of the fortress, had curtly dismissed him. The head of division remained standing in the dark passage.

His thirst for revenge was not completely satisfied; he had hoped to see Vladimir hanged or at least sent into the mines; the czar's mercy made him furious. The jailer interrupted his dark meditations by asking humbly:

"Does your excellency go up?"

"No!" replied Schelm. "Open No. 12 once more and remain at hand as long as I am speaking with the prisoner!"

Miller had become more quiet and was eating a piece of the dry black prison bread, when the door opened a second time and Schelm appeared on the threshold. His face looked so ominous that Miller sprang up, seized with sudden apprehension.

"Not one of you is to be tried! The czar's pardon includes every one of you. I no longer need your evidence and you will never see me again. The money you may keep!"

"And my liberation?" asked Miller, trembling.

"Ha! ha! ha! A conspirator wants to be set free! I wish you farewell, Miller; in Siberia remember me!"

Miller was about to fall upon Schelm. He would have killed him upon the spot. He hurt himself against the iron-bound door which the jailer had closed at the right moment. When Schelm saw himself safe he rubbed his hands with joy.

In the meantime Miller shouted so loud that the words were heard through the thick, stout door:

"You do not know me yet! And if I were buried in the mines of Siberia you should not escape my revenge."

"What powerful lungs the man has," said Schelm to his companion. "He has missed his vocation. The czar likes to have men in his army who can give loud orders—he might have become a general."

The jailer opened his eyes wide. Schelm patted him on the shoulder affectionately.

"Well, in Siberia they will have enough to tell each other. That will be nicer still," he added with his Satanic smile.

## CHAPTER XI.

As the search in Lanin's house was fruitless, Paikin had withdrawn his gendarmes and left Jana perfectly free.

It was not 10 o'clock yet and the clerks had not yet begun work in the offices, although it was Monday when Wernin and his daughter entered the ministry of the interior and sent their cards to the head of the division. Schelm sent word that he was engaged with the minister and could not see them before 7 in the evening. The whole day was to pass in this fearful anxiety. No, Jana resolved to call on the minister himself. Popoff, however, showed her how dangerous such a step would be, as all chance of bribing Schelm would thus be lost.

"The minister knows the whole affair from Schelm's report only. He would send us straight back to him."

"What can be done? I cannot live in this uncertainty. I am dying of apprehension."

"We must be patient till 7 o'clock. I shall go with you, countess, and wait for you in the carriage. If you do not succeed, my turn will come. We shall have time enough before the ball."

In the meantime Mme. de Dugarcy had come in. "What news?" she asked.

"Alas! no news as yet. Have you heard anything?"

"Yes, indeed. I know that your husband left the theatre in search of you. He had heard a conversation between two men in the pit, who asserted they had seen you come out of a gambling hell which I had made a meeting place for mysterious purposes. He had run out of the theatre like a madman in company with your friend Miller, whom I have never trusted in spite of your friendship for him. Since then no one has seen him."

"What?" cried Jana, excited. "Vladimir could doubt me!"

"What could you expect, dearest? Think of his great love, his jealousy, the eccentricities for which people are kind enough to blame me, and especially your not coming. It was evidently a preconcerted plan. Prince Max, who told me all this, said a few moments ago: 'I do not understand it at all. Lanin is accused of belonging to a conspiracy, and was arrested in an unknown house.' Then he whispered into my ear: 'This is a secret of state; they have used your name and mine.' Your husband, you must know, had asked the Prince to challenge that man in the pit. This is all I have been able to learn, but it is enough. They have made use of my name also, and I am determined to clear up the whole affair. I mean to support you with all my power, but it will be a difficult task. Everybody trembles at the mere mention of your name."

"Dear Rita, how vulgar the world is, how wicked at the same time! For myself, however, I feel that I love my husband a thousand times more since his unhappiness."

"What a rascal and what a formidable adversary that man Schelm is," said the Frenchwoman.

"How cl ingly he has devised the whole plan," replied Jana. "For now I doubt no longer that he is the author of all our misfortunes. I saw him. He came here on the pretense of having the house searched. He knew beforehand that he would find nothing and showed it by the haste with which he went through it. But the question is: What can we do?"

Popoff said: "Madame, this evening at 7 Count Wernin and our dear countess here will call on Schelm. I shall wait for the result of their interview in the carriage. You, madame, will have the kindness to appear at the masked ball and to tell the countess how she may recognize you. If Schelm should refuse to listen to our offers I'll go and see him, and will warrant that he will not refuse me. The countess will then accompany the count, her father, to the ball, and will have the kindness to wait for me at the foot of the staircase. I shall be there at 10 at the latest. Then the countess will tell you what is next to be done.

"I shall appear tonight in a black domino. You shall recognize me by the camellia I shall wear, but I shall, of course, see your father, who will be at your side."

"No doubt."

"Remember, however, madame, that you must speak to the Emperor at all hazards," said Popoff. "This will be your last opportunity, because from this time you will be looked upon as connected with the family of an exile."

"Do not fear," replied Mme. de Dugarcy. "I am not a Russian subject; I shall, therefore, always be able to approach the Emperor."

"Ah!" said Jana, "when it becomes clear that Vladimir's innocence cannot be established, will you then still be free to visit us? Will not your husband separate us?"

Mme. de Dugarcy hung her head, for that morning she had been informed at the embassy that soon she would no longer be at liberty to enter the house of a man who was accused of high treason.

"Tonight, however," she said, "each one must do his duty. I promise I shall do all in my power. Your husband is, in my eyes, perfectly innocent, and I shall spare no trouble to establish his innocence. At the ball we shall meet again, Mr. Popoff, prepare your amunition."

"Madame," said Popoff, decisively, "I warrant the victory."

"God grant it," sighed Jana.

At 7 o'clock Mr. Schelm received the count and his daughter with that cold and stiff official air which he assumed with his subordinates. The councillor offered him a million rubles, then half of his whole fortune. Jana—proud Jana—humbled herself before him, and with tears in her eyes begged for mercy. It was all in vain.

Schelm, whose eyes began to sparkle as he exulted in the offers of the old man and the humiliation of Jana, who knelt before him, only answered coldly:

"I am out of the question now. But calm yourselves. The Czar is merciful. The criminals will be sent as colonists to Siberia. That is the limit of punishment."

"But you know that Vladimir is innocent," exclaimed Jana.

Schelm removed his spectacles and played the part of an astonished man to perfection.

"Innocent! He? The Ace of Clubs, the head of the conspiracy?"

"Enough of this farce, this hypocrisy," cried Jana, indignantly. "You avenge yourself for an innocent jest and your revenge is terrible. You alone have invented the whole conspiracy, or, at least, with devilish cunning, managed to involve my husband in this affair!"

Schelm piously folded his hands.

"I appreciate your grief, madame, but I cannot help you. Calm yourself; go home and send for a physician."

He rang a bell and a clerk entered.

"Please accompany these visitors down. Pardon me, my time is not my own."

"Be careful, Mr. Schelm," said Jana. "We shall fight till our last breath."

"I shall move heaven and earth to discover this infamous plot. Do you hear, wretch!" cried Wernin, furious at the discourtesy shown his daughter.

Schelm shrugged his shoulders and said to the clerk:

"Accompany this poor old man and his daughter down stairs and see to it that they do not fall."

"Very well," said Jana. "We will go, but beware!"

"At last!" said Schelm. "I have not humiliated this proud woman enough yet. I must crush her. Well, I wonder how they will enjoy the separation. Sometimes these high personages escape us after all."

After 10 minutes' profound meditation a knock was heard at the door. In answer to his "walk in," a clerk handed him a letter.

"There is a man waiting down stairs who wants to be announced at once. He has written his name and says your excellency will no doubt receive him."

"Nicholas Popoff!" exclaimed Schelm, with a glance at the card. "Let him come up at once. When he does come look well at him."

"Very well, your excellency."

"As soon as he is in my bureau you will hasten to the nearest police station and ask for two policemen; these you will station at the entrance of the ministry. When the stranger leaves me you will accompany him, and under some pretext, hand him over to the police. You know him. I am sorry he used to be employed here."

"I have been here only two months."

"Then look at him all the more carefully. He is a very dangerous fellow. Let him be searched carefully and bring me everything that is found on him."

"Your Excellency," said the clerk, "Col. Palkin happens to in be the Minister's bureau, I might perhaps—"

"Do what I have ordered," said Schelm. "You deliver this man into the hands of the police, if I should not change my mind. In that case I shall say, 'I do not wish to see any one.' That will be a sign for you to send the policemen back. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, your Excellency!"

"Now send the stranger up."

"Ha! ha!" cried Schelm, delighted. "He alone was still waiting. He comes into my net of his own accord."

The clerk comes back ushering in Popoff. He drew near to Schelm.

"Ah! Is that you?" said Schelm. "What can you wish?"

"A mere trifle, Count Lanin's pardon."

Schelm sprang up from his chair.

"Count Lanin's! What have you to do with Lanin?"

"I am his secretary. He took me in when I was driven away from here. I wrote to you at that time that I should keep silent unless I was attacked. I have kept silent. Now you persecute my benefactor and rob me of my daily bread. You will not wonder if I defend myself, therefore. I say I ask for Count Lanin's pardon. Stop, I expressed myself badly: I ask for documents establishing his innocence and the immediate stopping of all proceedings against him."

"Ha! ha!" said Schelm, as soon as he had gradually recovered from his first surprise. "Now I have the key of the whole mystery in my hand! I allowed you to finish your speech. That ought to be enough for you. If you wish for an answer here it is: You are a rebellious and dishonest clerk! Away! Out of my sight!"

Popoff drew still nearer.

"I shall not go till I have what I want. I have proof against you in my hands."

"Ha! ha! a copy of a few lines! show me your proof. The low clerk Popoff against the head of division. That is laughable, but I will take pity and talk with you as my accomplice. The old certificate is already in my possession—yours has no value. Nobody will inquire about the means if the end is only attained. That is what you yourself said. The minister will even thank me for having acted thus. To whom will you show your paper? At best to some subordinate official. . . . You had better listen to me, my friend. Give me back that paper and perhaps I'll pardon you. Although it is of no value to any one, I do not like my signature to be seen in the world."

"I shall only exchange it for the freedom of the count."

"Are you insane?" cried Schelm. "Is it for you to make conditions? I can have you arrested, searched and stripped of every paper you possess."

"You are right," replied Popoff coolly. "In my hands this little sheet of paper may be worth little enough, but in the hand of Count Lanin or his wife it goes quite far, and if you do not do what I ask I shall hand it to some one and tell the whole story to the emperor's aid. You can have me searched; you will find nothing. . . Pardon me," he added, as he noticed that Schelm was reaching for the bell; "please do not play with it!"

Popoff's voice sounded so threatening that Schelm turned round. There he stood, aiming at his former chief, with a pistol in his hand and his eye glowed with such irrevocable decision that Schelm was for the moment paralyzed.

"Ha, ha! You thought I would call on you unarmed, Mr. Schelm. You were about to ring, to have me arrested, searched and sentenced to lifelong confinement. You would search my papers in vain! I have waited till the last moment, because I knew very well that if I take your life I jeopardize my own also. The moment, therefore, you move or call I kill you like a mad dog. They will rush up as soon as the shot is heard, arrest me, and then I shall tell all I know, and they will soon find out, in addition, all I do not know. I count upon the scandal being big enough to reach the highest personages. I sacrifice myself, but I save the count, and he will not let my mother suffer, nor my betrothed, nor my brother."

Schelm had lost his mind entirely, and turned deadly pale.

"To threaten me with a pistol—here in the ministry of the interior—such a thing has never happened in Russia. You are mad!"

"We must finish our business!" said Popoff, raising his pistol.

"Tell me what you want!" stammered Schelm.

"I have told you twice the documents proving Count Lanin's innocence!"

"How can I furnish them when the count is guilty? I know nothing—I can do nothing—I have no proofs."

"Enough!" cried Popoff, toying with the trigger. "Will you do my bidding or not?"

"I'll try, I'll endeavor, and after all I do not care so much for him."

"What fools men are in the face of danger," sneered Popoff, contemptuously. "You keep me waiting, hoping that somebody may come and save you. Do you think I'll leave your room and be arrested as I come out? I can find the papers myself. They are there, in the concealed niche behind the portrait of Alexander. Open it at once!"

Schelm was beside himself. If looks could kill men, Schelm's would have annihilated Popoff instantly.

A second time Popoff touched the trigger. Schelm bowed low as if to avoid the ball. Almost unconsciously he went up to the picture, touched the spring and, muttering curses, opened the box.

"Now stop!" cried Popoff. "I'll find the papers and return them when Count Lanin is set free!"

Schelm stood there as if struck by lightning and tried to master his fury. Popoff stepped up to take the papers. This forced him for an instant to turn the pistol aside from Schelm's head. This was the critical moment. The same instant Schelm sprang aside, and, with almost supernatural strength, closed the swinging portrait of the Czar, so that Popoff was almost crushed between it and the wall behind.

Now Schelm laughed aloud and threw himself into a chair to wipe the perspiration off his face and catch breath.

Popoff, although struck hard, suffered no injury. He tried to ascertain where he was, and noticed that he was imprisoned in a space about six feet high and three feet wide. Soon he felt sick and the blood rose to his head. Evidently there was no ventilation. He began to shout; then he tried to recover the pistol which he had dropped, but it was too dark to see anything. Now despair seized him and he began to strike the walls with his fists, knowing that he would soon lose his consciousness. Suddenly he felt an acute pain in one hand. He had struck something harder than the wall. At the same time he began to breathe more freely and thought at once that he must have struck a secret spring which opened a concealed outlet.

"I am not yet lost!" he cried, joyfully.

Popoff was as cunning in mind as resolute in action. He put as many papers as he could seize in his pocket and felt along the passage which he had accidentally discovered. It was so narrow that he could only proceed sideways. A little distance further on it took a different direction, and Popoff perceived a faint glimmer of light, which came through a small opening from an adjoining room, evidently connected with Schelm's private office.

Soon Popoff was at the end of the passage and could look into that room. The light came from a lamp standing on a table and the sound of several voices conversing, struck Popoff's ear. He hesitated, but suddenly he heard behind him Schelm's voice crying out:

"That man is the devil himself, he has discovered the secret passage!"

For nothing in the world would Popoff fall again into the power of his enemy. He gathered his whole strength and burst open the door. There was a great noise, a desk was evidently moved in great haste and Popoff found himself in a large, gorgeously furnished and brilliantly lighted apartment.

An elderly man in the uniform of a general, the colonel of the gendarmes and several officials looked at him amazed and at the same time curious.

"The minister!" exclaimed Popoff; "I am lost."

"Who is that man? How did he get in here? How does he know the secret passage?" asked Count Perowski.

Palkin observed the newcomer attentively.

"Ho, ho!" he exclaimed. "I have seen that man at Count Lanin's. He must be one of the conspirators. Are they to be found even in the ministry of the interior? I recognize the man!"

He approached him, put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"I arrest you."

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"The colonel of the gendarmes, Palkin," reflected Popoff. "He is Schelm's bitterest enemy. Now I shall at least avenge the count and get me a splendid general. You, colonel," he said aloud, "I am your prisoner!"

Behind the furniture that had been upset by Popoff's violent entry Schelm's frightened face now appeared.

"Hold him fast. Arrest him. He is a dangerous man, a former clerk of mine! He has stolen secret papers from the ministry; he must be searched and the papers taken from him."

"Pardon me!" said Popoff. "I am ready to confess all. I do possess secret papers of the ministry of the interior and shall hand them over to Col. Palkin, who will have the kindness to peruse them. The head of the gendarmes must know everything. I have many revelations to make!"

"That is a different matter!" said Palkin. "Will your excellence permit me to send at once for two of my men?"

"I have already two policemen below for this man," observed Schelm.

"Thank you!" replied Palkin, who guessed that there was a secret here. "We can manage it alone!"

"But these are our own secret affairs," said Schelm, "by what right?"

"Do not resist!" said Count Perowski. "We certainly have no secrets for the head of the gendarmes."

With a commanding gesture of the hand the minister made an end to the scene, and dismissed the persons present.

CHAPTER XII.

The Emperor Nicholas had appeared at the ball at about 10 o'clock, and a few moments later on put on his cap, thus intimating that now, by the favor of the czar, all etiquette was set aside. From this moment the monarch's presence was ignored. He actually got more than once into a crowd and received many a slight push, but these little accidents amused him greatly, and he was always delighted when several times a year he could thus come down from the attitude of his position. Moreover, every mask was at liberty to address him, and even to indulge in pleasantries if he assented—the one condition being that no business matter must be introduced. The emperor was thus walking up and down in the ballroom, and seemed to be highly amused by the merry company of a black domino with a white camelia. She seemed to entertain him so well that he showed no desire to leave the room, with its motley crowd of merry masks. Alone in the joyful assembly and hidden behind a pillar stood Jana, wrapped in the wide folds of a dark domino, her father standing by her in simple ball costume. The emperor had not noticed Wernin, who kept his place near the principal entrance, while Jana followed in feverish excitement every gesture of the czar and the elegant mask.

It struck 10.30. Jana whispered to her father with a sigh:

"No sign of him! And yet he promised he would be here before 10."

"What is it, Jana?" said a low voice close to her ear. The black domino with the camellia had left the emperor and was now at her side.

"Nothing," replied the countess; "as yet we know nothing. And yet it is time he should be here. The emperor has promised me he will not leave the ball before 11.30. I have promised then to take off my mask and let him know who I am. But at midnight he will be gone, and we shall never find a better opportunity."

"Can he also be a traitor?" whispered Jana.

"Jana!" said her father. "Stay here. I'll drive to the ministry; perhaps I can hear something there!"

"Quick, dearest father! I shall wait here patiently."

"Are you afraid of remaining here alone?"

"How could I be afraid, when we work for my husband?"

"I must also go. When you see me again on the emperor's arm and you have any papers to hand him, do not fear, but step up boldly before him!"

She disappeared in the crowd and Jana remained alone, anxiously watching the staircase, where she expected every moment to see Popoff appear. She saw nothing. She did not even notice a small crowd of merry young officers of the guard who came down from the galleries rather noisily. They had all of them been drinking heavily, especially Prince Max, who led them. His eyes fell upon Jana. The wonderful grace with which her whole presence was impregnated; her delicate, beautifully shaped foot excited his curiosity. He stopped to look at her and then said: "She must be wonderfully fair."

Then he pointed out the solitary domino to his friends: Jana said nothing until the prince slightly touched her arm. She turned round quickly, and at the sight of these young men, who had evidently had too much wine, she uttered a little cry of terror.

"Fear not, fair mask," said the prince; "we are all admirers of yours. Choose from among us a partner. So fair a mask must not be left alone."

"Gentlemen," said Jana in a low tone of voice, "I beseech you to leave me."

"Oh, you cruel one, you wait for some one, and we are all in love with you!"

"Your highness is mistaken," said Jana, "Have pity on me!"

"Ah! You know me?" laughed the prince. "Now I shall not think of leaving you. Come, let us take a walk into the room and I will bring you back in time for the happy one—"

The countess trembled in all her limbs.

"I must remain here. You do nat know—I pray you will leve me alone—such persistence is rudeness."

"What! You mean to scold us?" said the prince. "Pray, your arm!" And once more he touched her arm. Jana, in her indignation, struck him with her fan, saying:

"Has no one here respect for ladies?"

The officers drew back, but the prince, half angry and half amused by the scene was about to repeat his appeal, when a strong hand moved the officers aside, and Wernin, pale and out of breath, offered Jana his arm.

"Come, child, let us leave this place as soon as possible. All is lost. Popoff has been arrested. I saw him in a droschke between two gendarmes."

"It is his daughter," said several voices. "It is the Countess Lanin. And here at a ball! When her husband is suffering in prison, she goes to a ball!"

Jana was almost fainting. Her father supported her, measuring the crowd around him as it increased, with proud, angry looks.

All of a sudden the crowd stepped aside full of awe. All heads bowed. An imperious voice asked:

"What is this noise?"

The Emperor Nicholas appeared in the centre of the crowd. He faced poor, trembling Jana and her father, who had been carried away by his indignation. The sudden stillness startled Jana. When she raised her eyes she saw the czar.

At sight of him she pulled off her mask and cried, falling at the monarch's feet: "Your majesty, I am the wife of Count Lanin and beg to ask for one favor only."

"What is it?"

"They tell me my husband has sinned against the empire, but that does not make him cease to be my husband. Your majesty's justice has sentenced him to exile. Will your majesty's high favor grant me leave to follow him to Siberia?"

The emperor's eye grew milder and a benevolent expression appeared on his features.

"Poor woman, your wish shall be fulfilled!"

He raised her and offered her his arm.

"And now allow me to see you to your carriage. This is no place for you!"

Casting a stern look at the bystanders, the emperor left the ball, poor Jana hanging on his arm.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The snow was frozen hard and glittered on the fields, reflecting every ray of the sun, in all the colors of the rainbow.

Below, on the valley the Volga flowed, as though through an enormous, narrow pass. Everywhere all things were white with golden stars. The road, which here faithfully follows the river, looks like another narrow defile, surpassing the former in depth. To the left the horizon is boundless, to the right a dark line of evergreen forests confine the view. This black edge gives to the landscape the appearance of a mourning dress, made for a gigantic woman. Black and white meet, contrasting violently.

Not a cloud on the sky, not a breath of air stirring. The sun shines in full splendor, but the rays are pale and cold. A coach, put upon a sledge, pushing on diligently along the high road beside the river, looked at a distance like a little black insect creeping busily along upon the snow. The ringing of the horses' bells leave a mournful sadness in this vast solitude.

Far away, a dark spot became gradually visible on the white ground. It was the toll booth of Kasan, which the fast travelling coach soon reached. Here the snow, trod under foot by men and horses, had changed into mud, and all around an unwonted activity became perceptible. Many sleighs, covered with furs, another coach, many open, and a crowd of men, were awaiting the raising of the huge beam, which, like a colossal latch, closed the road to Kasan. Men rubbed their hands to warm them, and animals trembled with frost.

Every five minutes the toll bar rose and each time a sleigh was passed through, but was stopped immediately again before a small house which stood close by the toll gate. This was a dirty, damp hut, with a very small window that gave it the appearance of a prison, and whenever the door opened vile odors came steaming forth.

In spite of that the hut seemed to be clothed with a certain importance because every one seemed to enter it with a feeling of anxiety. The driver, who on the road, had sung so merrily and talked to his horse so amicably, now took off his fur cap, scratched himself behind the ear and looked around shyly. The wealthy merchant, who, during the journey, had with a smile of satisfaction calculated his daily profits, here made a deep and lowly bow, and even the bojar, who had a few minutes before haughtily looked through the windows of his comfortable coach at his humbler fellow-travellers, here took off his sable tolpac with a certain respect.

Only after closing the door of the little hut behind them did the driver recover his usual good humor. The merchant began once more to calculate and the bojar to settle his topac, and all mounted their sleighs in a better frame of mind.

This little house was the residence of the police official who inspected the passports and established the identity of the travellers.

Near by stood a picket of Cossacks, ready to be at hand upon a sign of the officer.

The coach upon the sledge stopped at the tollgate. The postilion got down and walked about to warm his feet. One window of the coach was lowered and a man of 50, with pleasant and gentle features, asked:

"Is this the tollhouse?"

"Yes," replied the postilion, "we are near Kasan."

The man who had put his head out of the window drew back and said to the ladies within:

"We are stopping at the tollhouse and will have to show our passports."

In the coach there were four travellers; three ladies and one man. The person whom the latter addressed was a woman in the bloom of youth and of extraordinary beauty. The splendid furs in which she was wrapped from head to foot spoke of princely wealth. An old woman who sat by her was decently but modestly dressed. On the other seat, by the gentleman, sat a girl, the very type of a maid. A snub nose, lively eyes and a sharp look gave her features an expression of gayety, which contrasted strangely with the sadness impressed upon the faces of the travellers as upon the landscape without. The young lady who looked like a queen among her subjects asked in a melodious voice:

"Dear doctor, Kasan is surely the last half European city which we shall have to visit."

"Certainly, countess; but we have still 800 wersts to the Siberian frontier, and we leave only the easiest part of our journey behind us."

"Ah, my dear friend, how anxious I am to reach the end! You cannot imagine what I have suffered since that catastrophe! Poor Vladimir. How unhappy he must be. Every werst brings me nearer to him, and I count each one impatiently, knowing how he waits and longs for me. This exile has cut him off entirely from the world. He receives no news from home, and yet I know he expects me, and this hope keeps him alive. Since that fearful night I have not heard a word about his fate. Is not such uncertainty agonizing?"

"I suffer the same pain for my son," said the old woman. "He also has disappeared, and I do not know what has become of him, and yet I hope certainly to meet with him in Siberia! If in our empire a man disappears, there is nothing for it but to start on one's way eastward: every unfortunate man is to be found somewhere there. It is this hope, countess, which has made me and this poor girl join you on your journey. Perhaps we shall there find our poor Nicholas!"

"My dear Lina," said the young lady, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you that you have not left me. All the little influence I may still possess shall be employed to help you. That is my sacred duty."

"As it is our duty to serve you with self-sacrifice and devout respect, I always tell Helen we must devote every moment of our lives to the happiness of the countess, anticipating every wish of hers, serve her on our knees, weep when she weeps, and as never a smile plays around her lips, we also must never smile. is it not so, doctor?"

"You are perfectly right, Lina," said the doctor. "Have not I also laid my old experience at the feet of our countess and devoted myself, body and soul, to her cause? Since you have been kind enough to engage my services, countess, I am only the first of your servants, and agree with Lina that we ought to do you homage on our knees."

Jana offered him her hand.

"Alas!" It is my fate! All who surround me spoil me! I have sometimes actually to fight against such warm attachments. Would you believe it, that my dear father, who at first would not let me go at all, afterward insisted on accompanying me? It was only when I solemnly promised to be back in two years that he let me go. If you do not return, he said, I shall follow you!"

"Why would you not let him accompany you?"

"How would that have been possible at his age? He has to remain, moreover, in order to prove Vladimir's innocence. As it is my duty to comfort my husband by sharing his exile, it is my father's duty to watch over our fate at St. Petersburg."

Just then the coach moved forward. They passed the tollgate and stopped before the policeman's hut.

Two Cossacks came up to open the door.

"Doctor," said Jana, "will you have the kindness to get out and show our passports."

One of the Cossacks said:

"All must get out."

Jana obeyed, and on the doctor's arm entered the lowly hut.

The official, who was throwing about some papers on a dirty table, rose, filled with surprise and admiration. The unwonted appearance of such a beautiful and noble-looking being in this dark and dirty hut impressed him deeply. He actually removed his cap, and said in a milder tone than usual:

"May I ask for your passports?"

The doctor handed him the papers, which he perused, shaking his head.

"This is not enough," he said at last, "the passport says merely, 'Dr. Haas is travelling with three persons, and has the right to demand four horses at every station.' That was enough till Kasan, but at the gates of this city we demand more detailed statements. Have your companions passports? Pray let us see them."

Jana approached him proudly, saying:

"I am the Countess Lanin and am going to Irkutsk to share my husband's exile. I have the special permission of his majesty the Emperor."

The officer bowed low.

"We have expected your arrival for some time, having been notified. The governor wishes to see you. Please go to him." And without waiting for her answer he beckoned to one of the gendarmes.

"What does this mean?" asked Jana, troubled.

"We have strict orders," was the only reply.

"I think," said the doctor, "as the countess has the express permission of the Emperor, she ought not to be delayed on her journey."

"Nor do I detain her; I only obey orders. You can discuss that with the governor." Then turning to the soldier he added: "You will go with these travelers to the governor's palace."

The governor of Kasan was engaged in a conversation with our old friend, Col. Palkin.

"You have but few prisoners," he said, "as I see here."

"Only 12, but there is one among them who is dangerous."

"And who is that?"

"Popoff, a former clerk in the ministry of the interior. He is pointed out to us by the minister, Count Perowski himself, as a very dangerous character. He is to be gotten out of the way. In the meantime he lies in solitary confinement."

If the governor had watched his friend's face he would have seen how the colonel's eyes flashed out when he heard this. Still, he asked very quietly:

"Could I see the man, perhaps?"

"Of course," replied the governor, "the mission in which you are engaged opens you the doors of all prisons."

"Yes, in Siberia, but here I am virtually only a guest. But as I know the whole affair of this man Popoff, whom I consider a very dangerous man, I should like to see him and to take him with me, so as to make sure af his disappearing."

The governor understood that Palkin begged where he might have commanded, and at once bowed, saying:

"As you desire."

At the same moment the officer on duty entered and whispered a few words to the governor.

"I pray they will," was the reply.

As the man left he said to Palkin:

"The Countess Lanin, the wife of the exiled man, will appear directly. You know, of course, the whole affair?"

"Of course; but why does she stop here?"

"She is on her way to Irkutsk, where she hopes to meet her husband. Mr. Schelm has sent me most detailed instructions concerning her. I am to detain her here, to prevent her journey to Siberia, as she is said to have formed treasonable plots against the emperor. She claims to possess a permission of the emperor, but the minister of the interior informs me that she has obtained this permission by an abuse of the emperor's kindness."

"I should like to meet the countess," said Palkin. "I know her slightly, as I have just arrested her husband."

"Nothing is easier. If you will remain here you will see her in a moment. Here she is."

[CONTINUED MONDAY.]

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

The door opened. Jana and the doctor entered. The countess seemed to anticipate misfortune. She was deadly pale, but her innate pride did not abandon her for a moment. The mild face of the doctor, on the other hand, had changed very strangely; usually quiet and placid, it now shone with resolute determination. He entered the room, saying:

"Your excellency, the officers here—"

Jana interrupted him,

"Never mind, doctor, I will speak with his excellency the governor myself."

The doctor was silent.

"Your excellency," said the countess, turning to the governor, "the emperor has been graciously pleased to grant me leave to share my husband's exile. Here are papers confirming it. I do not know by what right your subordinates drag me into your presence. This is a want of respect for the emperor's will which I cannot comprehend. You will please, therefore, examine the papers and in no way prevent my continuing my journey—"

Here Jana broke down under the pressure of sudden fright and consternation. When she entered she had not noticed Palkin, who had purposely concealed himself behind a desk. Now the governor arose to take the papers, and in so doing revealed his guest. At once the memory of that fearful night came back to her and the ominous figure of the officer of the gendarmes had left its impress upon the poor woman's heart. She recognized him instantly, and this meeting with one of her persecutors, who, she thought, must have pursued her even to the frontier lines of the empire, filled her with unspeakable anguish. She fell almost lifeless into a chair, saying to herself:

"Lost!"

Palkin, however, approached her and said, trying to give a milder tone to his rough voice:

"I understand, countess, that my presence here cannot be pleasant to you. I had a most painful duty to perform at your house. I only did my duty. I pray you will not imagine that, therefore, I am your enemy. Very far from it. If I can be in any way of service to you, I pray you will command me."

The governor, who had been wondering at Jana's haughty carriage at first and her discomfiture soon after, now said:

"I regret very much, countess, that I must disappoint your hopes. I knew that this document was in your hands. I had, however, received orders to prevent your journey and to send you back to St. Petersburg."

The countess was so unnerved that she could not answer; she seemed to be unable to see or to hear. The doctor, however, protested.

"Your excellency has no right to detain us! Perhaps you have not read the document very carefully. It contains the express words: 'Upon his majesty the emperor's special order,' and below is the emperor's own signature."

The governor turned around quickly, surprised the tone in which the doctor spoke to him.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed. "What right have you to interfere in this affair?"

"I am Dr. Haas and accompany the Countes Lanin as her medical adviser. I am one of the persons to whom his majesty has given leave to go with her to Irkutsk. I have, therefore, the right to continue the journey and no one dare prevent me."

"No one prevents you," said the governor. "My orders concern the countess alone!"

"Since I have offered my service to the countess I am no longer my own master. I speak, therefore, in claiming my rights only of those of the countess."

Now the colonel also began to take a part in the discussion, after having asked permission to examine the documents and papers. Having read them he said:

"The papers of the countess are in perfect order, and nobody has a right to stop her."

Jana raised her beautiful eyes with a ray of hope in them, astonished at the courtesy of one whom she considered her bitter enemy.

"You see, governor, I was right," said Dr. Haas.

The governor shrugged his shoulders, replying:

"I have already stated that I have received precise orders to pay no regard to that permission of his majesty. These orders came from the minister of the interior, whom I am bound to obey."

"I do not see that," said Palkin. "In no case can a man like Schelm nullify an imperial order. I am of the doctor's opinion. Nobody has a right to stop the countess."

"What?" said the governor, amazed.

"I not only advise you, I urge you—remember that a single order given by the emperor supersedes all other orders."

"But my responsibility to Mr. Schelm?"

"Cannot be greater than that to the czar."

The governor hung his head.

"I can, however, relieve your mind," continued Palkin. "You know that as superior officer of the gendarmes I have the duty to see to it that his majesty's orders are faithfully carried out. If the countess does not herself wish to remain here"—with a profound bow to Jana—"ask the countess if she would rather comply with Mr. Schelm's demand, in which case I do not oppose."

The doctor, full of joy, seized both of Palkin's hands and said:

"I thank you, colonel. You are sent us by Providence!"

Jana had suffered so terribly from treason and deception that she dared not hope. Besides, she mistrusted Palkin, whose lowering face and ugly features had made a bad impression upon her. A secret aversion besides warned her not to intrust herself to his hands.

She said, therefore, only a few words of cool gratitude, thanking him for having assisted her.

The indifference of these words wounded Palkin, but he did not show his discontent.

"Well, then!" he said to the governor. "You let the countess continue her journey without making any difficulties about it, and as I am going also to Irkutsk I can be some protection perhaps."

When he said this Jana took the doctor's hands and whispered:

"Nothing in the world could induce me to travel with him. I am frightened."

"Accept his offer," whispered the doctor in return, "it is your salvation. Shall I not always be near you?"

She bowed and thus consented. In the meantime Palkin had removed the governor's last scruples, and, turning to Jana, said:

"Countess, I shall leave Kasan today, as soon as some important business which I was sent to transact shall be finished, I have been appointed chief of the gendarmes in East Siberia and this will explain to you why I go to Irkutsk. If you will, therefore, have the kindness to wait till evening, I shall have the honor to accompany you to the end of your journey and remove every difficulty from your way."

"Very well, as you order it," said Jana, haughtily.

"The question is not to obey me" replied Palkin, rather hurt, "but whether you will accept my protection"

"The countess accepts it gratefully," said the doctor, and the colonel had to be content with Jana's silent consent.

As Jana and the doctor rose to go Palkin detained them a moment, saying:

"Pray wait for me at the post office. We travel together. My sleigh will follow your coach, and I promise you I shall do everything in my power to make the long journey pleasant and easy."

He spoke with such respect that Jana was conquered. She offered him her hand, but only said:

"Very well, we shall wait for you."

When the chief of the gendarmes was alone in the governor's room he rubbed his hands joyously and said to himself:

"Ha! ha! Mr. Schelm, you have not won the game yet! The trumps are all in my hand!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined: a small, cold, bare room, with a thick-grated window through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, uncanny, like a huge pall.

During nearly a year Nicholas Popoff had lived in this hut, waiting for the detachment with which he was to march to the frontier of the empire.

Popoff did not delude himself as to his future. He knew that because he had rebelled against a superior he was to be struck from the roll of the living. Since a more talkative jailer had told him that he was looked upon as a dangerous man, Siberia's boundless deserts had ever been before his mind's eye, never leaving his imagination.

For a whole year he had lived in seclusion, seeing no human form except his jailer, who twice a day handed him his scanty food through an opening in the door. Popoff did not even know where he was; he took it for granted that he was far from the capital, on the road to Siberia, but during his long journey in the kibitka he had not been able to form an idea of where he was going. The solitude was becoming unbearable to him, the enforced idleness was hateful to him.

As his cell had not been opened for 12 months, he shuddered, when all of a sudden he heard unusual sounds. The latches were unfastened and the door opened—a sign that his long imprisonment was at an end. Nicholas was painfully excited.

Palkin entered. At this sight Nicholas forgot everything, his sufferings and his hopes, and sudden wrath seized upon him. He looked at Palkin and shouted in his face:

"Wretch! Hangman!"

Palkin only smiled, and his features assumed even a seeming good nature.

"Yes," repeated Nicholas. "You are an infamous traitor, a contemptible scoundrel."

"That is not correct," said Palkin scornfully. "At the worst only: Fool!"

This calm reply acted like cold water upon Popoff's raging passion. He stepped back in astonishment.

"Listen, my friend," said the chief of the gendarmes. "I confess having cheated you, but I have been cheated myself. The papers found upon you—"

"You sold to Schelm!" shouted Popoff.

"Of course! But I managed it badly. You see wolves do not eat one another. I have fared badly in that bargain, because I followed the proverb. Schelm gave me 50,000 roubles for the papers, and that round sum led me into temptation."

"And so you betrayed me and other innocent men."

"What is there strange in that? What do you complain of? Did you entrust those documents to me? Did I not find them during the inquiry, and had I not the right to use them for my own benefit?"

"I doubt not that a chief of gendarmes will always find an excuse!"

"Look here, Popoff!" said Palkin, shrugging his shoulders, "enough of these complaints and reproaches! Listen rather! I never wished you ill, and do not today."

"Because the worst has come to me," said Nicholas, bitterly. But speak!"

"As soon as Schelm found out that I had the papers he became very humble and submissive, and declared finally his desire to buy them of me. I was fool enough to accept the money, rather than to injure a rival. But no sooner did Schelm get hold of the papers—but did you not have some more papers?" asked Palkin, interrupting his narrative.

"I gave him a treasurer's receipt, a letter signed by Miller, which compromises him seriously. This, however, did not satisfy him; he constantly asked for more, and kept me an hour inquiring. "Could you possibly possess some more papers against him?" asked Palkin, looking sharply at Popoff.

Like a flash of lightning Nicholas' eye blazed up for a single instant. The colonel, an old policeman, had noticed it, but waited with pretended indifference for an answer. Popoff shrugged his shoulders.

"How could I keep anything concealed here? I had to undress when I was searched; even my boots I had to pull off."

"Very true," said Palkin, "but what cannot be kept concealed when a man will do it."

"Unfortunately I possess nothing," sighed Popoff.

"That is a pity! Formal proof would have been very useful to you. But it is no use lamenting. . . . Well, as soon as Schelm had gotten the papers and saw that I had no longer any weapon in my hand against him, he changed his tactics. He became openly my enemy. Denunciations and evil reports poured in to my superiors. At first without effect, these attacks gradually obtained an entrance into the count's mind, perhaps mainly by dint of constant repetition. In vain I tried to convince him that Schelm was a malicious man and his conspiracy a fiction. This injured me seriously, and one fine morning I received the appointment of head of the gendarmes—in East Siberia.

"But this is a very high office. Surely you cannot complain."

"Do you think so? Then you do not know what such an office means for a man who has been coolly dismissed by his chief. You are told that it is only for two years, and that after the expiration of that time you will be recalled, and probably promoted to a higher post. We cannot decline. Then one of two things happens—either we are entirely forgotten, and this is the preferable fate, or they send an inspector, who is specially instructed to discover malfeasance in office or short accounts, and one fine day we become exiles and colonists like the rest. You'll find in Kamschatka many a degenerated family, whose ancestor was head of the gendarmes?"

Popoff looked surprised at the colonel, not knowing what he could mean by this statement.

"Schelm is the cause of my being in disgrace. But with Col. Palkin he cannot deal as easily as with Count Lanin! I have good teeth and mean to bite when I am attacked! It is now a battle for life or death between Schelm and myself. He wants to become director of the secret police. Then I should be his subordinate. I must anticipate him. You must know much about him; he is your bitter enemy."

. . . . . .

"I hate him with my whole heart!"

"Well, then, will you follow me? I am going to Count Lanin, in Siberia; his wife is travelling with me: she is here today."

Nicholas trembled with excitement.

"The Countess Lanin here?"

"Yes! she is waiting for me at the post office."

Popoff passed his hands over his eyes like one suddenly aroused from deep sleep.

"Tell me, please," he said a moment later, "where I am. What is the city to which this prison belongs?"

The question was so heartrending that even Palkin felt touched.

"You do not know that? You are in Kasan. But answer me quickly, will you go with me? You are considered here a very dangerous personage, and I have promised the governor that you should surely disappear under my protection. I'll take you as an important prisoner in my sleigh. Do you agree?"

Popoff could not overcome the mistrust which Palkin produced in his mind.

"Why do you make this proposal?" he asked.

"I have told you already, I want you to help me overthrow Schelm. I have no doubt that you can do it. I understand your mistrust. You will throw it off as soon as you see Count Lanin. Bear in mind that I ask as a favor what I might readily order you to do."

"You will take me in your sleigh?" asked Nicholas, scornfully. "Are you not afraid I will escape?"

Palkin simply drew himself up to the full height of his gigantic frame: then leaning on Nicholas' shoulders, who had been utterly worn out by inactivity and suffering, he made him at once succumb to the pressure of his iron hand.

"You see!" said the colonel. "Well, decide; will you go with me or stay here? I will not force you, although I might easily do so. Do you really wish to spend a few more years in this hut, and then be sent to Nertschinsk? I do not object."

Popoff shuddered at the thought.

"I should have fallen at the feet of any one who should have opened these doors to me, most gratefully, too. You alone I mistrust. And yet—I cannot endure this any longer. Yes! I'll follow you! Give your orders!"

"Our sleigh will follow the coach of the Countess Lanin. You must give me your word that you will not speak to her till I give you leave."

"I shall obey. Shall I see the count also, and receive news of my family?"

"Later, when we reach Siberia."

"I will be strictly obedient to every wish of yours."

"Agreed! Take your things and follow me."

"What? At once?"

"Yes! Make haste!"

Nicholas felt blinded for a moment; this sudden transition from utter solitude to active life; this unhoped for change made him happy, but terrified him also. Seized by a mysterious sensation, he once more looked at these walls within which he had a whole year suffered such anguish; then he took his cloak and cap and said:

"I am ready, whatever your intentions may be. I thank you for restoring me to freedom and for letting me see my fellow men once more."

The jailer opened the door and they stepped out into the street. Palkin made Popoff sit at his side and the sleigh drove rapidly to the post office.

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XV.

In Siberia, not far from Irkutsk, a young man, who almost broke down under an enormous load of wood, was wading with difficulty through the deep snow. He followed slowly a path lined with pines, which ended in the main street of a small village. The huts on both sides were low, poverty-stricken and irregularly built; the snow, in huge drifts, formed embankments which often reached the roofs of the dwellings occupied by poor Siberian exiles.

Large, glittering icicles hung like stalactites from the roofs. The sky looked dark and dismal, and the whole village seemed to be forsaken. Not a bird was visible; not a window open, and in the streets was not a human being.

The young man alone broke the monotony of the landscape. It was evidently an unusual task which he had undertaken. His distinguished looking features had undergone no change, but his eye had lost its lustre and his whole carriage spoke of mental as well as physical depression.

The little village was a colony of exiles. The young man, Count Lanin, only here he did not bear that name. He was neither count, nor nobleman, nor landowner. He was nothing more or less than the colonist Vladimir. He had been forced to build his own little hut; he had to cultivate a piece of land which the government gave him, and in winter he lived on the result of his hunting. He had no individual rights, the inspector disposed of him according to his arbitrary will. This man could impose on him any labor he chose; he could punish him in any way, not excepting corporeal punishment, and the poor colonist had in such cases no protection.

On that day the frost was hard, and Vladimir had gone into the forest to fetch wood to warm his hut. Tired, half frozen, sadder than ever, he was now returning.

He stopped before one of the huts, and threw the load, which had nearly overcome him, into the snow; then he opened the door and entered. The colonists do not even own their huts as property; they may not lock them, hence the doors are only fastened with hooks to facilitate inspection. Thus Valdimir was not at all surprised to find a Cossack within, one of the soldiers who guarded the village.

"Where have you been so long?" asked the man very roughly. "I have waited half an hour for you!"

"I had to get wood from the forest, and as I am not used to such work it goes a little slowly."

"All right," growled the Cossack. "Follow me. The inspector wants you."

"What can he want again?" asked Vladimir, angrily.

"What is that to you?" said the soldier, brutally. "You have to obey me blindly."

Lanin's eyes flashed fire, but he checked himself and bowed his head submissively.

"Follow me!" said the Cossack once more and turned to the door.

Vladimir obeyed, but looked sadly at the wood he had brought home with so much trouble.

They were soon standing before a house that was much larger and looked much better than the others. It was the inspector's house.

They found here another colonist, who said to Vladimir:

"You will surely join us tonight, Vladimir, in our expedition to our fur store? We must make an end to these constant thievings. The inspector has permitted us to go into ambush before night, and there can never be too many of us."

"The inspector has sent for me," answered Vladimir. "I do not know that he will dismiss me in time. I'll ask him, however, to let me join you—we must, as you say, make an end to this robbery."

The inspector was a former officer, a drunkard and a man without culture. He was not exactly a bad man, but he was also literally good for nothing. He did no harm for harm's sake, but it never occurred to him to do a kindness. When drunk he was wicked and brutal; when sober, simply an indifferent egotist. Such a man need only to be subject to bad influences and he becomes terrible, and for the misery of the colonists such influences were at work here.

When the man was still in active service, and in garrison in one of the frontier towns, he had married a foreign woman, by name Caroline. No one knew her past; her youth had probably not been edifying. It appeared, however, that she had once been beautiful, and her fortune was traced back to various, ah, very strange sources. She must have been about 36 years old when the inspector fell in with her; he had married her partly from affection and partly from interest, not inquiring into her past. Now she was perhaps 40, and her beauty had entirely vanished. Kind hearted she had never been, and when the mirror began to tell her that her pretty face was gone she became a bitter, malignant and cruel woman. Her husband obeyed her blindly; in fact, he trembled before her, and this power she used to rule the colonists with an iron rod. Caroline had light hair, regular features, sharply marked, thin, compressed lips, and an expression in her eyes which was truly diabolical.

When Vladimir crossed the threshold of the low, smoke-blackened room in which the officer received visitors, Caroline was sitting on a sofa reading a novel, while her husband was walking up and down the room.

He had no sooner entered than she raised her eyes, and, although she pretended to read on, she continued to observe closely every movement of the exile. The inspector came up to Vladimir and, familiarly patting him on the shoulder, he said:

"At last I have caught you! I sent for you to give you a new kind of work. You are an educated man, and in your former position you learned to make phrases, such as an unlearned man does not know. The matter is this: I have received orders from Irkutsk to report to the governor-general of Siberia the condition of my district, and at once. Write me, therefore, such a report as well as you can."

"Very willingly," said Vladimir. "What is to be in the report?"

The inspector laughed aloud.

"Anything you choose! Nobody will ever think of looking at it or seeing how far the reality corresponds with the report. No higher officer ever strays into this accursed region. It is quite enough if the governor sees it is well written and in good form. Write, therefore, whatever you fancy, only you must have pretty phrases and nice terms. God is on high and the Czar far away! Here are pens and paper and everything you need. Begin now at once. I am going into town and shall not be back till night. I hope by that time you will nearly have done your work."

"As you command!" said Vladimir. "But perhaps you will remember that you permitted us to make an expedition against the Tunguses, who steal our furs at night. It is to be undertaken tonight and my comrades are anxious to have me join them."

"Well, if I come back in time you may go at 11."

"But—"

"Not another word! What I have said I have said."

The inspector took his cap and went away. Vladimir remained alone with Caroline. He sat down at the little table pointed out by the officer and began to write, paying no attention to the lady of the house, who pretended to be immersed in her book.

Thus passed several minutes. Caroline watched Vladimir, and in her eyes shone an unusual softness. The colonist made his pen travel rapidly over the paper and did not look up. Suddenly the woman seemed to have formed a resolution and said:

"Count, do you know this district so well that you can write so fluently and so well?"

Lanin trembled as he heard himself called by his title, which he had not heard for so long.

"If a man works a whole year in the same region, goes hunting and fishing, it is no wonder, madame, if he finally learns to know the land."

After this short interruption he continued his work. Caroline's face looked ill-content.

"Count!" she began once more, "you are not amiable, at all. Leave your writing, and let us converse."

Vladimir replied without looking up:

"You have heard the orders which I received. I must obey!"

Caroline was angry.

"What are my husband's orders to me? I want to speak to you. The simplest politeness demands that you should do what I wish. Be so kind, therefore, as to put your pen down and answer my questions!"

"I am very sorry I cannot do that," said Vladimir, turning a very little towards her. "My task is to be finished as soon as possible, and if I am too late I could not excuse myself by saying that I had to entertain you. You need not mind your husband's orders, but I am dependent on them."

"But, count—"

"And besides, I beg you will not give me a title which only reawakens painful memories, and which has, moreover, been taken from me."

He began to write again, while she bit her lips till the blood came. The inspector's wife had been pleased with Vladimir ever since he had come into the village as a colonist. She always had shown him little attentions, which he had noticed with aversion. The more this antipathy grew the more the officer's wife insisted upon favoring him, till she was at last really in love with him. As she used no precaution, the count soon became aware of it. He only took pains to avoid her wherever he could but he committed the imprudence that he never looked her in the face. Had he done that he would have read in her eyes the unbridled malice that shone there.

Lanin did not see what was happening close by, because his heart was so full of his love for Jana and his yearning for her that it absorbed his whole attention.

An hour passed without further interruption. Lanin was writing, and Caroline seemed to be immersed in her book. It struck 7. Caroline laid her book down and cast a glance at the exile.

"It is time for tea," she said aloud. "Interrupt your work a moment. Go into the kitchen and prepare the samovar."

"Do you speak to me?" asked Vladimir, indignantly.

"Of course. There is no one else here!"

He shrugged his shoulders and continued to write. Like a panther she rushed down upon him, seized him by the arm and cried furiously:

"I command you instantly to bring me the samovar! Do you hear?"

He looked at her coldly.

"Are you mad? Pray, call one of the Cossacks who are sleeping out there."

"But I will that you shall wait on me today, you obstinate creture!"

"You know very well that I am not your servant. Pray, leave me alone."

"You are not my servant, perhaps, but subject to me, a subject of the Czar, whom I here represent. You must obey."

"I beg of you calm yourself, madam; you do no seem to be well."

"Do you think I am jesting? Ha! Ha! My husband has the right to ask of you any kind of labor, and I share that right with him. I command you to bring me the tea service. Have a care! Do not force me to repeat my command a third time! Will you obey me?"

"Certainly not!"

"But if I ask it of you as a favor? If it is a wish that you should do it for me," she continued in a dull, threatening voice. "Will you still refuse to be civil?"

"Certainly," he replied, looking firmly at her.

"Have a care! I repeat it a third time!"

"No!" he replied, "for I see you must have lost your senses!"

He began to write again.

Now Caroline turned furiously to the door, and in her blind rage knocked her head against a beam that supported the ceiling. Furious at the resistance she uttered a cry. She threw open the door and cried "Help!" Immediately four Cossacks rushed into the room, and Vladimir once more confronted an unforeseen danger. Without stirring from his chair he patiently awaited what might happen.

"Seize this infamous person and tie him to this beam," Caroline cried, beside herself in her wrath. "He has dared to take advantage of my husband's absence to insult me!"

The Cossacks fell upon Vladimir, and in a moment fulfilled Caroline's order. Lanin tried to defend himself.

"This woman lies most impudently. It was she."

"Gag him! gag him!" cried Caroline, threatening with her fist. "My husband, when he returns, will decide what is to be done with him."

At the same time bells were heard and a coach stopped before the inspector's house.

"Well, here is my husband!" exclaimed Caroline. "Now you shall learn what it means to disobey my orders!"

The door opened. Almost insane with wrath, and firmly believing that it was her husband who came home, she cried:

"In your absence Colonist Vladimir has dared—"

She could not proceed any farther, for she found herself suddenly facing a tall, imposing-looking lady. Behind her appeared a man in company with a colonel of gendarmes.

The Cossacks were instantly all attention.

The newcomer asked, pointing at Caroline, who had almost fallen into his arms, "Who can this be?"

"I do not know; perhaps the wife or the cook of the officer here."

He entered the room and said aloud, "I am Col. Palkin, and I shall stay overnight in this house. Get me a bed ready, old witch."

The beam to which Vladimir had been bound stood in the shade, so that the newcomer could not see it. Palkin now turned to his lady companion, saying: "Countess."

The sight of the bound man did not let him end the sentence.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "What man is this?"

Jana had in the meantime advanced a few steps and was now standing near the lamp. Vladimir thus saw her in a bright light. The excitement drove the blood to his head. The cloth that had been stuffed into his mouth took away his breath. His eyes burned like two flames. He tore his bonds. His face was so wrapped up that the countess could not recognize him; still this unfortunate creature, writhing in despair, filled her with pity. She came nearer; Palkin asked in a tone of command:

"I have said once before, I want to know who this man is?"

The Cossacks dared not say anything. Now Caroline approached, pale and trembling; she was afraid of the gigantic frame of the colonel, who had the right to enforce obedience from all. But the presence of another woman encouraged her to make opposition.

"Colonel," she said, slowly, "this man is an exile, whom my husband had ordered to copy a report, and who availed himself of his absence to make me a declaration of love. Hallo!" she cried to the Cossacks. "Throw him into the cellar!"

"By your leave," said Palkin, "not so fast. Untie the man. I'll speak to him myself. Quick, remove that handkerchief."

Caroline, who had again become furious, tried to interfere, but Palkin stopped her severely, saying:

"Do you want a taste of the knout?"

The Cossacks hastened to carry out the colonel's order. First they removed the cloth that covered Vladimir's face.

"Jana!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak. "You surely do not believe this fury's words?"

"Vladimir!" cried the countess in return, falling upon his neck and covering him with kisses. "You here and in such a state! Oh, God!"

"Jana! Say that you do not believe her."

"Not a moment!" replied the young wife, proudly. The man whom I love, who lives in his thoughts with me, is incapable of stooping so low. Colonel," she added, in a tone of command, which made even Caroline shrink back, "you have not yet loosed the bonds that fasten my husband to this post!"

Palkin beckoned and instantly Vladimir would rise and embrace his wife; Dr. Haas wiped away a tear in silence.

Caroline's fury had risen, in the meantime to white heat. Jana's marvellous beauty filled her with insane jealousy? Full of rage she approached Palkin.

"By what right do you dare command here. I am only a woman—but if my husband were here—"

"If your husband were here he would have long since been on his knees. Do you know that I can any day send both of you into the mines? And now, old witch, out with you and bring in the samovar! Send a maid also to help the countess take off her travelling dress."

"I am not bound to wait on anybody. I cannot quarrel with you because you are stronger than I am, but I think as little of obeying you."

"Well, then, your own Cossacks will drag you into the kitchen. Here all must obey me, as I am the head of all the gendarmes."

The Cossacks approached Caroline. When she became aware that resistance was in vain she hung her head and said: "Well, I am going."

"Send a maid."

"I have no maid."

"Then come back directly and take off the countess, travelling dress and her fur boots!"

"I?" cried the inspector's wife.

"Yes, you!" replied Palkin.

Jana turned to the colonel saying: "We shall drive on to Irkutsk tonight, surely. I cannot leave my husband one moment longer in the hands of this terrible woman."

"Unfortunately, that is not in my power! I cannot transfer a colonist by my own power. That lies with the government," answered Palkin.

"That does not matter! I shall drive on with you colonel, tonight; tomorrow morning I'll see the governor and come back here in the evening, either to take my husband away from here or to remain with him here. The doctor will remain here to protect my husband."

"But, countess, our horses are tired; there are no post horses here. This is an accursed country. The weather may change, besides, and we may lose our way in this desert."

"Nothing shall keep me, colonel! You have done so much for me already—you will not deny me this request?"

Palkin bowed; his eyes shone with an uncanny fire.

"I have learnt to admire you, countess, and cannot refuse you anything. But what shall we do about the horses?"

"Let them feed and rest three hours and then we'll go on."

"Very well," said Palkin, and he was about to go away to give the necessary orders. In so doing he noticed Caroline, who was curiously listening at the door. Frowning, he called out to her: "You still here! Away with you to the kitchen!"

Caroline disappeared, casting revengeful looks at Jana and the colonel.

"And now, countess," said the latter with a profound bow, "we will leave you alone with the count, your husband, and wait for further instructions in the inspector's room. In an hour you will perhaps permit us to return and take a cup of tea together? In three hours we'll start for Irkutsk. . . . Come, doctor!"

Jana walked up to him, holding out her hands, saying:

"My very best thanks, colonel, for the protection you have been pleased to extend to me during our journey. . . Vladimir," turning to her husband, "do you recognize Col. Palkin."

Palkin's features were not such as could be easily forgotten. The terrible circumstances under which he had seen the officer of gendarmes for the first time, returned before his mind's eye. He shuddered as he said:

"Of course!"

"Thank him now, today, in my name as well as in your name! He possesses a noble heart and a great soul! It is due to him that you see me here today! When he arrested you he did but his duty; today he only obeys his heart. The colonel is from henceforth one of my best friends."

The inexplicable antipathy, which almost everybody felt when first coming in contact with Palkin, a feeling which Jana also at first could not overcome, made Vladimir hesitate. Palkin approached him.

"Count, will you not be kind enough to shake hands with me?" he asked.

To give an exile, a political exile especially, a title is in Russia a rare proof of courage and independence, especially on the lips of an officer of the police. Vladimir knew how to appreciate this in Palkin.

"Very cheerfully, colonel," he said promptly.

Palkin offered his arm to Dr. Haas and said, "Come, doctor."

"Vladimir, hereafter I will tell you who this second friend is," said Jana, smiling at Dr. Haas. Now come and help me take off my furs, for I am fearfully hot."

Palkin was already on the threshold when Jana uttered this last wish. A cruel smile disfigured his mouth.

"Hello! Old Witch!" he cried with a thundering voice. Come here, quick!"

Caroline was tamed; her pale face appeared in the half open door.

"The countess wishes to lay aside her furs. Pull off her boots!"

Caroline, pale with rage, turned back into the kitchen. Palkin followed her, raised her with his powerful hands and pushed her into the room, where Jana had laid aside her furs except only her fur boots. The colonel forced the inspector's wife to kneel down, and Jana, prompted by a feeling of womanly revenge, held out her tiny foot to her, smiling. Caroline, whose features were grotesquely disfigured by her rage, dared not disobey and pulled off the boots.

"Thank you, my dear," said Jana.

"And now quick and bring the samovar!" ordered the colonel.

In the kitchen the inspector's wife was heard to sob aloud. Palkin smiled.

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XVI.

Jana and Vladimir were left alone; the whole tenderness that filled their hearts revealed itself in words, in looks and in embraces. Vladmir looked at Jana, as pure and fair as ever, and wondered that she had not changed; he had so often feared that her early sorrows might injure her beauty. The two young people exchanged thoughts and sentiments with wonderful rapidity, telling each other everything that had happened since their enforced separation.

"Many a time I should have died," said Vladimir, "if I had not thought of you. That thought strengthened me in every situation. Do you remember the day when you told me one of your strange dreams." Well, one night I stood at the window of my cell in the fortress and looked at the fast-passing waves of the Neva, when your words came back to my mind and brought me great comfort. I said to myself, 'She will come to me. I shall see her again,' and since that moment I have been resigned and content in my heart's imperishable hope."

"Dearest Vladimir! Then you have at no time doubted me for a moment?"

He hung his head.

"I beg your pardon, Jana, but at one single time: that evening when all happened—I was cruelly punished for my doubt, but I bore it all. My Jana, to doubt you is a crime!"

She laid her head on his shoulder tenderly; then she told him how she had come to Siberia, not only to bring him aid and comfort, but also to collect proof of his innocence. She asked him to relate to her once more the events of that fatal night. Vladimir narrated all the incidents; then he told her how one night he had been put on a kibitka, reaching Irkutsk after a two months' journey.

"The name on Schelm's portefeuillo had explained to me all. I felt yerfectly innocent. I repeated it to the wall of my prison and to the jailor who brought me my meals. The walls preserved silence, and the jailor laughed ironically. Till the very end I lived in hope my uncle would yield and procure me an investigation. This hope was not to be realized. When I sat in the kibitka and drove along the wide highroad towards Siberia, I tried a last time to struggle against my fate. I told the gendarme who accompanied me my whole story, although he seemed to be dull and unfeeling. Can you imagine that this man during the time of 18 days which we spent in going from Petersburg to Kat-Arinenburg, never had said one word to me? In the meantime I repeatedly asserted my innocence and accused infamous Schelm. It was not until we were on this side of the Ural mountains that his tongue was loosened. I do not know, Jana, if you have noticed here in Siberia people are so far out of the world that everything assumes another form? Here the fear of high personages vanishes, because they are so far distant; even the love of money has an end, because money is of no avail here. Conscience seems to speak louder here, in the face of God and immeasurable space. My gendarme grew less and less silent, we met no men any more, no human settlements; flight seemed to be entirely impossible, and many a whole long day we did not meet a living being. 'Poor young man,' he said one day to me, 'per haps all is true what you have told me so often—but I cannot help you. Why do you pour out your heart to me? Guilty or not guilty, you are a Siberian colonist, and you have but one hope—the mercy of the Czar! But this also reaches but rarely the innocent man, because between him and the Czar there are always many whose interest it is that the exile should not return!'

"Thus the gendarme spoke to me one evening in a boundless plain of snow which glittered in the pale light of the moon. His sympathy soothed and cheered me. I began to hope once more. But if you hope to find here proofs of my innocence you will be disappointed. I have no evidence but my owa conscience."

"You are mistaken, dearest. We are no longer quite so weak as we were. That portfolio itself is a strong proof. And then I also have found out that Siberia changes men's character. Will you believe it, that this colonel of the gendarmes has been indefatigable in kindness to me? As soon as we were on Siberian soil there was no token of respect and consideration which he did not show me."

"I would be cautious, Jana," said Vladimir, "his features are not such as awaken confidence."

"There is certainly nothing attractive in his face. I felt the same aversion at first of which you speak. But I did him wrong. He was my faithful protector during the whole long journey, and much concerned about my comfort. He seems actually to have fallen in love with me."

"In love! Oho!" said Vladimir.

"You will not be jealous?" threatened Jana. "But I do not take back what I have said. I really think he is now sincerely inclined to help you, and has proved that already. I have found out, in our conversations, that he is a bitter enemy of Schelm, who has injured him in his career, and on whom he wants now to avenge himself. Moreover, he confessed to me that his present mission is a kind of disguised disgrace. He is convinced of your innocence, and will help us prove it to the world."

"Can we really fully trust his sincerity?"

"We cannot doubt it. Your former secretary, Popoff, who has come with him—"

"Popoff is here?"

"Yes, with his mother and his betrothed, who have accompanied me. For the first time since we left Kasan, Palkin has allowed them to converse with each other. They have gone ahead to Irkutsk under the escort of a gendarme, to select rooms for us there."

"How did he get here?"

"He is exiled as you are; that is all I know. Only once, at Oursk, he succeeded, in spite of Palkin's strict watchfulness, in speaking to me; he could only whisper these words to me: 'Palkin is honest, for he hates Schelm!' Popoff has in his possession some evidence against our enemy and persecutor, and only waits for a favorable moment to use it. That is why they want him to disappear in some way or other. He kissed the hem of my dress when I told him that his mother and his betrothed were with me. The colonel had told him nothing of it, and the sleigh in which he sat always remained so far behind ours that he could not recognize any one. Thus, you see, dearest, there is reason to hope!"

"God grant it, my darling Jana!"

"I have brought a large amount of money, nearly a million roubles. Much can be done with that. My father is busy with your affair in St. Petersburg. I shall soon start for Irkutsk. By the help of the colonel I hope I shall prevail on the governor to permit you to live in a colony nearer to the capital, for I think this place is still 50 miles off, is it not?"

"I think so."

"While I am gone Dr. Maas will remain and protect you here. You must know he is a friend whom my misfortunes have brought to me. He is a Frenchman, brought as a child to Russia with the great army. His whole life is a series of acts of devotion. Misfortune has taught him to love his neighbor. A other time I'll tell you his story. His own labor has made him rich; he now never takes a fee, and gives himself up mainly to the unfortunate exiles. The emperor knows him, esteems his faith, which is not ours, and gives him free scope. This highly honored physician has taken an interest in me and offered to accompany me. Vladimir, you must make his acquaintance and learn to love him."

"With all my heart, Jana!"

The door opened, the Cossacks brought the tea service and Dr. Haas, appearing at the door, asked timidly:

"Is it permitted?"

"Pray, come in!" replied Jana. "Where is the colonel?"

"He is speaking with the inspector, who has just returned."

When the inspector reached home the Cossacks were eager to tell him of the arrival of the colonel of gendarmes, and as their mode of speech is, using the pluralis magestatis, they said:

"They condescended to be in horribly bad humor; their angry faces seemed to predict nothing good."

Terrified, the inspector hastened to appear before Palkin, who, at first very severe, seemed to grow milder, perhaps pitying the poor man, who trembled like an aspen tree, and said: "Your wife has made a terrible blunder, for which you, however, can make amends."

"I shall promptly obey all your orders," stammered the poor frightened man.

Palkin looked at him quite graciously.

"How would you like, for instance, to be made captain of gendarmes at Irkutsk?"

The inspector expected so little promotion after having been received so sternly, that he thought Palkin was jesting. He made, therefore, a profound bow and repeated the Siberian proverb: "Unfortunately that fur cloak is too fine for my dirty back."

Palkin looked at him searchingly.

"You do not look to me a man of scruples. I am even convinced you are a consummate scoundrel; am I right?"

The officer answered coolly: "I endeavor to carry out the orders of my superior without inquiring what their nature may be."

"Very well! Now listen! You know I might send you to Kamschatka?"

"Yes, colonel!"

"Well, now, if you promise to obey me I shall not only forgive you all you have done"—the poor inspector hung his head—"but engage to make you captain of the gendarmes in Irkutsk."

"Colonel, command and it shall be done!"

Palkin whispered into his ear:

"For reasons that you need not know I am compelled to protect this man Lanin. In reality, I do not care for him. I leave here tonight with the countess for Irkutsk. She hopes to return tomorrow, as soon as the governor has given her leave to live with her husband nearer the capital. If she succeeds she will return here before sunset; if she does not return, you will never see her again. Up to that moment the colonist Vladimir must not be touched! As soon, however, as night falls tomorrow, I leave him in your, or rather your wife's, hands. You can do with him as you choose, and I advise you to manage it so that he is never heard of again. In that case I shall bear witness in your behalf should any question be raised. The countess leaves Dr. Haas with her husband. He might be an inconvenient witness for you. Well, nobody will inquire if he should also disappear."

"All you ask of me, colonel, can be easily carried out, and it will give me special pleasure to do it."

"I start in an hour. How far is it from here to where we fall into the great post roads?"

"At most 10 versts!"

"Does the road pass forests or plains?"

"Both occur."

"Do the postillions know the road perfectly?"

"Very accurately."

"My coachman must take the wrong road: I will have it so. Tell him so in my name!"

"Once more: Have you understood me well? Will you make no blunder?"

"Every word, colonel!"

"Well, then, you can go. Mind what I have told you! Now go and announce to the countess that I shall be there in 10 minutes!"

Palkin fell into profound meditation. Jana had guessed rightly; he was desperately in love with her! But he knew very well that one incautious look, one somewhat bolder word would part him and Jana forever; he had, therefore, tried hard during the journey to veil his passion under the appearance of profound and respectful admiration. He gradually came to feel that he would never again be happy in his life if he could not gratify this passion of his, and as he was perfectly convinced of the hopelessness of such wishes he resolved to commit a crime. "This does not interfere," he said to himself, "with my revenge on Schelm. Lanin will tell all he knows; if he has any documents he'll give them to his wife. The main thing is to make sure of Popoff, and him I shall not let go very soon. I can pursue my campaign against Schelm as well without Lanin and his wife. Lanin's death is my gain. Today I must find out what the Lanins know, and this night—" He shrugged his shoulders and sat silent for a moment; then he rose, emptied a glass of brandy at one draught and went into the room where the other three were already sitting around the tea table. The inspector humbly withdrew, and Caroline listened at the door.

The colonel noticed it and bade her shut the door. At first they spoke of indifferent things, and Jana let no opportunity go by without expressing her gratitude to Palkin. After some time had thus been spent, Palkin turned to Vladimir and said:

"Count, you know I mean well by you and wish to serve you. But in order to do that I ought to know all the details. You have no doubt proofs of your innocence. Will you be so kind as to tell me everything, to hand me your documents—"

"Unfortunately," said Vladimir, "I have nothing of the kind. I only know I am innocent!"

"That is a pity. You have heard perhaps from the countess that my position has changed entirely since those days. Now my fate is closely connected with yours. In defending you, I defend myself. If I now possessed those papers you might be free very soon, and that rascally Schelm should take your place in Siberia."

"What papers are those?" asked Vladimir. "Unfortunately I do not know one of them."

"A receipt for 10,000 roubles, signed 'Schelm.' He drew this amount from the secret fund Oct. 30, 1849, and marked the purpose for which it was drawn thus: 'For the discovery of the conspiracy, La—.' These are the first two letters of your name. A jest that dates from the day before your wedding and which the countess has narrated to me, corresponds in a remarkable manner with that date. It could no doubt easily be proven that at that time you could not well engage in a conspiracy. The question now is only to have an inquiry ordered.

"This would be our first evidence. The second paper is still more valuable. In this whole affair Schelm employed as his agent provocateur a certain Miller of Millertown."

"Miller?" exclaimed Lanin. "Oh, that is impossible."

"Yes, indeed," said Jana; "your friend was a traitor! Rita never trusted him from the beginning!"

"Miller? My best friend? I thought of it several times, but the certainty now kills me. Is it really so, colonel?"

"Beyond doubt! I have read the engagement of this man in which he binds himself to act as agent provocateur in the conspiracy La— always the same initials and the same date."

"I presume the first thing now will be to find this man Miller," remarked Jana, "but no doubt Schelm will have sent him abroad!"

"No. I know from good authority that Schelm, faithful to his principles, has cheated his own agent. Miller is in Siberia. We shall find him, for the arms of the gensdarmes are far-reaching. In the meantime, count, tell me exactly how you were arrested."

Vladimir complied with the request, and when he had ended, Palkin said:

"That is as clear as sunlight, and it will be easy enough to prove your innocence. First Miller must be found—and that shall be my task. You—you must make up a petition to the head of the gendarmes. I will forward it. You, countess, will please not mention this to the governor, who is connected with Schelm. I warrant an inquiry will be ordered. But you must draw up the petition at once, for who knows when we shall meet again?"

"I thank you, colonel," said Vladimir, pressing his hand.

"I also shall ever be grateful to you," added Jana.

Dr. Haas, who had kept silent, now rose, and shaking hands with Palkin, said: "You are an honorable man, and other honorable men can joyfully shake hands with you!"

Palkin seemed touched.

"You are too kind. But how time flies! Here it is 11 o'clock! Hallo! is any one there?" he cried.

The inspector came hastily in.

"Bring paper and ink and order the postillion to put the horses in," said Palkin.

As the inspector went out to obey orders, Palkin turned to Lanin and asked him if he knew the roads in the neighborhood pretty well.

"Is there a good road leading to the post road?"

"No, especially not in winter. But the snow is frozen hard and the road is excellent for sleighs; along the forest you can trot all the way."

"The road cannot be missed, I suppose. I inquire not for myself, but as the countess will accompany me—"

"As long as the weather keeps clear you cannot miss the road. For five versts you skirt the forest; then you pass our fur store, and after that you follow a creek. You must always keep to the left—on the right you might easily lose your way on the plain. My comrades undertake tonight an expedition against the Tunguses, who steal our furs. If you leave within an hour I can keep my promise. Will you tell the in-

"Why will you expose yourself, as you are not to remain here?"

"I promised the men, colonel, and must keep my promise to my less fortunate comrades."

Vladimir sat down at the inspector's writing-desk and hastened to write his petition. Jana, leaning on a chair, followed with her eye every line he wrote. Now and then her womanly instinct made her suggest a milder expression or a better turn of the phrase. Palkin and Haas engaged in lively conversation, drinking one glass of tea after the other; Palkin poured a quantity of arac into his.

At midnight Lanin had finished. He read his petition to Palkin who approved both form and contents and took it from him.

"The postillion is waiting!" said the inspector, whose bearded face appeared in the door.

The colonel bowed to Jana.

"I await your orders, countess!"

"I am ready. Tomorrow we'll meet again, Vladimir. I hope no one will part us, Doctor. I intrust my husband to you."

"Colonel, will you be kind enough to tell the inspector that I have your permission to join the expedition?"

"Well," said Palkin, "till the countess returns"—the colonel emphasized these words—"Colonist Vladimir disposes freely of his time! You understand?"

The inspector bowed low.

"And now, countess, we shall have to start!"

Jana wrapped herself in her costly furs.

"Come. I commit myself once more to your protection."

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XVII.

"Ienar," a tall man said to his companion in the language of the natives, "the foxes are getting rare in the forest."

The other man had narrow, squinting eyes, protruding cheekbones, a yellow complexion, and a face that had been tattooed. The Mongolian was easily recognized.

"That has come about because men have filled up our deserts," replied Ienar-Kus to the foreigner.

"Believe me, we do not come because we wish it. We are compelled to do so."

"No one, however, compelled the conquerors to oppress us or impose a tribute upon us."

"Is it hard for you to pay the tribute?"

"Soon it will be impossible. Your merchants destroy our forests, which were created to provide for our wants. Game flees so far away that we cannot reach it any more. Oh, these are hard times."

"If we were to spend the whole night here in complaints, not a fox or a sable would come within reach. Friend Ienar, whistle to your dogs and take me to the Shaman valley—I must meet my brethren there!"

"Very well!" replied Ienar-Kus.

This conversation took place about six versts from the colony, beneath some pine trees that stood there quite alone in the vast mass of snow. They looked like outposts of the unfathomable forest which framed the landscape on all sides. Both hunters, clothed in reindeer skin from head to foot, were reclining on the hard frozen snow. Near by, concealed under the trees, stood a narta, a Siberian sleigh. At first sight such a vehicle looks as if it could hardly hold two men, and yet it usually contains under the seat in addition everything needed by a traveller in Siberia—flour, grits, dried fish and other victuals, besides knives, axes and hunting gear; finally, the skin which covers the whole narta can be put up as a tent whenever the traveller is forced to remain at any place a longer time for hunting and fishing.

The two hunters, of course, did not resemble each other in the least. One was very tall and well made, with handsome, strongly marked features, slightly curling hair, and stamped in every detail as a European. He could not, however, be one of the unfortunate exiles, since he carried a double gun on his shoulder, while the law prohibits exiles having firearms. But as eastern Siberia, with its almost infinite variety of flowers, trees and metals, possesses only two varieties of man—colonists and savages—this huntsman had some mystery about him. He could not be a wealthy merchant who might have left his dwelling in the city to hunt with the natives, because his worn and patched clothes spoke of poverty. His companion was evidently the chief of a tribe of Tunguses. His costume, made of reindeer skins, was, after the fashion of the natives, richly adorned with glass beads and bits of colored cloth. On his head he wore a handsome sable tolpak, and the bow, with which he killed game admirably, was ornamented with gold pieces. It was in fact, the prince of the Tunguses himself, one of the most famous hunters far and near. He led the life of a nomad; in summer, when foxes and sable retired northward, he crossed to the opposite shore of the Baikal lake and was said to carry on a profitable trade with some tribes on the Chinese frontier. Ienar-Kus owned innumerable herds of reindeer and many tents; he had won the respect even of the Russian officials and inspired them with a certain fear, because he was closely allied with all the wandering tribes of Tunguses and other natives.

The Siberian prince whistled piercingly, and at once from five different sides five immense Siberian dogs came rushing forth. These gigantic animals resemble wolves and are of imposing size; they are yellowish; have a black muzzle and strangely shaped ears. These dogs sprang up on Ienar-Kus, barking joyously; upon a sign of their master's these intelligent animals rushed back to the sleigh, pulled it out and remained near it as if awaiting further orders.

"These good creatures," said the prince, "are so clever and bright! I learnt this way of travelling from the Samapedes of the North, and daily rejoice at it. As to speed, nothing can compare with these racers. To be sure, they are not, as reindeer are, able to draw a whole family, but then they are so much faster. Besides, they are obedient, while reindeer——"

The Russian interrupted this eulogy on his dogs by saying:

"Quick, to work! It must be late!"

They took ropes from the sleigh and began putting the dogs into harness.

"We need not come back here," he said, "the forest is empty. Tomorrow I'll take my hunting gear to the other bank of the Angara."

"I am very much astonished," said Ienar-Kus, "that you should be one of those whom the Czar's finger has touched, and still enjoy such great freedom. I have now been hunting 30 years in this district. I have met a great number of exiles and have learnt to know intimately many of them, but no one was like you; you never remain at any one place; you are allowed to have firearms; you go where you list and command others! I cannot understand that!"

"And yet I have often explained it to you. I am the head of the colonists of this district. Before me others were here, whom you perhaps did not know."

The Tunguse shook his head.

"I have known all the colonists who were sent here these 30 years."

"Perhaps they were not as cunning and as active as I am. All the colonists of this district would let themselves be cut to pieces for me, because they know how zealously I work to restore them to liberty. For three days a man has been lying in my hut, wrapped up in furs, in my bed, and groaning fearfully whenever an inspector enters. This makes them think I am sick. In Siberia there are no physicians: exiles have to do their work. Our district doctor is a Polish surgeon; he knows my secret. You see, then—"

"That may pass once."

"I have other means to mislead the authorities. Day and night I am at work. You know my project, and you have promised me your assistance!"

"A Tunguse chief keeps his promise."

"I know, Ienar, and I have initiated you into all our secrets, because I know the honesty of your character. You see, my friend, in my native country, far, far away, there live many rascally people. There treachery and vulgarity prevail, such as you, simple children of nature cannot imagine. I must return there in order to punish a traitor and to make amends for a crime."

"I have often told you: Rely on Ienar!"

"Did you speak with the chief of the Chalchals, that he gives us leave to march through his land? Did you tell him we would pay him 4000 fox skins and 10,000 sables? At my storehouse in the Shaman valley I still have twice as many."

"I have not yet crossed the Holy sea. When I have carried you to the Shaman valley then I'll go to the Chalchals, and you may rely upon it that I will make them do what you wish. But, speaking of furs, do you know that quite near here there is a large storehouse?"

"Oh, yes; that is the stock of our poor neighbors. The skins are the property of my fellow-sufferers; we must not touch them, not even to further the good cause. I hope, however, soon to communicate with these poor exiles, and to win them over for our cause. I have several times already sent emissaries to them."

Ienar-Kus smiled.

"I do not understand your scruples. We also hold the property of a friend sacred, but here there are only strangers. However, others are ahead of us. In a village not far from here there is a band of Tunguses, who know this magazine and mean to plunder it. They have several times already gotten large spoil and hauled it away safely; and I have noticed during the day tracks of men's feet."

"At all events I do not mean to have anything to do with that!"

In the meantime everything had been made ready. But just then the Siberian beckoned to his companion to be quiet; he threw himself down and put his ear on the snow.

"A post-sleigh! I hear bells! We must flee!" he exclaimed, rising.

"From which direction is the sleigh coming?"

"From the lakeside."

"Then we cannot flee, because we would meet them. But I must be tonight in the Shaman valley. Whip the dogs! Make them gallop! We can pass them like a shadow, and horses can never overtake us."

Ienar-Kus clacked with his tongue: the dogs flew. The traces of their small feet could barely be seen on the hard snow, and the sleigh was jerked to and fro. The narta looked like a supernatural creature flying like an arrow over the plain, like one of the spirits of the North which the Tunguse worship. Wrapped up in their furs, their caps pulled down over the ears, the two huntsmen sat close by each other, never uttering a sound.

The bells came nearer. Soon Ienar made out a sleigh with four horses; the animals sank half into the snow and the sleigh made little progress.

"Go on!" said the Russian. "They have lost their way. We'll pass them like a ghost."

Ienar-Kus repeated the clack of the tongue and the dogs redoubled their efforts. The stars shed a pretty fair light over the snow-covered plain, and every dark point contrasted vividly with the whiteness of the pall. About 100 yards off the postillion saw the narta and cried: "Stop and show us the way!"

The hunters paid no attention to the cry and went on. At the same time Jana's head appeared at the window of the coach and she said:

"For God's sake help us, friends! We have lost our way, don't you see?"

The Russian trembled as he heard Jana's voice; he said to his companion:

"It is only a woman. Let us stop a moment and show them the way by an arrow. I do not want to be recognized. My voice might betray me."

In the meantime Palkin's face had become visible behind Jana.

"Will you stop, instantly!" he shouted, "You scoundrels! Obey the orders of a colonel of the gendarmes!"

The narta had already passed the coach, and the postillion said to the colonel:

"They are natives who do not understand Russian."

But at that moment the narta stopped. The Tunguse rose, put an arrow on his bow and shot it in the direction of the forest; then he whistled loud, and in an instant the little sleigh was lost to sight.

"These rascals!" cried Palkin. "Now they shoot at us!"

"Excuse the man, your excellency," said the postillion: "that is the way for those people to show the way; we must meet a colony in the direction in which the arrow was sent off."

"Well, then, whip your horses and go on."

The horses now brought the heavy carriage around and started in a different direction. For an hour already the colonel had been driving about on the plain; for an hour ago the postillion had told the colonel that he had lost his way. Jana was in despair, because she was very anxious to reach Irkutsk. When the colonel, however, represented to her that it would be better to await the morning in some colony than to use up their own strength and that of the horses, she yielded. After a considerable time the postillion at last cried: "We are near the forest! I see the road again!"

Deep silence reigned in the coach. Jana looked all around the vast plain, hoping to discover traces of a human dwelling. Thus they reached the forest. Of a sudden, the colonel turned to his companion, and looking at her with passionate eyes he said:

"Countess, you surely do not know the power of your beauty."

The eyes of the gen-darme glowed like will-o'-the-wisps in the dark coach, and Jana drew back frightened. They had made so long a journey together, and Palkin had ever treated her with so much respect and esteem that Jana had become quite reassured, and now also sought to give his words a laughable turn.

"I have heard that so often! But let us drop idle compliments, and rather think how we shall escape out of this predicament."

"Compliment! They are no compliments, but the expression of a feeling that overwhelms me!"

"Then you ought to suppress it. In our relative position you cannot speak of such things without—"

"You think so? Do you imagine that a man, because he is a gen-darme, has no feelings which a magically charming being must arouse in every heart. Do you think we can with impunity remain near you because we have authority—"

The coach was driving into the forest, the birch trees and the larches stretched out their bare branches into the air as if they were skeletons. Jana began now seriously to fear, as a glance showed her Palkin's eyes glowing with a strange fire and his face burning red. Retiring into the farthest corner of the coach, she said:

"Colonel, what is it?"

"What is it? I must at last confess that I love you! I know you are an honest woman and will scorn me. Nevertheless—"

"What do you mean? Are you out of your senses? Stop, postillion!" cried Jana in perfect anguish.

"You call in vain! The postillion as well as all these people whom you see are sold to me! They will obey me only. You call, therefore, in vain. He has purposely lost his way, because I ordered it."

"Help! save me! What shall I do, poor woman that I am?"

"I told you you would call in vain. Don't you see how calm I am? I love you, I repeat it once more. In a few hours we shall be in Irkutsk and then I shall be forever cut off from you. If you were to die I might forget you, but to live and to see you—"

At this moment the sleigh stopped. A shed was visible between the trees, at which the postition stopped. He jumped down from the box and opened the door. Jana breathed again and quickly got out.

"Here we are at last," said the man. "I must take the horses out, but in the meantime countess will find so many skins in the house that you will be warm there."

"Postillion!" said Jana to him, "do not leave me! Follow me and do not go away one moment!"

Palkin laughed scornfully. Jana leant on the arm of the postillion, who looked at her amazed.

The huge shed seemed to be quite empty. In the corners furs of reindeer, bears, wolves, foxes and sable were heaped up. Jana sank breathless on a pile of furs.

"Remain here, my friend," she said to the postillion. "If your horses should run away I'll pay for them. You yourself shall be richly rewarded if you will not leave me."

Jana saw Palkin enter.

"Leave me," she said to him. "This good man will surely protect me."

Palkin turned to the postillion.

"Take your horses away at once and do not return here till daybreak unless you wish to make me angry."

The postillion left immediately.

Palkin cast a fearful look full of bitterness and scorn at the countess.

"Postillion!" she called after the man—when suddenly she stopped, full of astonishment.

A strange commotion became perceptible under the pile of furs, and a sudden light illumined the shed. The colonel crossed himself, terrified, as he saw wolves and bears come up against him. Soon the furs fell off, and lanterns, kept concealed until now, shed a better light, and 40 colonists surrounded Palkin and Jana.

"My wife!" exclaimed one of them. "Colonel, how did you get here?"

The officer, whose presence of mind never left him, whispered into Jana's ear:

"Keep silence, for your husband's sake!"

Palkin's voice sounded like a hidden threat, and Jana was so fully convinced that for the present Vladimir's fate lay in Palkin's hands—that with her usual devotion she consented, and announced it by a haughty bend of the head.

"Vladimir!" she exclaimed, "God sends you to help us. We have lost our way on the plain. What lucky accident brings you here?"

"I told you, we prepared an expedition against the Tunguses who steal our furs. The inspector allowed us to lie in ambush here."

"That was the hand of God!" she said, looking sternly at the colonel.

"But how could you miss your way?" asked one of the exiles. "Were you not on your way to Irkutsk?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Why, then, I do not see—unless the postillion was drunk or perhaps bribed; otherwise he could not possibly miss the road."

Jana was determined to keep silent. She said:

"I must go at once. Could you perhaps show us the way to the nearest station? The horses can very well make a few wersts more. Colonel, you will kindly permit my husband and one of those men to accompany us."

"But—" Palkin tried to object.

"Oh, you will certainly permit it," she said, looking him in the face: "my husband can return to the colony in a post sleigh. So much you can surely permit, colonel."

Palkin saw that he could not refuse. He consented, with rage in his heart. Orders were given not to take the horses out, and in a quarter of an hour the four took their seats in the coach. Jana tried to keep up the same conduct as before with Palkin, but she was so utterly exhausted that she reclined in a corner of the coach, saying:

"I am very tired. I must rest."

She leaned back upon the soft cushions and soon seemed to sleep quietly. Palkin was silent. At 3 o'clock they reached the station; they now had the high road before them, which could easily be seen in the snow. All danger was over. Jana parted with her husband full of love; the horses were changed and the dark gendarme once more took his seat by Jana's side.

Far off the white mists allowed the towers of Irkutsk with the tall walls to pierce the veil here and there. Jana's coach was already descending towards the Angara, and the eye was now able to discern cupolas and steeples rising high above the pines and larches. This was the convent of St. George, which lies several wersts from the city. The Angara winds around in the valley in grand dimensions, and then sends its waves straight upon the walls of Irkutsk. From this point the city presents a truly magnificent aspect. The town is surrounded by lofty, fortified walls, and above the houses rises quite a forest of cupolas and smaller towers. The whole scene is again surrounded by hills, covered with snow and pine forests, which seem to embrace and protect the capital of East Siberia.

Now Palkin formed a sudden resolve. He turned to Jana, saying:

"Countess, will you not forgive me if I forgot myself for a moment: it was a passing attack of madness; I did not know what I was saying or doing."

Jana trembling, and in the look with which she answered the officer there was so much contempt that he instinctively cast down his eyes.

"Countess," he continued, nevertheless, in a very submissive tone, "I know how much I deserve your scorn and your contempt. I wish only to say how much I repent what I did. It must have been the bad brandy. Do not treat me with contempt and listen to me to the end."

"You must know, madam, that we are a sort of Free Masons, we officers of the government. The inspector obeyed me, although we spoke of a crime. I must again shut my eyes with superiors of mine. Be cautious with the governor. He will be ready at any time to sacrifice you to Schelm, who is, in secret, his superior in the ministry of the interior. To convince you of my sincerity and of my repentance for what has happened I will accompany you myself to the governor and support your petition. But follow my advice. Do not speak of your husband's innocence, nor of the petition which I have promised to forward to Count Orloff himself. We shall probably, both of us, take lodgings in Irkutsk. In all probability I shall not be permitted to see you, but you may count upon my devotion. The day may yet come when you will be gracious enough to pardon me for the sake of the services I shall have rendered you."

The colonel's voice became more and more submissive and convincing. Jana knew but too well how much she needed his help to prove Vladimir's innocence. She had, however, been too deeply wounded to yield at once.

"Let it be so," she said sternly. "We shall see. Now I am forced to accept your favors. But I beg you will not speak to me; you have insulted me too grossly; I cannot so easily forgive."

"Still," she continued, when he bowed and simply proffered to obey her in all she might order. "I shall never forget how much we owe you."

The sleigh reached the walls of Irkutsk.

"I wish to give you one more piece of advice, countess," said Palkin. "As soon as you have had your audience lose not a minute, not a moment, but return instantly to your husband. I shall send a gendarme in advance to the colony; nevertheless, I repeat, do not lose an instant to meet your husband!"

"Such was my intention."

"Five minutes later the coach stopped before the palace of the governor of East Siberia.

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as Vladimir reached the colony he showed the inspector Palkin's permit for his longer absence. The officer received him civilly but coolly, and ordered him to go home. There he found Dr. Haas, fast asleep on a pile of skins. Vladimir also felt overburdened with fatigue, and was soon fast asleep.

It was dark already when suddenly a great disturbance aroused him. He opened his eyes and saw the room full of Cossacks. At the foot of the couch stood Dr. Haas with an axe in his hand.

"As long as I am alive not a hair of his head shall be harmed," cried the doctor.

"Seize him," cried the inspector's wife; "bind him at once and give him 500 blows. And as to that rebel there," pointing at Dr. Haas, "kill him instantly, because he openly resists the authority of the Czar."

The Cossacks were pressing forward when suddenly the door was opened violently and the inspector rushed in, pale and out of breath.

"Stop!" he cried. "This moment an order has come for Colonist Vladimir to go at once to Irkutsk."

The Cossacks were accustomed to obey Caroline rather than her husband, and hesitated, therefore, for a moment. She was now entirely beside herself.

"No! no!" she cried, as if she were possessed. "Give him 500 blows!"

Her husband, however, seized her by the arm.

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed angrily. "A gendarme has just brought the order to surrender the colonist to his wife, who will arrive here directly, with the governor's permit. Do you want to ruin us?"

He then bowed low to Vladimir and the doctor, saying:

"Pardon her, gentlemen; pardon my wife; she is liable to attacks of dementia."

"And so are you!" cried Caroline.

"For God's sake, keep quiet!" whispered the inspector into his wife's ear. "I swear to you you shall have an opportunity to avenge yourself later on; only be still now! Mr. Vladimir," he continued aloud, "gather up your things, and go where the governor permits you to reside hereafter."

## CHAPTER XIX.

Two months had passed since Lanin, thanks to his wife's devotion and presence of mind, had escaped the revenge of the inspector's wife. These two months had gone by quietly and without any serious interruption.

Jana had rented one of the finest houses in Irkutsk, and lived there with Dr. Hass, Lina and Helen. As the law did not allow Vladimir to live in a town, he was sent to a village in the district and near the capital. He spent, however, most of his days at his wife's house, because the governor, a mild and humane man, would not notice this transgression. He was specially moved to this by Jana's beauty, which he admired, while her devotion had made so deep an impression upon him that he soon became one of the most zealous defenders and protectors of the noble woman.

Palkin lived likewise in the city, and had made Popoff his secretary. He allowed him, however, not the slightest liberty. From the blissful day on which he had been permitted to accompany his mother and his betrothed, he had not seen them once in public.

"I will willingly save you the sufferings connected with work in the mines," said Palkin to Popoff. "I like to employ you in my office, because you are a willing and thoughtful worker. But I cannot possibly set you free. The slighest imprudence would bring fearful punishment upon you, and I myself run great risk because I have kept you here, transgressing my authority."

Popoff was content, because he hoped that better days might come. He lived in Palkin's house, and never left it. He was, however, less unhappy, because he could see Helen now and then in secret. Palkin pretended not to know of these interviews, but no doubt had his plans.

The gendarme kept the promise he had made the inspector. He became a captain, and was sent to Irkutsk, where, strangely enough, he rented a house near Jana.

March was drawing to an end, but the cold did not diminish. A white fog enveloped the city as in a pall. Palkin had just received his letters and despatches from Europe, which were sent him by a courier. Popoff was standing before him waiting orders. Palkin said:

"The chief of all the gendarmes has received the letter in which I reported that I had taken charge of my office here. The governor-general also must have received letters from Schelm, because the latter must have had reports from Kasan. I'll wager that I shall be received tonight at the palace like a dog. Schelm's blows do not hurt me directly, because, strictly speaking, he is not my superior. He must work secretly against me. I must, however, lose no time. I have not sent Lanin's petition yet, because I have been waiting for you. Will you not be candid with me? You have always told me you had more proofs against Schelm."

Popoff had gradually lost his mistrust of Palkin; still he would not at once surrender himself into his hands.

"If I possess anything of the kind," he said, "I shall use it to save my benefactor, to free myself or to avenge myself on Schelm. Who can assure me now, colonel, that you do not again betray me? Two such great personages as you and Schelm may readily become reconciled and sacrifice us, petty and powerless men."

"Have I not proven to you how well I mean toward you?"

"Pardon me, colonel," said Popoff, "you may have your own plans, but if I surrender the proofs I possess—"

"You confess, then, that you have these documents about you?" exclaimed Palkin eagerly.

Popoff bit his lips. He had, however, gone too far to be able to draw back. All he could do was to weaken the importance of his confession.

"I doubt whether these documents are of much weight. I have reserved for myself a weapon against my former chief, but you must pardon me, colonel—"

"What are you aiming at?"

"I mean to say that I can hand that weapon to no one except to Count Lanin or the countess. As I am not permitted to meet them—"

"Why did you not tell me that sooner? Lanin is not as suspicious as you are. I will willingly permit you to go and see him. Go and give him your documents. Only tell him expressly that I want them!"

"Of course. As soon as the count agrees, you will have a powerful weapon against Schelm in your hand, which is now in my possession."

"What? You have it here? Now?"

Popoff saw too late the blunder he had committed.

"No! Not here!" he stammered. "I only meant I knew where it is."

"Never mind! I only repeat, you will have to be very careful, because I transgress my authority, and the governor might some time become my enemy. Your betrothed comes to see you now and then—does she not?"

"Colonel, I can assure you—"

"Don't swear!" said Palkin, in a friendly tone and with a very kind smile. You see I am not as bad as you think."

Popoff could not but thank Palkin very heartily; his mistrust gave daily more way to his gratitude.

"Lanin is never in the place assigned to him as his residence, the last hut in the little village Krowa, close to the corporation line of Irkutsk. You may go there on Sunday, because then the police are not as watchful. Your betrothed will, no doubt, come and see you before Sunday. I will inform the countess, who can then tell her husband, when he may expect you. But you must by no means be seen entering the house of the countess itself; to take every precaution, I'll assign you as the place for your interview the hut of a colonist."

"You are right, colonel!"

"Bat as Schelm has, no doubt, sent instructions to the governor, it will be better for your betrothed not to come and see you for some time. You must adapt yourself to your fate and bear patiently what cannot be helped!"

"Colonel, I obey; Helen shall not come here any more."

"Do you think so? You know little of women; they become all the more eager for what is forbidden fruit. You must, however, use your best means not to let her come here for a time; I shall on my part try also to persuade her not to do it. Now to work, these circulars have to be copied and sent to all officers of gendarmes."

Popoff bowed and went to work, while Palkin was reading his letters and despatches.

Almost at the same time Vladimir was sauntering down the street leading to Jana's house. In his appearance a great change had taken place; he was dressed like one of the rich Siberian landowners, in a bearskin cloak and a sable kolpak. The city authorities left him evidently to his own will; no one interfered with him or minded how he dressed and how he lived; exile was to him no very severe punishment. He went to see Jana, head on high and with firm steps.

An elegant sleigh passed close by him. Vladimir noticed that it contained the governor-general and one of his adjutants. He at once took off his hat and bowed respectfully. The governor ordered a halt and beckoned to Vladimir:

"What does it mean that I see thee in town today?" he asked the exile in a stern voice.

Vladimir was very much amazed at this sternness to which he was by no means accustomed.

"Your excellency, I thought, had permitted—"

"Thou must not abuse the confidence shown thee. Consider, thou oughtest to live in Krowa, and canst not leave without permission. Hast thou the inspector's leave?"

"Your excellency—"

"This time I will overlook it, but take care in future. Thou art a dangerous man."

"I am innocent," said Vladimir.

The governor frowned.

"Do not begin that story anew! I have just received orders on thy account from Petersburg. They say nothing of thy innocence. I advise thee to be more cautious—else I should have to be much more severe."

Astonished at this unusual severity of the governor, who so far had been exceedingly kind to him, Vladimir showed such signs of grief that the governor felt moved to pity.

Turning to his adjutant, he said:

"Be kind enough to go over there to Merchant Lateff and tell him I wish to see him tonight about the ball he wishes to give. I shall wait for you here. Come back at once, if you please."

The adjutant guessed that his presence was not desired by the governor, and therefore stepped out of the sleigh and went off quickly. Vladimir was about to leave, when the governor stopped him, saying:

"Dear count, I was compelled to use such language with you, because I received today the very strictest orders concerning you. An autograph letter from M. Schelm, the head of a division in the ministry of the interior, concerns you exclusively. I am ordered to be very strict with you if you should disregard the rules in the slightest way."

"Schelm!" exclaimed Vladimir. "He is my greatest enemy. He—"

"Hush!" said the governor, in a whisper. "I must not even hear such words. They might already count as crime against me. I do not know whether you are guilty or innocent. That is not my business. I can only admit you do not look like a hardened sinner. I admire the countess and revere her; on that account I warn you. If you are in town, avoid me like sin itself, for, if I should meet you, I would have to proceed with great severity. You must, next, keep on good terms with captain of gen-darmes and the inspector, because it would be difficult for me to protect you against these two men. Now I must make my excuses to the countess that I cannot receive her any longer at my house. Goodby, and be cautious."

"Your excellency! Do not forsake me! I am innocent!"

"As to that, I am helpless. I am an officer, and must obey orders. I have no right to declare you guilty or not guilty. If you force me I should even have to punish you, however repugnant."

The adjutant was seen approaching; the governor dismissed Vladimir with a gesture of the hand, and the sleigh drove away.

Vladimir remained standing there, as if struck by lightning. For two months he had cherished illusory hopes, which now vanished in smoke. The good-will of the governor, the politeness of Col. Palkin, of whose conduct Jana had told him nothing—all this he thought betokened a favorable turn in his situation. The governor's words threw him back again into an abyss of doubt. He hastened to his wife's house.

Jana was waiting for him to breakfast with him. The unexpected blow had changed his features so that the loving wife at once detected his trouble by the expression of his face.

"Vladimir! What is the matter?" she asked excitedly.

"What is the matter?" he replied, sadly. "Well, I cannot endure this any longer. We had, so far, only one enemy, the captain of gen-darmes, whom Satan must have brought here. Now we shall have to humble ourselves to him also. The governor has received letters from Petersburg which bring that rascally Schelm's orders, to be strict with me. The governor must obey. He sends his apologies to you, that he cannot receive you any more at the palace. As to myself, I have to return to my lonely life as a colonist, exposed to the persecutions of subordinates."

"But our petition, Palkin's protection?"

"He is an officer like the others. For a month he was a man; here he has again become a machine; either he never sent the paper, or he got an answer which prevents his taking any further steps."

"And you think the governor also has joined our enemies?"

"He is personally as kind as ever, but he must obey the orders that have been sent to him. No, Jana, by begging for it I shall never get my rights. I stand alone, and I face this whole free masonry of officials. For two years I have hesitated to join the conspiracy in which all my fellow-exiles are engaged; its aim is to shake off this yoke on our necks. I have always refused to join them, because while almost all of them have done some wrong by which they have incurred punishment, I am innocent, and have patiently waited till my innocence should be acknowledged publicly. Two long years I have waited, and now I will wait no longer."

"What do you mean to do?" asked Jana, frightened by the excitement with which her husband spoke.

"There is a grand conspiracy spread over the whole of East Siberia. There is a regular administrative body, and at the head a chief who has been chosen by the members. They propose to shake off the Russian yoke to escape to a country where the Czar cannot reach them. As the terrible frost this winter has frozen over the whole Baikal lake, where, on account of its vast extent the authorities cannot watch them easily, they meet on one of the islands. I know this conspiracy, because I was invited six months ago to enter. I had to keep it a secret, especially as I declined to join them. Now, however, that all my hopes have failed. I have changed my mind. If they deny me what is right, I shall take it. I cannot be a martyr who waits and waits, and at last dies, still waiting for release; nor can I bear it that you, so fair and so noble, should lead such a wretched life."

"But, my dear Vladimir," said Jana, "I am perfectly happy here. Have we not found here that domestic life of which you so often dreamed? What does it matter whether we live in Irkutsk or in Paris?"

"And yet, instead of witnessing the homage that is paid you on all sides, I am not even allowed to visit you any more! Was that why you joined your fate to mine? No, Jana, my resolution is fixed. In the little village in which I live quite a number of unfortunate exiles are going to try to recover their liberty. They are all members of the conspiracy. Tomorrow I shall join them. They will be glad to receive me. You will give them the money they need so sadly. I tell you everything, because I know your heart. I know how well you know how to use your fortune."

She interrupted him sadly.

"With that one word, Vladimir, you close my life. Alas! I have a thousand reasons for dissuading you from taking this step; now I can say nothing more.

"Nothing, nothing at all! I do not wish you to doubt me a moment. That has happened once, and we have been punished too severely ever to try it again. Who knows, however, if you are not right. The world generally does justice to those who no longer need it. I have nearly a million. You need not want money, therefore if we but once could feel the frontier behind us—the means should not be wanting."

She pressed a burning kiss on his brow.

"Now go and conquer the freedom which you cannot secure in a legal way. I shall follow you wherever you go."

He bent his knee before her said:

"I thank God every day that He has given me such a helpmate in life. You are my comfort and my hope, Jana. You will not see me for two whole days. I now return to my hut and tomorrow I go to work."

"May God protect you and guide you!" she said, deeply moved.

At that moment Dr. Haas's voice was heard:

"Will you please come to breakfast? It has been ready some time and is getting cold."

[illegible]

## CHAPTER XX.

About 60 verste from Irkutsk lies Lake Baikal, one of the largest masses of fresh water on earth. Russians and natives alike call it the Holy sea. It forms the natural frontier between Russia and the empire of China. The line has, however, long since ceased to mark any difference; the overflow of Russians has extended the Czar's dominions far beyond its shores. The Angara river leaves the lake in foaming waves, and the road to Irkutsk runs along its shores nearly all the way. At the spot where the Angara comes out of the lake some tall, pointed rocks rise suddenly from the level plain; they are known as the Shaman rocks. Behind them the broad surface of the lake stretches out its dark water as far as the Amur Daya, with its perpetual snow. The Shaman rocks religiously revered by the natives, and the Russians, naturally inclined to be superstitious, share the feeling of the Siberians for these dismal rocks. A legend, current in that region, says that Christ, in a visit to these distant parts of Asia, had ascended the largest of these rocky points, and, after blessing the west, had stretched out his hands towards the north, saying: "Yonder there is nothing more!"

Numerous islands give a certain life to the enormous lake. The largest is called Orka. A few versts beyond them a group of similar gray rocks rise; in summer they are inaccessible; the waves of the lake break against them, making a tremendous surf, so that even the lightest of boats cannot approach the steep shore. The dark and dismal rocks look like guardians watching over the lake. In winter, however, the outlook is very different. The dark, restless waters of the lake freeze and form dark blue, white or green crystals of the strangest forms. At a distance one might imagine a battlefield or a graveyard in which thousands of bodies had been interred in terrible disorder.

Light sleighs cross the lake in winter in all directions. The ice, 10 or 12 feet thick, could bear a whole army with its heavy artillery. But the new comer, when he first steps on the vast frozen surface, is sure to be taken aback by the very curious sounds which the lake emits, sounding now like the sweet notes of a hunting horn and now like the subdued sighs of a giant. From time to time the whole vast surface begins to shake or tremble as if the lake wanted to shake off the heavy burden and see the sweet light of the sun once more.

The largest of the rocks which surround the island of Orka is triangular and stands out slightly before the others. The rock has no name, but a kind of cave in it is known all over Siberia as the Shaman's valley. On the black sides of the rock the white foam of the waves is frozen instantly, the pointed peaks look like so many sentinels guarding the entrance.

It was night. The huge blocks of ice were glowing like gigantic diamonds and reflected a faint light upon the frozen surface of the lake. It was cold to bursting, as they say in Siberia.

A sleigh with three reindeer came up quickly. The reindeer seemed to know the way; they turned to the right and to the left within these enormous blocks of ice without pausing an instant. Two men in furs sat in the sleigh. They did not speak, for that is impossible for people who drive fast in such fearful cold. A sharp wind whistles ominously. All around reindeer became visible. Evidently men were present near by. The sleigh stopped at the entrance to the Shaman's cave. The men jumped out and the reindeer lay down in the snow to rest.

The newcomers walked a few steps and found themselves in the Shaman's cave. Stalactites of all shapes and colors hung from the ceiling. Torches illumined the cave, and their light was reflected from the ice crystals in all the hues of the rainbow. Twenty exiles had met here to consult. Each one had a fur robe in addition to his ordinary costume. It was so warm inside the cave that the new arrivals laid aside the masks which they had worn as a protection against the excessive cold.

"What? Without any precautionary measures?" asked Vladimir. "You have no sentinels? I am admitted as I am, without any oath or question."

"The vast extent of the cave and the prevailing superstition protect us against any danger. No Siberian, unless it be a half-mad hunter, would dare approach these rocks at night. The agents of the government care not to come out in such weather. But we have sentinels: First, the reindeer, who would make a noise like seals if a stranger were to approach, and these two friendly Tunguses, who warrant our safety. You are not yet accustomed to this life in the desert, and have heard nothing yet, I suppose?"

"Not the least."

"Well, our arrival has been announced. I am at home here. When you desired to join us the matter was referred to me, because I am the head of all the exiles in Irkutsk. I was security for you. Our brethren knew that I was going to bring a stranger."

"But this is a complete organization. How could you accomplish all this under the eyes of the authorities?"

"All that we owe to one man! Formerly we complained, endured and gave ourselves up to despair. That man came and soon understood how to inspire our hearts with hope and our minds with courage."

"And who is that?"

"One moment and you shall know him. He is not here yet, but he will come soon, because he knows we have a new member and generally he receives such himself. You will notice that of the 20 members present not one comes near me or speaks to me. That is one of our rules."

Indeed the newcomers were left standing quite alone in the cave, while farther in a small number of conspirators stood in silence, their hoods drawn over their faces.

"I admire your discipline," said Vladimir. "He must be an exceptional man who is at the head of this society."

"It is an old custom now for the exiles of a district to choose a head, whom the government acknowledges as such. He is to mediate between the latter and ourselves, but in fact this title is an empty form; our demands, our complaints never produce a result. We are not even allowed to make our complaints known to an inspector or other official. You, count," he added, with some bitterness in his tone, "You have enjoyed certain privileges, we are told, and have not yet fathomed the depth of our sufferings. The exile has no rights whatever, not even that of complaining!"

"But that is terrible!"

"And yet it is true. The Czar is just, but his ministers are strict. The upper officials are usually hard of heart, but the subordinates—they are monsters!"

"They say the Czar is just!"

"No doubt, but the Czar has no idea of our fate. He wants only to get rid of us: he no doubt thinks we are pretty well off here and have little or nothing to suffer. As I told you, we are permitted to choose a chief, so that even among us the idea of rank and authority may be preserved. Last year our chief was old Count F., a man who was completely crushed by his misfortunes and had lost his courage. He dared not say a word. He lived in a suburb of Irkutsk, a village to which I was likewise consigned. Our inspector was an old army officer, who was entirely dependent on his wife, when he was not drunk. This man is now captain of gendarmes in the city."

"I know him," said Lanin. "What else?"

"At that time there came a new exile to us, a man of rare energy and superior intellect, who was sent here on account of his share in a great conspiracy, together with 11 others. He never spoke of this conspiracy; he was melancholy and reserved. After a while we learnt to appreciate his rare merit; he managed to help everybody and soon won favor with all of us. Several weeks after his arrival this happened. The inspector's wife had a grudge against a young man of high rank who was sent to Siberia because he had written some verses against one of the ministers. One day we missed him—and the next day we found his corpse. The inspector, drunk and urged on by his wife, had ordered him to receive 500 blows. The poor man had been unable to bear the punishment and had died. A few days later the governor came to that district. In consequence of a happy event in the Emperor's family, a partial amnesty had been proclaimed, which included the young poet. We were beside ourselves, and all of us urged Count F. to report the simple facts. He dared not say a word. We all knew the benevolent nature of the governor and yet the letter of the law did not allow us to open our lips. Then this man, of whom I spoke the chief of the unknown conspiracy, stepped forth from the ranks of the exiles drawn up before the governor and approached the latter. The inspector was just stating that the young poet was no longer alive. Our comrade interrupted him and related what had actually happened. We listened in amazement. His language sounded superhuman. It was full of deep emotion, sorrow and threats. The inspector was in a terrible fury, but the governor allowed the speaker to conclude his narrative. When our comrade had spoken a quarter of an hour, he ended by saying: 'I have done. His majesty the Emperor decides that we have deserved death. We give up our lives, but we demand to be judged. Here, however, is no judgment but murder. In the name of all of us I venture to beg your excellency to let justice proceed against the murderer. That was certainly more than courage that was high daring.' The governor made no reply, but went frowning into the inspector's house. That same evening the officer was retired, but we lost also our comrade, who was sent to another district."

"That man retired? Why is he not captain of gendarmes in Irkutsk?"

"Those people are like cats and always fall upon their feet. We have another governor now, who does not know the past of this scoundrel. But I must end my story. Just at that time the Count F. died. The superiority of the new exile, of whom I spoke, had in the meantime become generally known, and after six months he was chosen to succeed poor Count F. The past protect"—

At this moment they noticed two men who entered the cave. One of them was Ienar-Kus, the other his European companion. When the latter came in he threw back his hood, and by the light of the torches his manly, strongly-marked features became visible.

"Miller!" exclaimed Vladimir.

The huntsman trembled.

"Vladimir!" he groaned indistinctly.

At the same time he raised his hand, and turning to the assembled exiles he said:

"Withdraw, all of you. Leave me a moment alone with this man."

The gesture with his hand was so peremptory and the tone of his voice so commanding that the exiles silently withdrew. Wrath, contempt, surprise, all filled Vladimir's soul at once and nearly robbed him of his presence of mind. There they stood, the former friends in this cave of ice, illumined by the lurid light of torches, which cast a flickering sheen on Vladimir's pale face and on Miller's, who looked still paler.

The man from Courland bent his knee, and slowly, imploringly said, "Forgive."

Vladimir could not answer.

"I may not ask for pardon," Miller continued, "and you may not grant it. I do not beseech you—on my knees—now to pardon me, but only to listen to me. You may kill me if you choose!"

Lanin shook his head and answered in a voice full of the most consummate contempt:

"No, I shall not kill you. Speak! I am almost anxious to know what you can say to excuse yourself."

"I do not mean to excuse myself," said Miller, rising. "My guilt is so great that I shall find no excuse even when I stand before the Supreme Judge."

"What, then, do you want of me?"

"I want you to pardon those! The matter stood thus: I was dying from starvation and despair. Schelm tempted me by promising me life and fortune. He wanted to buy me and make me his tool. I struggled long and hard. I was in the midst of the conspiracy before I had made up my mind. Then came the intoxication of success! I saw the project succeed beyond all expectation. I no longer knew good or evil. I saw only one thing, the end! I worked hard for two months, day and night. I came finally to the conviction that I had no longer any choice. Schelm held me in his power. I was his tool before I knew it. I became his agent provocateur, as he had wanted me to be from the beginning. I stooped so low! I then forgot everything, honor, God, the whole world! At last I triumphed—I, surrounded by men of mediocre capacity. I their head and master! At once I commanded them all. Good fortune intoxicated me. I advanced blindly. I was proud of my work, and in a state of insanity I even forgot that I was committing a crime!"

Vladimir shuddered. Miller had become terribly excited. His thundering voice resounded from the wall of the cave. Lanin's gentle temper shrank from the wild tale.

"You terrify me, Miller," he said. "In the place of contempt and bitterness which I at first felt, I now tremble."

A glow of self-consciousness flashed over Miller's face, but vanished at once. "It is true I betrayed you," he continued. "I had become a worthless, contemptible creature. At that time I was so exultant in my triumph that I would have answered you had you complained. But you must confess the intrigue was beautifully carried out. Later, however, when I was alone with my conscience, I suffered agony. The sighing of the Neva, the waves of which broke against my prison walls, sounded to me like your voice. My cell adjoined yours, and I fancied I ever heard your voice. When the wind arose in the Siberian steppes it seemed to bring me the sound of your sorrow; when I saw a woman at a distance I saw your wife! All my conscientious sufferings were concentrated in you. I forgot all the others whom I had sent to Siberia, and thought only of you, my friend, my benefactor, my helper in the hour of need, whom I had sold in this vile way. Then, a third time, the desire seized me to carry out a great work. I wanted to make amends for my crime, bring your innocence to light, restore your honor—who are you? Persecuted innocence, and on that account neither dangerous nor altogether a victim of despair. I, on the contrary, I am a criminal who repents his crime, a man who has stooped to the lowest, meanest act. Today my one aim is to have revenge and to make amends for the evil I have done. I feel the strength in me to move mountains. I shall devote all my zeal all my energy and perseverance—and they are great—to you!

Vladimir was amazed. This man who had cheated him out of his life now no longer appeared to him so vulgar, so contemptible, but rather terrible and great in the infamy which he had heaped upon himself. In his heart he pitied this powerful nature which he had not found a favorable sphere in which to act and to exert itself. He replied:

"Believe me, Miller, I have often thought of you in sleepless nights or in summer when I was hard at work. The feeling of revenge glowed in my heart. But you know how little I love to indulge such sentiments. Only yesterday I was perfectly happy here since my wife shares my exile."

"What! The countess is here. I was not misled then by my apprehensions?"

"Yes, she lives in Irkutsk. I was happy, quiet, and, as I thought, forgotten by my pursuers. I had forgotten you! I had almost forgotten Schelm. But there came letters from Petersburg showing that there I was not forgotten. The victim had been ready to forgive, but the executioner could not forget that he had not done all the evil he meant to do. This made me rebellious, and I came here."

"Schelm! Who is Schelm? Vermin, that I shall crush with others. No! I do not war against Schelm! I mean to reform the whole of our society, which murders the weak and protects the great, where might ever rules over right, and where a man like myself must become a spy or a robber! I mean to conquer a realm of my own, in Europe or in China, what care I? There is no lack of space here—then when I am great and powerful I shall return to my country and raise there the banner of justice! Perhaps I shall then become a good man. But, in order to be able to act freely, I must, first of all, banish your face, which now rises before my eyes every night and reproaches me betterly. You must, yes, Vladimir, you must forgive, forget and pardon me."

And a second time he fell on his knees before his former friend.

"Forgive me, Vladimir. Give me your hand that I may kiss it, and do not look at me so pitilessly."

"I have long since forgiven you, and finding you now here, at a place where I myself seek support, I am not able to hate you."

"Do you—will you believe that I have told these people how I have once been a spy and a traitor?"

"Did you tell them that?"

"Everything. Was it not better to confess all at once than afterwards to be discovered by one of those whom I have sent here? I told them I had betrayed my best friend. The boldness and the candor of my confession perhaps but strengthened my influence and my power over them. Now, Vladimir, I have laid open to you my innermost heart. Are you still disposed to pardon me?"

"I pity you, and at the same time I fear you, but I do not cherish one thought of hatred against you. Here is my hand!"

Now Miller rose quickly and called with a loud voice:

"Come here, comrades!"

He towered with his gigantic stature high above the count, on whose arm he was leaning; he might have looked like the protector of this small, youthful man. The cave was nearly filled by the conspirators. Miller spoke:

"This is the man whom I have betrayed. My blood, my life belong to him henceforth. You have sworn to be obedient to me unto death. In the face of God and of freedom I swear that I devote the rest of my life to his service! Brethren, this man must be a hundred times dearer to you than I myself. Swear that you will defend him to the last drop of your blood; that you will surround and protect him at the first call; that you, pursued and banished, nevertheless will be the guardian angels of this exile, who from this day ceases to be one!"

Deeply moved Lanin embraced his friend.

"We swear," cried all with one voice. Miller saw the prince of the Tunguses in the centre of the conspirators.

"I owe this man a debt of blood," he said to him, pointing to Lanin. "Brother Ienar, I ask you, protect Count Vladimir Lanin."

The Tunguse bowed reverently.

"If need be, brother, Ienar-Kus will pay your debt of blood!"

Then a circle was formed and a protracted council was held in the cave.

[CONTINUED MONDAY.]

## CHAPTER XXI.

Morning began shortly to dawn, and the landscapes, though still veiled in a white mist, grew lighter and lighter.

The frozen bed of the Angara looked like a second high road by the side of the great post road. Down on the wide bed of the river the narta of Ienar-kus was flying towards Irkutsk. All around still asleep, the narta alone, like an evil spirit fleeing before the light of day, was an exception.

The prince of the Gunguses had given Vladimir his swiftfooted dogs and sleigh. In the narta sat Miller at his side. The white walls of the city were already visible in the distance when Miller, who did not seem to feel the cold in the least, continued:

"It is certainly most fortunate that you have joined us. We had an organization and men, but we lacked till now both money and arms. Now you will furnish both. This will help us greatly. The countess and her friends will enable us to purchase arms. As the merchants are permitted to sell carbines to the Tarters in the Chinese empire, Ienar-kus can be our agent. Now I feel our strength! You cannot imagine what 100 resolute men can do in these vast deserts, where the Czar can hardly raise 1000 men in all."

"You speak of a hundred, but count only twenty?"

"You have seen only a part of the conspirators. In all the districts where exiles are living we have branches. Today we count a hundred; tomorrow there may be five hundred!"

Vladimir interrupted him.

"Look here, Miller, I promise you every assistance to enable you to flee from here. I am ready with my wife to accompany you as far as the Siberian frontier. But, mind, you must not raise your hand against the Czar or our mother country. Will you promise?"

Miller made no reply. They had just then passed a snow-covered hill, which rose abruptly from the banks of the Angara. Miller pointed it out to his companion and said:

"Do you notice this Tartar tomb? Here you must come whenever you wish to see me. Every night a man of the tribe of Ienar stands guard here. This Gungus knows where I may be found. The mound is hollow inside, although the Russians have not yet discovered this. Ienar-kus, a descendant of the former rulers of this country, told me so on the day when we swore brotherly friendship and sealed it with our blood. You need only go to the east side of the hill and call Ienar's name three times; one of his men will, after a while, come out from within and tell you what you may wish to know."

"So near the city?" asked Lanin, cautiously.

"This desert has many other mysteries yet unknown to the conqueror. And this is my power. During the two years that I have been living here I have not ceased trying to find out these secrets, until now I probably know this land of snow and ice as well as those who were born here. Remember, whenever you need me, hasten to this mound and 24 hours later I shall be at your service. Every order of yours will be fulfilled. From this hour Miller, the traitor, is your slave. Never forget that, Vladimir."

They stopped under the walls of the city.

"Here my dominion ends," said Miller, checking the fleet dogs. "Farewell, Vladimir. You are almost in town."

They shook hands. Once more the count turned round and said:

"My first care shall be now to purchase arms; I am told there is a merchant Lafet, who mainly furnished arms to the Tartars."

"Yes! But be cautious! Remember that an exile is not permitted to buy arms!"

"Never mind! My wife has an old friend, a Dr. Haas, who has accompanied her to this place. He will not be suspected."

"Good But make haste, for I burn with the desire to be free once more!"

They parted. As Miller drove off he once more heard the warning words:

"Remember, Miller! Nothing against the Czar and holy Russia."

Miller did not seem to have heard these words, which once before he had apparently disregarded, and soon the narta had disappeared behind the mound. Lanin went into the city. For two days Jana had been anxiously expecting him. Now he told her all. He spoke of his hopes, his meeting with Miller, how he had forgiven him and had joined him in the conspiracy. He had been afraid Jana would disapprove of this. All the more he rejoiced now, when she said:

"A man such as Miller is does nothing by halves. Betrayed by officials, he will never become a spy. His very crime proves that he is honest now. You must never be a traitor to your native land, but you must and may try, by all means, to recover your liberty."

Dr. Haas was summoned. His answer was calm and dignified.

"Countess, I have devoted myself to your service, and I am not a Russ. What you approve I am prepared to approve, and what you order I shall try to do. I am an old man, and my last sacrifices are made for you. Do not ask my opinion, therefore, but simply command!"

It was now decided that Dr. Haas should draw from the Bank of Irkutsk enough of Jana's money to purchase arms and then return with the count to his hut in the village, in order to calm the governor, and to take other precautionary measures. The day after Dr. Haas was to open negotiations with Lapteff and buy 500 rifles, intended for a khan of the Catchas, who had risen in rebellion against the Chinese authorities.

Lanin and Dr. Hass bade Jana farewell, and then went to the bank, walking down Main st. The town clock was striking 10. Almost at the same time, when Count Lanin returned from Lake Baikal, Popoff and his betrothed entered the offices of the head of the gendarmes. Palkin was out, having been ordered to appear before the governor, he had directed his secretary, on leaving, to continue the work begun the day before. Popoff wanted to have one more long conversation with his betrothed, and in order to interrupt his work he had called Helen in, and now was distributing several papers in her presence. Palkin, when he left, had said he would hardly be back before two hours, and Popoff, therefore, thought he would have time to explain his plans to Helen. They had been conversing a good hour, and Popoff had told his betrothed that on the following Sunday he would have to meet the count, and in speaking of the document against Schelm, which he still had in his possession, he said:

"The less this paper meant at that time the more formidable it has since become. The receipt and the forged signature prove beyond all doubt that I was Schelm's accomplice. He never prosecuted me. He only had me arrested as a dangerous man, not as a man who had stolen money and forged a signature."

"But Nicholas, how could you keep this paper?"

"That I'll tell you," he said, and his eyes glowed in triumph; "I used to carry this paper about me, and it kept me anxious in the day and prevented my sleeping at night. One night I dreamt I had lost it, and I should be drowned in the Neva. I started from my sleep bathed in perspiration, and next morning I had a terrible toothache. This gave me a mad idea. I went to Sebastopol, where I knew an eminent American dentist. I got him to draw two of my teeth, one perfectly healthy, the other slightly diseased. Then I ordered a very small box of ivory to be made, shaped outwardly exactly like the two teeth. The paper of the copying book is excessively thin; I folded my precious paper very small, put it into a diminutive bladder and then went back to my dentist. I asked him if he could put the little box back into my jaws to look like the two missing teeth. He thought me at first half mad but when I offered him 200 roubles he agreed to humor me. Whenever now I think I am in danger I put in my two teeth, and so far providence has been merciful to me, and my treasure has never been detected. I confide my secret to you, my Helen, for the hour of the conflict is approaching, and I know not what may be my fate. Remember, therefore, that I am in your power, and not I only, but the fate, also, of the whole family of our benefactor."

He had barely ended these words when he, accidentally looking out of the window, saw Palkin's sleigh before the door, and the colonel with the captain of gendarmes getting out of it.

"What can that mean? The colonel back so soon? Helen, get away as fast as you can and consult with the countess Sunday in the twilight. I'll go out to Krowa to see the count. Perhaps the countess would be so kind as to be there at the same time. Make haste, Helen; the colonel might be angry that I let you in."

"It is too late. I must hide somewhere."

She pointed at the curtain of coarse linen which hung in the corner of the room and screened piles of papers.

"Are you mad?" cried Nicholas. "Those are the archives of the corps of gendarmes."

She smiled and insisted. It was high time. The colonel's voice was heard quite near by. Helen ran to the corner and hid behind the curtain.

"Even if he finds me, what can he do to me?" she whispered into Popoff's ear. He was terrified.

Popoff bent over his papers and gave himself the air of being very busy. The door opened and the two officers entered.

"Popoff, jump into my sleigh, drive to the prison, get them to give you a list of all the prisoners and bring it to me at once. It will not take much of your time and you will have a chance of drawing a breath of fresh air."

Popoff bowed, but could not rejoice, so great was his fear for Helen. He remonstrated a moment, but in vain; he had to leave her.

"The fool thinks I show him so much consideration from sheer goodness of heart! Listen to me. I can speak openly to you, for you are an excellent officer and know that he who wants promotion must be supported by influential persons in high offices. So far I have asked nothing of you, but now I shall want you. Are you ready to comply with my wishes?"

"Most assuredly; I know what influence you wield; you are the poor gendarme's only protector. Order and I obey."

"Count Lanin must be arrested before Sunday; I give you three days' time to do that!"

The captain hesitated.

"Colonel," he said, "I should be glad to do that, for I can bear that fool as little as typhus or cholera, but the governor favors him greatly."

"You are mistaken! That was so yesterday—that is not so today. He can no longer protect him. I promise you nobody will henceforth have anything to do with that man. I promise you, besides, to assume the whole responsibility. We love and we hate people here, not as we like, but as we are ordered from Petersburg. I rely upon it; you must arrest the count! You can easily find a pretext. He is hardly ever at home; you need only appear unexpectedly in Krowa; the law is on your side!"

The captain's eyes blazed at once.

"I shall go there from here. The matter is settled!"

"Well! And once in jail, you have the house watched, and let no one enter. Have a few men on hand, moreover, in case I should need them."

"Very well, colonel!"

"I rely on you, and now you can go, but come tomorrow and report!"

The gendarme left, and the colonel walked up and down in the room, meditating on the blackest plans. Like all men, who pursue their thoughts energetically, he spoke to himself aloud:

"I must get that paper from Popoff, by cunning or by force, if I should have to kill him! Schelm can no longer be dangerous to me; he will have reason to fear me. We shall both of us make a brilliant career. I do not hate him. I only want to prevent him from injuring me. Let him take Lanin. What do I care? He was useful to me as a weapon so far. If I find a better weapon, what do I care for him? I'll give Schelm the husband; he'll give me the wife as my reward, and all is well!"

Palkin, having just returned from the governor, was still in full uniform. He went into his chamber to relieve himself of his sword and heavy boots. No sooner had he disappeared than Helen's pale face peeped from behind the linen curtain. She looked around and, seeing nobody, she slowly opened the door to the salon. Here also nobody. She had come to see her betrothed often enough to know the house. She slipped down the stairs to Popoff's room. Alas, it was empty!

## CHAPTER XXII.

Not 10 minutes had elapsed since Lanin and Dr. Haas had left Jana when Helen rushed in, pale with excitement, to tell her all she had heard.

"I hardly know how I escaped. I waited a whole hour for Nicholas, but he did not return. I asked one of the gendarmes, who generally are very kind to me, to call the secretary out. 'Ah, here you are, you nice little damsel!' he shouted at me. 'Clear out from here, and never show yourself again in this house! We have all of us gotten such a scolding on your account. Here comes your betrothed, and quite unnecessarily tells the colonel that you have been here. Is that the way you reward our goodness?' And thus he talked on, till he shut the door and bade me go instantly. Oh, countess, save the count, for God's sake save Nicholas!"

Jana was terrified, but not specially surprised. Since that scene in the coach she had never again fully trusted Palkin, in spite of all his assurances of boundless devotion. She had, however, kept silence, hoping thus to keep him from injuring her or her husband hereafter. Now she quietly rose and said to Helen:

"I shall at once go to the governor. So just a man will surely not deny us his support. Do you, in the meantime, go into town; you will surely meet my husband and Dr. Haas. Tell them all, and beg them at once to come here. You will easily find the doctor, because everybody likes and honors him for the good he has already done."

Helen could not recover; she was still trembling all over with excitement and fear. Jana tried to calm and to encourage her, and did not leave her till she had at least partially succeeded. Then both these good and noble women left the house.

Irkutsk has, like most large Russian cities, a main street, which consists of splendid, symmetrically built palaces. From this street smaller ones branch off with poor log houses, and then follow mudholes and so-called suburbs. Every great town, however, has at least one square built after European models.

The main street of Irkutsk crossed the street in which Jana lived, and which at the corner especially looked very much like the main street. Seven superb mansions rose on both sides. They were of massive structure, had several stories, and possessed real architectural merits. At the house of the countess the symmetry ceased. After it followed only poor, smoke-blackened huts, and the end of the street encountered a hill utterly uninhabited.

The house which immediately adjoined Jana's dwelling, although looking very insignificant and even poverty-stricken, was in reality not so badly arranged. It was a one-story log-house, surrounded by a small garden. Here lived the captain of gendarmes. Jana did not know this. Her servants were all aware of the fact, but they did not know of the ill-feeling that existed between the two families.

Helen, when she left Jana's house, looked all around to see if she could perceive any trace of the count or of Dr. Haas. She saw in the door of the captain's house a woman standing, who was idly gazing at the passers-by. Helen approached her and asked:

"Pardon me, dear neighbor, but you probably know Count Lanin and Dr. Haas?"

"Very well," replied the woman, looking eagerly at the girl, who noticed nothing, occupied as she was with her great grief.

"Did you notice in what direction they went?"

The woman became more attentive as she perceived Helen's anxiety.

"I have seen no one, as I have but just come out. But my husband has been standing a whole hour at the door, smoking his pipe, and has but just gone in. Step in a moment, my child!"

Helen accepted the invitation. When the two women were in the front room the kind neighbor suddenly turned to Helen, asking:

"Why do you want to know that?"

Helen drew back a step.

"I am the captain's wife, and your conduct makes me very suspicious. Answer me candidly. Why do you want to know where the two men are?"

Helen tried again to get to the door, but Caroline prevented her. She remained standing on the threshold, laughing loud and cruelly. She said:

"You shall not get away from here till my husband returns; he has just gone out on business about your master."

"But that is vulgarity," cried Helen. "I am in a great hurry!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Caroline. "Just wait, child, and amuse yourself as you can."

In an instant she had slipped out, closed the door behind her, drew the key out of the lock and left Helen imprisoned.

In the meantime Jana had driven to the governor's palace and asked for an audience. The governor sent an excuse; he could not possibly receive her. Jana begged and implored—in vain. She next hurried to all the upper officials who had been kind to her. No one received her. Two hours she had wasted thus, and now returned in great anguish and utterly exhausted. Lina told her that Dr. Haas had been waiting for some time.

"Your husband has been arrested," he told Jana as soon as she entered. "The persecution begins anew. After I had gotten the money from the bank I accompanied the count to his dwelling. We found a gendarme there, quite at home. He took no excuse. The count had been caught away from his house. The soldier, of course, acted under orders. It was lucky I had money, or matters might have been much worse."

Conflict had a different effect on Jana from the general effect: it roused her energies and inspired her instead of casting her down.

"We have nothing more to hope from the authorities. If law and order forsake us we must seek help with the rebels—what else can we do? Doctor, procure me a man's costume! I shall go tonight to the Tartar mound. My husband cannot invoke Miller's assistance from his prison—it is my duty to do it for him!"

"Oh, countess, how can you? You alone! At night! Consider to what danger you expose yourself!"

"Do not prevent me, doctor; I must do it."

"Let me go in your place."

"Miller does not know you. You would make no impression upon him, while I personify to his mind, his conscience! He must obey me!"

"No one can resist you, countess! But at least do not forbid me going with you. I shall accompany you to the mound!"

She held out her hand and said simply, "I thank you!"

The nights at the North, where all life ceases and every noise is silenced, are infinitely more impressive and grander than those of more southern countries. As soon as the vast plains of Siberia are overshadowed, you hear your own breathing; you notice your heart's pulsation; you count the echo of your footsteps on the hard snow; the ear is susceptible of perceiving the faintest noise.

The whole Tartar mound trembled when Jana, at 10 o'clock at night, three times repeated the magic name:

"Ienar! Ienar! Ienar!"

The name came back echoed from the hills and the mountains, from the valleys and the frozen waters of the Angara, like three shots fired from a mortar. Then all was still as before.

Jana appeared in the full costume of a colonist. By her side stood the faithful doctor. Both had found no difficulty in leaving the city, because neither of them was subject to the strict laws by which the exiles were bound.

They did not know how long a time might have passed, when suddenly steps became audible on the snow and like a spirit of the grave the dark form of a Gungus became visible on the white background. He bowed to the countess as if waiting for orders.

"My friend," she said in Russian, "I stand in need of Miller's assistance. I am the Countess Lanin."

The Siberian looked at her in amazement, but did not say a word.

"You surely know where he is? I must see him and speak with him as soon as possible."

The young native made a sign with his hand that he did not understand a word.

"You do not understand me?" asked poor Jana.

He repeated the same unmistakable sign.

She tried once more to make herself understood, repeating very slowly all she had said. In vain! The poor woman sank overwhelmed, on her knees.

"Oh, God, enlighten me that I may know what to do! Must we perish thus?"

Haas now walked up to the native, and touching his arm, he said: "Ienar!" The Siberian repeated the name. Then the doctor sat down on the snow and tried to slide down the hill. The Gungus laughed joyfully and disappeared in a crevice of the rocks.

"He will take me to his leader. If that man does not speak Russian he will at least know Miller."

"Oh, doctor, certainly Providence has sent you to me. Return now to town; I'll go with this man."

"No, countess, you cannot do that; I demand it in my quality as your protector! I am responsible to the count for your safety. Believe me besides, the count might not like your going with this man! You are a lady, and have to think of that!"

Jana at last understood the doctor, and gave him her hand, saying:

"You are right, doctor. Go, then, with God! If prayers and threats fail, use money; use it lavishly. I leave the fate of my husband in your hands. I shall do on my part what I can. We have hardly 48 hours before us; let us make good use of them."

The Siberian appeared as suddenly as before, but now with a smart sleigh and reindeers. Haas took leave of Jana, sat down by the Gungus and whispered once more the magic word, "Ienar!"

The Siberian looked assent and whistled fiercely. The reindeer flew down the slope to the river bed, and then galloped along on the smooth ice as upon a level road.

Jana remained standing still, almost lifeless, following the quickly-vanishing sleigh as long as her eyes could discern the faint outlines. Then she knelt down on the snow and sent a fervent prayer to God's throne on high in behalf of Vladimir and the doctor. After having crossed herself she rose and returned to Irkutsk.

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XXIII.

In Vladimir's hut the twilight had long changed into night. More than a quarter of an hour Nicholas Popoff had waited for the count, according to his promise, paying no attention to the increasing darkness. At first he wondered why Lanin had not appeared, because he had charged Helen very specially to mention the hour at which he would be there. He had obtained two hours' leave, and no more, and knew perfectly how dangerous this step might become for him and for Palkin himself.

"Oh, these women," he thought to himself. "No doubt Helen has blundered. I ought to have done it myself. Why, it is perfectly dark!"

Nicholas rose, looked for a piece of light wood, kindled it with the aid of a match, and put it into a beam. Thus the smoking, flittering light illumined the hut at least after a fashion. No other light is known in the Siberian villages.

"Why does he not appear?" Nicholas continued his musings. "I have been waiting an hour now. What can have happened to him?"

He waited half an hour longer. As no one came, he thought it high time to return home, so as to cause no suspicion of his prolonged absence.

He went to the door, opened it, and started back with a cry of surprise and horror.

Col. Palkin was standing on the threshold and behind him he saw the forms of several men, who were walking up and down.

"Colonel! You here!" he exclaimed.

The colonel walked close up to him and pushed him with his whole strength back into the room.

"Are you surprised?"

"Where is the count? What do you want here?"

"Ha! ha! The inquiry begins! Well, I can give you an answer. I am here to take those documents which I need. Out with them! The count will never return here!"

"Why?"

"Unnecessary curiosity! Out with those papers or—"

"That is treachery!"

"Call it what you choose! I have no time for discussion. Hand me the papers!"

Now Popoff saw clearly that he had been caught in a trap, and that Palkin was his enemy. With the strength of despair he seized the colonel by the throat, crying:

"You shall at least pay for the others!"

The colonel, however, a man of herculean strength, pushed the poor, weak man easily back, seized his hands and pressed them till his joints cracked and he sank down on the floor.

"Here! People! Here!"

In a moment two gendarmes had seized Popoff, who was crying for help with all his might, hoping to attract the attention of neighbors or passers-by, and bound him with ropes.

"Now search him accurately! This time nothing shall escape me!"

Nicholas, however, when thus confronting imminent danger, had recovered his presence of mind, and a scornful smile even played on his lips. The gendarmes began to search him. He was stripped of his clothing; pockets, boots, even his hair was thoroughly searched. Nothing was found but a tobacco bag and a penknife. Palkin was foaming with rage.

"You think, perhaps, you will cheat me once more! Well, we'll see. All has not been tried yet. And if I have to kill you I must have those papers. Speak, where are they hid?"

Nicholas silently shrugged his shoulders. This gesture made the colonel furious.

"Tie him to that bench and fetch a nagaika!"

Nicholas turned deadly pale. The nagaika is a knout, a strap of leather, with two knots, the end of which is forked, like the tongue of a serpent. After a hundred blows the flesh is generally gone from the bones, and no man is able to bear five hundred blows.

Nicholas was tied to the bench, and they only waited for the man who had been sent for the knout, which was kept at the inspector's house.

"Obey me!" said Palkin to Popoff. "You have a moment's time yet to consider. Don't be obstinate! Tell me your secret."

"You may murder me, wretched hangman," replied Popoff; "but you shall never learn my secret. I'd rather bite off my tongue, you wretched spy and traitor! I shall yet live to see you overthrown."

Palkin laughed cruelly and sat down, facing the bench. The nagaika was brought in.

"Well! Now begin and strike slowly, so he may have time to reflect and give me the answer I want."

The knout whizzed through the air and fell upon the bare back of the wretched victim. Instantly a dark blue mark appeared, and Popoff uttered a heartrending cry. He bit into the wood of the bench and did not complain further.

After the 20th stroke the blood poured forth in streams and large fragments of flesh were torn off. The pain was too fearful. Nicholas let go the bench, in which his teeth had made deep indentations, and began to cry madly. Palkin was calmly smoking his cigar.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "Have you opened your mouth at last? Perhaps you will now be kind enough to answer?"

With a gesture of the hand he ordered the gendarme to stop. The fellow coolly wiped the leather strap with his fingers. Pieces of flesh came off, which he coolly threw aside. Popoff's throat rattled like that of a dying man.

"Where is the paper I want?" asked the colonel. Nicholas turned his face to the cruel man, and in his bloody, tearful eyes invincible resoluteness still spoke clearly.

"You shall get nothing from me, cursed hangman," he replied.

"Well, let us see!"

And down came the nagaika again. The torture was all the more cruel, as it had been interrupted. At the first blow Popoff uttered a perfectly fearful heartrending cry. Palkin laughed. At each blow Popoff's cries became less violent, his trembling less perceptible. At last he hardly breathed. Palkin thought the gendarme was tired.

"Strike better!" he ordered, "or you share Popoff's fate!"

The gendarme struck with all his force. He struck the backbone. Popoff uttered such a terrific cry that the soldier himself was terrified.

"Will you answer now?"

"Never!" breathed Nichols, who was dying.

"Strike! strike! I say!" shouted Palkin. "Below, at his legs and feet! Make him feel the nagaika!"

At this moment the door opened and Dr. Haas entered. He slowly walked up to Palkin.

"Where does this man come from?" shouted the colonel. "Who let him in? Aha! the doctor."

In the meantime the nagaika had regularly fallen and risen. Nicholas gave no longer any sign of life. Haas went to the bench and put hand on Popoff's head.

"Enough of this torture!" he said in a tone of command. "Your victim is dying!"

"Go on! strike hard! cried Palkin, furious at the interruption. "I can talk to the doctor afterwards."

The gendarme raised the knout, but at the moment Haas snatched it from his hand and threw it aside.

"Enough!" he exclaimed. "Why, the poor unfortunate man is giving up the ghost!"

Palkin approached the doctor and seized him by the arm. Tired and disgusted with the punishment he had been compelled to inflict, the executioner looked in amazement at the man who dared defy his colonel, and never thought of picking up the nagaika.

Haas quietly confronted the colonel.

"Do you know, doctor, that you are guilty of resisting the authority of the government, and that you may have to pay dear for it? How did you get in? Answer?

Haas disengaged himself calmly and said:

"Allow me first to assist the dying man."

"A man who is dying and yet takes his secret with him into the grave, you mean. But do you know what is awaiting you yourself, old quack?"

Haas cast a cold look at him, and replied with unaffected calmness:

"No one knows his fate. Allow me just now, however, to assist this poor man."

This calmness infuriated the colonel beyond control.

"He and you and your count, you are all of you simply a band of traitors. You say he is dead. Well, then you no doubt know his secret, and will perhaps reveal it to me. Hallo, there! untie that dying man there and go to work on this mad fellow in his place. That'll give us new pleasure. Ha! ha!" he laughed wildly, "after all I shall attain my end!"

Haas measured him with a look of contempt.

"You, insane man, threaten me when you ought to be very humble. Listen—"

"Do you think I'll listen to your empty stuff? Bind this old man. You are too tired," he said to the man who had beaten Popoff, and called another gendarme. "Now it is your turn!"

The man was slow to obey the colonel. Haas arose to his full height now and said:

"I do not like to take vengeance. As you, however, will not give up your intention, your wish shall be fulfilled. . . . Help!" he cried with a thundering voice.

Instantly a rattling noise was heard as if window panes were broken, and in the opening appeared two rifles pointed at the colonel. At the same time the door was burst open violently, and soon 30 exiles, armed with clubs and swords, filled the room. Palkin was at first confused, but soon recovered his insolence.

"Here is the rebellion! Aha! We are only three of us, but this unarmed rabble we shall soon master. Come on, children! We shall soon have assistance sent from town!"

The gendarmes obeyed, but they fell almost instantly, being shot down by the two riflemen. The exiles surrounded Palkin. Haas busied himself with the dying man, as if the combat did not concern him at all.

"You must take the colonel alive," ordered a voice from the window. "If 10 of you fall, you must take him alive."

"We shall see that," replied the gendarme, undaunted. "You have not gotten me yet."

He fired a pistol twice into the thickest of his assailants. Then he alone resisted the overwhelming force of exiles. Gigantic as he was, he struck with his sword right and left, and fought on, even after he had been seriously injured by heavy clubs. He tried to gain the door, wounding and killing whoever was in his way, and all the time shouting for help. Blood was flowing in streams.

A certain mistrust seized upon the exiles. Eight men had fallen under the blows of the colossal, raging soldier. Palkin had actually reached the door, when, all of a sudden, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. A new enemy had appeared and struck him down with one powerful blow.

The gendarme roared like a wild beast.

"At last I have you, vile vermin," exclaimed Miller. It was he who, watching the fight from the window, had used a favorable moment to attack Palkin from behind. In a moment the colonel was disarmed and bound in spite of his violent resistance. Now Miller went to the window, and, taking off his kospak, he said:

"Countess, there is no danger now. You can enter!"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A fearful scene it was that struck the eye in the interior of the small hut. The bodies of the dead gendarmes were lying under the bench on which Popoff had been tortured. Dr. Haas had brought his surgical instruments, and was exclusively occupied in assisting the poor secretary, whose whole body was one vast wound. The walls were spattered over with blood and mud. Four of the exiles lay lifeless on the floor, others were trying to stanch the blood that was abundantly flowing from their gaping wounds. The colonel was tied to the central posts, which in Siberia supports the ceiling. He writhed like a snake and uttered fearful threats and curses.

Miller stood facing him, his hair pushed back from his forehead; all around stood the exiles, and the hut resounded with cries of revenge and of triumph. The lightwood was near extinction and dispensed but an indistinct and flickering light. Now and then the room was bloodily lighted up, and then again it sank back into deep darkness. The exiles, however, had brought lanterns which they now hung on the central post. Jana entered with Helen.

"Where is my husband? Where is Vladimir?" asked the countess, full of apprehension.

"You need not fear, countess," said Miller, bowing before her as he used to do in Petersburg salons, "the count is not here and was not present."

"And my poor Nicholas?" asked Helen.

The stillness of the grave gave the only answer. Miller hung his head; Helen, at one glance, counted the dead bodies and saw seven; she examined them one after another. Palkin's curses continued. All looked full of pity at the poor girl who had followed her betrothed to Siberia and now looked for him among the dead.

She soon approached his bloody remains. Haas raised his hands to heaven. At once Helen understood it all and fell in silent despair on her knees.

Miller's opportune arrival had come about in this way: The Tungus had brought Dr. Haas to Ienar-kus, who understood a little Russian and knew Miller's name. The same evening Haas saw Miller, who at once collected a small number of exiles, and gave the promise that the colonists of the village itself would also render assistance. The doctor had Jana's money still about him, and was already suspected; he thought it best, therefore, to give Ienar-kus the 40,000 roubles, who, in return, engaged to furnish the exiles with the necessary arms. As time was pressing, Miller determined to go on, although most of the men had only heavy clubs and a few swords.

Whilst Palkin was trying to persuade Popoff to surrender the unlucky paper, Miller reached the village, where he had many allies. They first surprised the house of the inspector, seized and bound two Kossacks and the captain of the gendarmes of Irkutsk. In another room they found Jana and Helen, held prisoners. Helen had been released after she had told the captain all she knew, but as Jana was not an exile some regards had to be had to her name and rank. Then Jana and Helen had at once started to warn Vladimir and Popoff against Col. Palkin's treacherous intentions. They had, however, been seized by the captain, who was on the watch for them. Then Miller with his followers had hastened to assist Popoff. The whole village was involved in the conspiracy, hence no one warned the gendarmes.

Palkin did not cease to shout and to curse; his uninterrupted threatenings at last made Miller impatient.

"Keep silence!" he commanded. "Did we utter complaints when we were in your hands. Tyrants are always cowards. Keep silence, you wretched coward."

These last words hurt Palkin like a mortal offence. He ceased to cry.

Helen, kneeling by the corpse of her betrothed, was apparently praying quietly, but in her face threats seemed rather to prevail than resignation. Dr. Haas cast a last look at Nicholas, bandaged the slightly wounded men, and turned to the countess:

"Countess, we have nothing more to do here. Your husband is in danger, and Popoff is beyond our help. Human justice must proceed. Scenes like these are not for your eyes. I also cannot stay here; my duty is to help and to save, not to punish. Follow me, I pray."

Jana understood at once.

"Blood enough has been shed," she said. "Pardon the guilty man!"

Miller shrugged his shoulders and turned round, eagerly.

"The doctor advised you well, countess. This is no place for you!"

"For my husband's sake do not avenge yourself!"

"Your words are in vain, countess. I pray you once more leave us, unless you wish to witness the execution!"

Haas seized her hand, saying, "Come, I beseech you! This is nothing for you, and we cannot change matters as they are. These men have gone too far to stop here."

She followed him, saying, almost unconsciously:

"Oh, my God! My God! Pardon them. Pardon him, also. And pardon me, who have caused all this shedding of blood."

Haas was already in the door with the countess, when Helen sprang up and, in her despair, cried:

"Doctor! You abandon him? Stay; you must stay!"

Haas shook his head.

"I can do nothing more. I can assist no one, and save no one here."

"Then Nicholas is no longer alive?"

Haas had no answer to give. He turned to the countess, who took Helen by the hand.

"Come Helen! Let us return together to town. We must submit to God's will, all of us, my child!"

The doctor noticed that the exiles were becoming impatient at this delay: they meant to have their revenge. He therefore drew the countess along with him, saying:

"Come! Helen will follow us soon!"

Helen, however, stood like a statue, and when the door closed behind Haas and the countess, she spoke:

"He is dead! really dead! Murdered by those who despised him because he served them. You will surely punish that man, won't you?" she added, pointing at Palkin.

The exiles bowed their heads.

"That will be the beginning of revenge, but only the beginning. Other men, as powerful as this man, have been as guilty of his death. He is dead, but do not believe that he cannot avenge himself!"

"Listen to me," she said, turning to Miller. "You seem to be the leader of the others. They have tortured him to death to extort his secret from him. I have kept it as he has kept it, and I will entrust it to you. What do I now care for Count Lanin? I shall avenge myself and him at the same time."

She sat down on the bench and took Popoff's cold head in her lap.

"You searched in vain for that document," she said, turning to Palkin, "and yet he had it in his possession. Now that he is dead you shall see it. Do you know what he did? He had a false tooth inserted as large as two ordinary teeth, and in that he kept the paper. Will you be kind enough," she added, turning to Miller, "to take it out."

Palkin roared with fury, while Miller thought the girl was crazy.

"Follow my advice, my child," he said to her in a gentle voice. "Go with the countess. You will see bad things here, and you are already in a fever."

"We Russian women are still half savages," she said, never letting go Popoff's head. "Yesterday I was a cheerful, merry girl—today I cannot weep, and only thirst for revenge. You think I am insane. I swear to you I tell the truth. He is dead, you say. Will you have the courage to open his firmly closed mouth, while I will hold his head? Do you think I do not love him because I thus treat his body? Then you are mistaken, for I only carry out his last will. I only came here, because he had commanded me to do so. He was my life, my hope, my all. Today I have lost all!"

"Are you afraid then?" she continued as Miller hesitated. "You want revenge and you neglect such a formidable weapon. Must my weak hand set you an example and show you that you are weaker than a helpless woman?"

With these words she hastily seized a dagger in Miller's belt, knelt down, put Popoff's head on the bench and tried to open the firmly closed mouth of the dead man.

The bystanders shuddered.

Helen tried in vain; she even tried it again and again, but in vain. She gave the dagger then to Miller, saying in a flood of te rs:

"You see, I am too feeble."

Helen's courage had made a deep impression upon Miller. He took the dirk, but he also tried in vain. To end this fearful scene he struck the handle with his whole strength. The front teeth dropped out! The whole body shook and Popoff uttered a cry of pain that sounded superhuman. The powerful blow had aroused the last breath that dwelt in the body.

Miller dropped the dagger in amazement. Nicholas opened his eyes and saw Helen, Palkin in bonds and the exiles around him. That glance revealed all. With a superhuman effort he raised his bloody arm, took out the false tooth, handed it to the nearest bystander and whispered "Lanin! Schelm!" Then he breathed his last.

"And now," said Helen, "break the tooth."

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Miller struck the apparent tooth with the dagger. When the ivory broke a small roll of paper dropped on the floor. Miller picked it up and examined it.

"A receipt by Schelm! That is Schelm's own handwriting! 30 October. Conspiracy La . . . Secret funds. . . . I do not see at once what this means, but it must be a weapon of very great importance."

Palkin could not help, by a powerful curse, to show his wrath at having failed to secure the paper.

"I was a fool!" he cried in his fury.

"Ha! ha!" said Miller. "The bird is singing again! We must have made a good bargain!"

"You shall know it all," said Helen. "I know all, and shall have strength enough, I trust, to tell you the details. And then all is at an end. Now I have done my work. Do you now administer justice and avenge yourself. I shall pray for him here."

She knelt down by the body of her betrothed.

"And now," said Miller, turning to Palkin, "it is your turn. Did you, perhaps, think we had forgotten you?"

Miller turned next to the exiles with these words:

"We have transgressed the criminal laws of this country. We shall henceforth be looked upon as murderers, and be hunted down like wolves and bears. Tomorrow I shall procure arms for you all. Today we must create general terror. This man here is one of our bitterest and most powerful enemies. I need not accuse him before you; you know yourselves of what he is capable. What punishment do you decree against him? What has he deserved?"

"Death!" cried the exiles unanimously.

"Death? Really? Have you thought of nothing better?" laughed Miller scornfully. "Listen to me! Far in the west of the world, across the ocean, in America, they have a law they call Lynch law. This law says: An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! This man has had one of us murdered, killed by the knout! I condemn him to the same penalty!"

At these words Palkin changed color, and tore madly at his bonds.

"What! You will dare touch your colonel?"

Miller laughed aloud.

"You shall see what we think of your rank."

In the meantime the exiles looked at each other; some one had to be found who would take upon himself the duty of the executioner. Miller grasped their secret thoughts.

"Well, we must have an executioner! Bring the captain from Irkutsk in here!"

The exiles all agreed, and two men immediately went to the inspector's house.

"Listen to me, although I do not know you," said Palkin now. "Don't do this. Do not disgrace a superior officer by striking him with the nagaika. Rather kill me at a blow, at once! What harm did I ever do you?"

Miller interrupted him angrily.

"You pretend not to know me, and ask me what harm you have done unto me. And yet you arrested me at the same time with the Ace of Clubs, and I owe it to you that I am here in exile!"

"I only did my duty at that time."

"Perhaps you also murdered this man from duty, who was my friend? You only gratify me immensely by your prayers, which show me what cowards you are, after all."

Palkin, now convinced that nothing could prevent his destiny from being fulfilled, showed contempt, and boastingly said:

"Do what you choose, robber! You shall see how a colonel of the gendarmes can die. You shall not hear my voice, and see how differently from your friend I shall bear your torment."

"We'll see!" said Miller.

The door opened, and four of the exiles dragged the captain in. He trembled and looked deadly pale; when he saw the corpses lying about he fell on his knees and cried, addressing Miller.

"Pardon me! Mercy!"

Miller kicked him back with his foot.

"Get up, dog! You shall escape with your life if you obey our orders."

"Whatever you order I'll do it cheerfully."

"I have sentenced this man here to receive 500 blows with the nagaika. That is your duty, as you are an officer of the police. Carry out the sentence and your life shall be spared."

The captain sprang up.

"A knout! Give me the knout! I understand that art to perfection. You shall see it!"

With these words he took the instrument of torture in his hands, approaching Palkin and letting the leather strap whizz through the air. At the same instant, however, he started back; he had recognized in the bound prisoner his terrible colonel.

"That man I am to beat? No, never!"

"Well," said Miller, "then you will have to die, too. Comrades, this vermin writhing at our feet is one of our worst and cruellest enemies. He has the death of many a brother on his conscience. You are all of you soldiers, and therefore it is no disgrace to any one to carry out the sentence which I pronounce. It is death for the captain of Irkutsk, and death by being shot. We have only two guns, but they will suffice. Two men forward!

Instantly two exiles advanced who had once been dependent on the hated captain, and had had suffered accordingly.

The hesitation of the captain had, however, been founded only upon the fear of the inferior before the superior. When he saw death so near to himself his apprehensions vanished and he cried:

"Stop. I'll inflict the punishment!"

"First tear off the gold lace of his uniform," commanded Miller.

"Consider!" cried Palkin. "You are committing treason against the czar."

The captain saw only death threatening him visibly. Like a wolf he fell upon the colonel, tore off the lace and the whole uniform.

"Consider!" cried Palkin once more. "It is high treason!"

The captain, half insane with fear, tore off his shirt also, leaving the broad back of the colonel of the gendarmes bare. The exiles looked curiously at the proceeding.

"Captain, take time to reflect!" cried Palkin once more.

"Strike!" commanded Miller.

The nagaika whizzed through the air and Palkin uttered a cry that went through marrow and bone, as Russians say.

"Captain, strike harder, if you wish to save your life!"

The man struck almost without knowing what he did. At the 20th blow Palkin roared like a wild beast.

"Rather kill me at once, but cease torturing me."

Miller laughed aloud.

"Did I not say so? You have weakened very quickly. Captain, mind, if you do not use the nagaika well—"

Miller's revenge was, however, not to be complete.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Suddenly one of the exiles, who had stood sentinel, rushed in, exclaiming:

"Take care! A troop of soldiers is approaching the village. We must have been careless and allowed one of the Cossacks to escape."

"Let us escape!" cried Miller. At the same time he drew his dagger and threw it at Palkin, but the hut was too dark and the dagger stuck in the post without injuring Palkin. Miller jumped out of the window; all the others had scattered in a moment. Helen alone remained near the body of Popoff.

She did not listen to one of the exiles who asked her to go with them. The captain alone saw and heard nothing; he continued pitilessly to inflict blow after blow. Only when all the exiles had left and the room had become quiet, he looked around, and, lo! he was alone with Palkin, Helen only kneeling at her betrothed's side. The heavy tread of approaching soldiers, the rattling of arms became audible. The captain became aware that help came for Palkin. Instantly the wretch fell on his knees before the bound colonel.

"Pardon me! I was compelled to do it!"

The revengeful look of his superior, however, changed his mind. He pulled Miller's dagger out of the post and raised it before Palkin's eyes with the words:

"Die! then you will betray no one."

At the same moment, however, a strong hand seized him from behind. An officer of Cossacks held him. A troop of soldiers rushed in now and occupied the hut.

"Do not let that traitor escape you," cried Palkin gathering all his remaining strength. "Arrest that woman also!"

Overcome with pain and fury, the colonel sank down fainting. When he recovered his senses he had been relieved of his bonds. The captain and Helen, on the other hand, lay bound on the floor. Palkin looked around with eyes full of bloodthirsty revenge.

Jana had in the meantime returned to Irkutsk under the protection of Dr. Haas. She constantly reproached herself for not having remained in the hut, leaving Helen behind, and not interceding energetically enough in behalf of Palkin. She even told Haas that she thought he ought to have permitted her to await the end of those fearful scenes. He told her, however, that his first duty was to watch over her safety and to preserve her for her husband's sake. She finally offered him her hand and said most kindly to him:

"You are always right, my dear doctor."

Now, only Dr. Haas could tell her how he had reached the hut at the critical moment, lenar-kus had at once carried him to Miller, and he had not hesitated a moment when he heard that Vladimir's safety was endangered. The countess, as well as Haas, agreed that the whole had been a trap to catch the count. Miller called such exiles together as were within immediate reach, regretting deeply that he could not arm them yet. Then Haas had handed him the money of the countess, and Miller had instantly handed it to lenar-kus, with the words: "This time we have no weapons, but this money will secure us the future, for from today I shall lay aside my mask." When they had all started, eight, as we have seen, reached the hut in time.

Jana became deeply anxious about Helen, whose non-appearance troubled her sorely. Dr. Haas also acknowledged that her prolonged absence made him fear some accident. Just then Lina entered and announced that an aid of the governor had come to escort Jana to the palace.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Jana. "Can they have heard it already?"

Haas tried to calm her.

"That is simply impossible. And even if they should apprehend trouble at the palace, they cannot interfere with you, countess, as you are not an exile. But be very cautious, and weigh every word you say."

When Jana entered the governor's palace, she had already prepared her plan of defence, thinking that the governor might have heard of her nightly expeditions. She expected, on that account, to be received with frowning looks and scant courtesy. How great was, therefore, her surprise when the governor received her in the most friendly manner, offering her a chair, and saying:

"You will be kind enough to pardon me, countess, that I took the liberty of troubling you to come here instead of going to your house, but time is pressing, and what I have to say brooks no delay."

The ceremony with which these friendly words were uttered removed Jana's fears. She bowed in silence. The governor continued:

"It is absolutely necessary that you should leave Irkutsk instantly."

Jana trembled.

"Impossible!"

The governor made a gesture with the hand as if requesting her not to interrupt him.

"I wish to be of service to you, and my words are dictated by my kind wishes for you. Listen, if you please, and be kind enough to look upon me as your best friend. Last night two couriers arrived. One brought me confidential news from the head of the gendarmes, who is my personal friend. The other came from Omsk. Count Orloff in Petersburg informs me that there is a perfect deluge of denunciations against me coming to his office. From all sides the Emperor is informed that I secretly entertain communications with the exiles; that I protect them, pardon them, etc. Your name appears most prominently. The count advises me, therefore—and such advice is an order—to separate you, for the time being, from your husband, by assigning to him a more remote place of residence. At the same time he informs me that very shortly a most influential, great personage will appear here, furnished with almost unlimited powers, and inspect my administration. The letter from Omsk adds to this that this great inspector has reached that city, and would be nearer, even, if an indisposition had not detained him. This revisor—that is the name by which we designate such high personages—informs me very dryly and coolly himself of his arrival, and thus clearly foreshadows the spirit in which he comes. He also speaks of you, and specially orders me not to lose sight of your husband till his arrival."

"But general," replied Jana, trembling, "I swear my husband is innocent!"

"I begin myself to believe in his innocence," said the governor with almost paternal kindness, "for this bitter persecution makes me doubt the crime for which the count was condemned."

"Oh, general!"

"Very well, countess—but just now I can do nothing for you. As soon as the revisor arrives—and that may be today or tomorrow—my power here ceases. Believe me, leave Irkutsk. Of course this is not an order. I give only friendly advice. You ought to start today."

"And leave my husband. That I cannot do."

The governor sadly shook his head.

"And yet you cannot remain with him here. Day before yesterday the count was caught, being absent from his assigned place of residence. He was at once arrested, and will have to endure the three months' imprisonment which follows such a crime. During this time you will not be able to see him. And besides, I shall not be able to serve you in any way. I have told you distinctly that they are bent upon separating you and him."

"I shall at least be near him in this town!"

"What are you thinking of, countess? They may send him 500 miles farther on, and prohibit you even to write to him. Countess, listen to me! The arrival of this revisor is a grievous insult to me, and I shall soon go to Petersburg to justify myself before the Emperor. I give you my word that I shall then do for your husband all that my best efforts may enable me to do."

She bowed, full of gratitude.

"We shall be very, very grateful to your excellency."

"But you must facilitate my task, and not put impediments in my way. When you came here, countess, you had an unlimited passport, which allowed you to go where you chose. As usual, you gave me this passport, and I return it now to you, after having taken the liberty of adding: "With permission to return to St. Petersburg."

Jana repeated with great decision: "I do not think of leaving Irkutsk."

The governor tried to master the emotion which he could not quite control, and continued more sternly:

"That is simply womanly obstinacy. I now declare to you that my successor may consider you also an exile, and may send you to work in the mines, hundreds of miles from the place to which he may order your husband, and I shall be powerless. For God's sake, be prudent! You only ruin your husband and yourself! In Petersburg you might in the meantime use your influence." . . .

"No, your excellency," said Jana, offering him her hand, "I thank you most heartily for all the kindness you have shown me, and I shall ever be grateful to you! I have learned to know you as a noble, high-toned man, and, therefore, fully appreciate the advice you so kindly give. But the nobler you are the better you will understand me. I am not a heroine, and yet I am capable of remaining where my sense of duty bids me stay."

The governor seemed to be hardly able to repress a tear. After a pause, he continued:

"I assure you most solemnly that my successor will not overlook anything. Believe me, I try to enable you to take measures which may bear fruit in the far future."

"At least, permit me to reflect," begged Jana.

"Reflect! I repeat again, I give you no order, but friendly advice. For your husband's sake, as well as for your own sake, countess, I should be glad if you would return at once to Petersburg. If you should refuse I fear you will be forced."

Bowing low he whispered into her ear:

"If it should be necessary I mean to save you contrary to your own wishes."

After having courteously seen her to the door he said with a deep bow:

"I truly hope we shall not meet again in Irkutsk."

When Jana told Dr. Haas all the governor had said to her he at once took the general's side and made every effort to convince the countess that she must, if she valued her freedom and her husband's life even, yield to his demands. He concluded from what the governor had said that the events of last night were known to him, and that they not only endangered the countess, but might seriously affect her husband's position. The revisor's arrival only increased the danger. The doctor might, in the meantime, stay on the spot and keep an eye on the count. All these arguments, however, made no impression upon the countess, who insisted upon remaining. Jana at last said, impatiently:

"I feel I cannot help him, but he will at least know that I am watching near by."

"Even that he cannot know, because he is not allowed to communicate with any one."

"Then it will be enough that I know it," replied Jana, proudly.

Soon, however, she hung her head and began to shed tears.

"If they make gendarmes take me and carry me to Petersburg, who will then stay here? Who will watch over him?"

With these words she reached her house. Lina was waiting for her at the door.

"Your excellency, there is a man in the salon, an unknown man, who insists upon seeing you. I do not know why, but it seems to me I have seen that man somewhere. Perhaps he'll bring us news about my son."

Jana had not yet been able to tell the poor woman of her son's sad end. She could now not postpone it any longer.

"At once, my dear! Afterwards come to me. I must speak to you."

"Has your excellency heard anything?"

Jana left her without an answer, only saying:

"Lina, pray!"

At these words the poor old woman sank down fainting. Dr. Haas at once hastening to her assistance.

As soon as Jana entered, the stranger who had been waiting for her, threw back his hood and revealed his feature.

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"I come to pay my debt!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Miller! How reckless you are!"

"There nobody will recognize me. Besides, I have friends watching over me. Whether reckless or not, my coming here was necessary. I have caused your misfortunes—in return I bring you the certainty of Vladimir's speedy liberation. Only you must at once start for Petersburg."

The fact that Miller and the governor both gave her the same advice made some impression upon Jana.

"You also advise me the same?" she exclaimed, almost unconsciously.

"I do not know who has suggested to you to leave Siberia, but he was right. You will from henceforth have to go to work in Petersburg. Your longer residence here in Irkutsk has no purpose to serve any longer, and is even dangerous."

Miller thereupon told Jana all the events of the past night and showed her how, from this moment, she would be looked upon as being in open rebellion against the government. If Palkin was still alive, he told her, he would of course prosecute her at once. Then there was the captain of the gendarmes, who had also seen her. He repeated his advice to start at once for Petersburg.

"For," he continued, "I have sworn to atone for my crime, and now I can do it. I have the proof in my hands of your husband's innocence. I should have risked my life to bring it to you."

With these words he drew forth the carefully concealed receipts of Schelm, written and signed in his own handwriting, and gave it to Jana.

"Upon the strength of this document," he said, "you can at any time demand an investigation as soon as you can see the head of all the gendarmes or the Czar himself. Your excellency, Providence itself comes to our assistance! This piece of paper proves clearly Schelm's guilt. Mind the date, Oct. 30, 1829. You will easily be able to prove that at that time there could be no conspiracy in existence. That began only three months later. Vladimir was exiled because he was the Ace of Clubs. Even this name did not exist on that day. Furthermore, I hand you this paper signed by myself. I swear in it by the Holy Gospels—though I have ceased to believe in them, those who will read it still do believe—that I was employed by Schelm as agent provocateur. With these two documents your excellency must start tonight."

Jana's face had undergone a great change as Miller proceeded in his statement.

"You are right," she said; "I must start tonight! I must not be reckless now, when Vladimir's liberty is at stake. I thank you for having come to me today, otherwise I should never have agreed to undertake this journey, and who knows but tomorrow it may be too late."

"And now, your excellency, if my evidence should at any time be necessary, I will appear at your bidding, should it cost me my life. Do not hesitate to resort to extreme measures! In a few months my evidence will be of great weight. We have arms, now and in a short time my name will be so well known that it will reach even the Czar's ears."

"You frighten me! What are your plans?"

"You have assisted us in procuring arms, and we shall make a good use of them. I repeat, if you ever want me summon me, and I shall come! I mean, above all things, to atone for my crime."

Jana offered him her hand.

"If your life should have to be imperilled in order to prove Vladimir's innocence, how shall I ever be able to accept such a sacrifice?"

He knelt down before her and kissed the hem of her dress.

"You know how to inspire even criminals with lofty feelings, countess. I bless you! Leave here. Do not fear; I shall watch over him!"

Jana next called Dr. Haas.

"Doctor," she said to him, "I shall leave here tonight, following your advice. Will you accompany me or wait for me here?"

"When will you cease asking my opinion, countess? I do what you order me and what you think right or proper."

This perfect devotion, so unselfish and so modest, moved Jana to tears.

"I will obey you, doctor, and ask you: 'Where do you think you can serve me better, here or in Petersburg?'"

"Here I cannot do much. Mr. Miller is perfectly able to watch over the count. There might be fighting, and he is born for fighting, while I would be useless in such a case. Permit me to accompany you, countess!"

Miller here walked up to Dr. Haas and said:

"You know my past. The countess has just shaken hands with me; will you also have the kindness to take my hand in yours?"

Haas hesitated a moment, and Miller noticed this, although it was but a moment.

"There is my hand!" said the doctor in his usual mild voice.

Miller was on the threshold. In a muffled voice he said, "Till we meet again," and disappeared.

That same evening Jana left Irkutsk with Dr. Haas. Lina remained behind in charge of the house.

"I want to die in Siberia," she said, "and not leave my son's grave. Why should I return to Petersburg? I was not allowed ever to see my son: I shall at least be able to visit his grave!"

On the third day after these events, during the gloaming, when Jana's carriage was stopping before the tollgate of a little village it suddenly opened to let a sleigh pass through that was on its way to Irkutsk. The rivisor was just leaving the city. Neither Jana nor Haas could see his face.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

On the third day after Jana's departure, Count Palkin presented himself at the palace of the governor-general of Irkutsk. He had come in a coach, and found it difficult to mount the stairs. His sharply marked features had become still more angular in consequence of his sufferings; his eyes glowed with fierce but subdued excitement; his face was pale, and his whole form bowed. He had had to spend several days in bed, partly from the chastisement he had received and partly from the effect of his fury. Still sick and trembling he slowly crept along the passage in the palace and told the adjutant on duty that he wished to see the governor on very important business. The governor admitted him at once.

"Your excellency," exclaimed Palkin, as soon as he stood before him, "I have been the victim of an incredible outrage. Count Lanin and his wife have formed a conspiracy with a number of rebels and caught me in a trap. An exile, whom I imprudently employed as my secretary, his betrothed and an officer of the police are all involved in the same plot. The whole affair looks like a rising against the Czar. I therefore come to ask your excellency to punish the guilty. The matter is this—"

The governor had so far patiently listened to Palkin, who had spoken in a threatening tone and almost lost his breath, but when he began his narrative he interrupted him coolly, saying:

"I know all, colonel, and I hope the criminals will not escape their well-deserved punishment. It seems, however, as if you also were somewhat to blame—but this will appear in the investigation. The killing of Popoff is a crime, the cruelty of which I shall never approve of. As to the guilt of Count Lanin, I think you must be in error!"

"Your excellency," cried Palkin, turning pale with wrath, "will surely not shelter that rebel!"

The governor looked sternly at him.

"I have no intention to shelter any one. If it depended on me, I should let justice be administered, and the guilty ones be pursued to their most secret hiding-places. But from this day I have nothing more to say here. A revisor has just arrived from Petersburg with most ample powers. At present he is engaged in my bureau. You can have your name sent in to him—I believe he is alone just now."

The governor moved aside haughtily, pointing to the door that led into his private office.

"You insolent aristocrat!" murmured Palkin. "We shall see if I cannot drive you away from here! So the revisor has already come. I must see what he says."

With a groan of pain he entered the room. The revisor was sitting in an arm chair examining a pile of numbered documents. When the door opened thus unexpectedly he looked up.

"Schelm!" cried Palkin, drawing back a step.

The former head of division rose.

"Baron Schelmenberg, if you please, senator and revisor, who at your urgent request has come as far as Siberia. Ha! ha! Capt. Palkin! You desire, perhaps, to challenge me? At present my power extends also over you, since the gendarmes are subject to my revision. I may degrade you or send you to the mines to do forced labor, and I give you my word I shall make good use of my rights and privileges."

Palkin, who at first had been frightened by this sudden encounter with Schelm, soon overcame his confusion. He possessed, as he had shown more than once, as much real

courage as cunning. He drew nearer, and not minding his pain for the moment he took a chair to impose on Schelm.

"No!" he exclaimed, boldly. "You will make no use of such rights and privileges!"

Schelm's character remained true to itself; Palkin's cold self-possession made him furious.

"Who will prevent me? You, colonel, who have at this moment nothing more to say here, for I herewith divest you of your rank and whatever power may have been given you! Away with you! You are under arrest! By what right do you dare sit down in my presence?"

'Cautious! my dear Mr. Schelm!" replied Palkin, ironically. "You can, of course, destroy me if you should in a moment of madness forget yourself so far. Consider; I shall perish with you, not alone!"

"What does that mean? I have been warned to be considerate with the gendarmes, but this surpasses all I have ever seen. One word more and I shall send for the police!"

"You wish to force me, then, to surrender a certain receipt for 100,000 roubles."

No sooner had Palkin spoken these words than Schelm fell upon him like a tiger upon his prey.

"Ah!" he cried, "you Satan, you have that receipt?"

"Would I have begun the battle without it?"

Palkin acted upon the information he had obtained during that terrible night at the village. Convinced that he would be able to manage Schelm by simple threats, he had permitted himself a barefaced lie, and this boldness met with unexpected success. Schelm dropped into his chair, almost overwhelmed.

"In spite of your double-refined intrigues, M. Schelm, or rather von Schelmberg," said Palkin, "you must confess that for once you are helpless. Why did you throw down the gauntlet, when I am quite willing to proceed in union with you?"

"Traitor! Why did you not hand me that paper with the others?"

"How can you ask? Was I to trust you so much farther than you were willing to trust me? I wanted to keep one weapon for a case of need. You must see that I was wise in acting thus. Calm yourself, therefore, honored M. Revisor, and listen to me! You received me very badly at the very moment when I was about to offer you the means of making Lanin and his wife forever harmless!"

"You do not tell the truth. You have protected them!"

"I had to keep them close at hand to produce them whenever you might call for them! But what are they to me, if we can become reconciled? You wanted to avenge yourself on Lanin for an unknown insult, but I assure you that your insult shrinks into nothing when compared with what has happened to me."

Palkin spoke with such passionate fire that Schelm recognized the voice of truth, and the two men shook hands.

"Do you know, Palkin," said Schelm, "we must make an end of it with these people. I no longer hate them, but I sometimes fear them. Now, I am a senator, a man of importance in the empire, the husband of the rich daughter of a German banker, and with a great future before me. But for this one affair I would be happy. But I still tremble lest something should turn up. This is what made me ask for the position as revisor—to get rid of them forever. Both Count Lanin and his wife must disappear, and leave no trace behind. I shall persecute them and worry them to death. But I need rest; I cannot sleep. If you will honestly assist me I promise to become your ally."

Palkin looked so scornfully at the revisor that he unconsciously cast down his eyes.

"And yet you are already meditating how you may shake me off, when I am no longer a useful tool? But I do not mind that! As long as I am in possession of this weapon of mine, which I would not surrender for hundreds of thousands, you are powerless against me. I shall be your faithful ally, although you know how I rejoice at your good fortune, and that I would rather see you starve. What do you say?"

Schelm replied in a voice which sounded almost sincere:

"Why should we not try at least? Well, what can you tell me about Lanin?"

"Last week I learnt through my spies that my secretary, Nicholas Popoff, whom you knew, I believe—"

"Is he here?" broke in Schelm.

"You need not be afraid of his evidence. He is dead!"

"He is not alive any longer? Is that true?"

"Do you think a man can receive 500 blows with the nagaika and live? I did not get 50 and I can hardly move!"

"You were knouted? You, colonel?"

Palkin shook at the mere recollection and his voice became the utterance of savage cruelty.

"Listen, I pray. For some time before I had followed the traces of a vast conspiracy which had many members among the Siberian exiles. I suspected both Lanin and Popoff of being involved. I had my secretary watched, and caught him one day at Lanin's hut. Now, I did not lose sight of him for a moment. One night I had the hut surrounded and found Popoff there. The rebellion was about to explode, and certain bands were already moving about the country. Popoff seemed to be one of the leaders. I tried, therefore, to make him confess by torture."

"Well, what happened next?"

"The wretch would not confess! He was dying when a mob entered the hut. One of the men I arrested in the Ace of Clubs conspiracy was at their head."

Schelm looked as if he were going to faint. He turned deadly pale and asked, with a trembling voice:

"Who was it?"

"I do not know. I only saw them when they were arrested. With the exception of Lanin, I would not recognize any one of them."

"Could you describe the man, perhaps?"

"You will find, if you will condescend to listen, that I had little time to examine his features. All wore hoods, so that they all looked alike, and an exile's hut is not apt to be brilliantly illuminated."

Before Schelm's eyes Miller's threatening form had appeared, and he began to think that his labors in Siberia would hardly be much more pleasant than his work in Petersburg.

"This band of rebels had been drawn to the village by the Countess Lanin and Dr. Haas, her inseparable companion!"

"What! the Countess Lanin?" exclaimed Schelm, jumping up with delight.

"Yes! Not only I, but others also saw her!"

"At last I get some good news!"

At the same time he was at the door and called the adjutant on duty:

"Request the governor to come to me at once," he ordered.

Joyously he rubbed his hands and returned to his seat.

"Go on quickly."

"That band was armed with carbines. My gendarmes were instantly thrown down. I myself fought as long as I could, and cut down a number of these men, but in the end I was overpowered, tied to a post and cruelly knouted."

Schelm's malignity was too strong for his cunning. He could not conceal his delight, and laughed aloud. Palkin bit his lips to keep back his fury, but his eyes glowed the fire of unquenchable hatred.

"You may laugh now!" he murmured to himself.

"Now to the point: The captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk was their accomplice!"

"Not possible! How could the governor have such people near him?"

"I shall speak of him, also, presently. Enough, this captain offered to inflict the punishment."

Schelm was terrified.

"Not possible! You don't tell the truth!"

"You will soon find it to be the truth; I received about 50 blows, while I was writhing at the feet of these wretches. The countess and the doctor were wise enough to go away when they saw how matters stood; only the maid of the countess, the betrothed of Popoff, remained behind, weeping and praying over the body. Unexpectedly help came in time to save my life. One of the Cossacks had escaped the rebels and called a detachment of soldiers, who came in the nick of time. At the sight of the uniforms all fled; I was barely able to order the arrest of the captain and Popoff's betrothed. The inspector and the Cossacks will bear witness that Lanin participated in the affair."

The governor's aide here entered the apartment.

"The governor," he said, very much embarrassed, "is momentarily engaged; he sends word, however, that he will be here directly."

Schelm was so furious he did not know what to do.

"Do you know who I am?" he threateningly asked the poor, trembling officer.

"Yes, your excellency."

"Do you know that everybody here has to obey me?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"The governor is himself responsible for his own conduct, but you must be ready to carry out every one of my orders."

"Yes, your excellency."

"You will go instantly to the house occupied by the Countess Lanin. Arrest every person whom you may find there, even strangers. The matter is important. Do you hear?"

"But, your—"

Schelm sprang up from his chair.

"Are you still here? Do you wish to be court martialed?"

The adjutant went away in great terror.

"The minister was not mistaken; the whole nest is full of rebellious creatures. The governor is most to blame. They do not know me yet; I'll crush the vermin! Tell me, Palkin, what sort of a man is he, to send me such an answer?"

"You might compare him to a knight-errant. I must have sent 20 denunciations against him to Petersburg, or more. It is well known that he protects the exiles, and believes all they say. He has overcome a few barbarous hordes of natives, and now thinks he can do what he chooses. I knew that he was a great favorite with the czar, and on that account I feared I could do nothing against him. But your arrival proves that my reports must at last have had their effect."

"Not exactly. The minister of the interior asked me, it is true, to be strict and even severe; but, on the other hand, the head of the gendarmes recommended to me to spare the governor-general of Irkutsk as much as I could, as he was the most loyal man in all Russia. I came here with the intention of being very considerate with him if he should make no opposition, but I see—"

Schelm did not conclude, for at that moment the governor appeared in the door; he must have heard the last words of the revisor, for he asked:

"Well, and what do you see, Mr. Schelm?"

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

The general was in full uniform, and his tall, soldierlike appearance made quite an impression upon people like Schelm, who are haughty only with their inferiors. The revisor bowed and sat down slightly embarrassed. Military discipline required Palkin to remain standing in the governor's presence, but the latter motioned him with his hand to omit the formality.

"Your wounds have not had time yet to heal, colonel," he said ironically. "Keep your seat therefore."

He seemed to evince a hidden control over the two scoundrels like a sovereign, for they looked at each other helplessly. Soon, however, Schelm remembered the supreme power with which he was for the time endowed, and at once his presence of mind and his impudence revived again.

"I see, general," he began, in a harsh tone, "the administration of East Siberia leaves much to wish for."

The governor bit his lips, and his eye flashed, but he checked himself, and asked, quietly:

"How do you ascertain that, Mr. Revisor? Perhaps you will have the kindness to point out any shortcomings."

This apparent resignation seemed to encourage Schelm to think that he had intimidated this great man.

"The nightly surprises and acts of violence against the representatives of the czar's authorities are quite eloquent enough. A band of exiles dared attempt the life of the colonel here, and the captain, whom you appointed, is also involved."

The general replied with studied courtesy and quiet:

"The events to which you allude are known to me; but I consider them in a different light. That act of violence was provoked by the abuse of which the colonel was guilty."

"General, such operations," broke in Palkin. But the governor did not allow him to finish.

"Have you also been appointed revisor, that you dare interrupt your superior? When I shall cease speaking, you may defend yourself."

"If your presence, Mr. Revisor, had not for the time suspended my authority I should already have ordered an inquiry into the matter, but as I heard of it only at the time when your coming was announced I postponed action."

Schelm was more and more convinced that the general was giving way, and this idea filled him with arrogant pride. He said curtly:

"What else?"

The general could not suppress an ironical smile, but he continued quietly:

"As to the captain, of whose criminality I am not informed, as the colonel keeps him a prisoner in his own house, I beg to observe that I promoted this man, who is unknown to me, at the special request of Col. Palkin. Hence the responsibility would in the first place seem to rest with himself."

"We shall inquire into that hereafter," said Schelm.

The consciousness of seeing his vanity gratified made him very happy. He thought the governor had humbled himself before him and was surrendering at discretion. He said, therefore, reproachfully:

"Besides this, general, I have several other complaints to make. The way in which you sent me word through your adjutant—"

The general interrupted him with the most courteous smile on his lips:

"You seemed to be so much excited when I entered, and I was so much struck by the last words of your conversation, that I forgot to make my excuses. I was just engaged in giving orders about my departure."

"You mean to leave Irkutsk?" asked Schelm. "I cannot understand."

"And yet the matter is very simple. I surrender the administration of East Siberia to the civil governor of Irkutsk and leave tonight for Petersburg."

Schelm sprang up.

"Are you making fun of me?"

"That is very far from me."

"Then I forbid you most solemnly to leave this place."

The general could not keep from laughing aloud.

"Your journey seems to have affected you badly, my dear Mr. Schelm. You will forbid me? You will order me? I pray, do you really think you have the right to give orders? Who do you think I am?"

Schelm could not at once recover his presence of mind; he was so used to see his inferiors tremble before him that a really dignified manner was incomprehensible to him. Angrily he exclaimed:

"The czar sends me here as revisor."

"In order to inspect East Siberia, and in this no one will interfere with you. But this does not by any means authorize you to interfere with General Count Moski and his personal affairs. If you reflect a moment you will see that you made a serious mistake!"

At these words Schelm's brow clouded over; he felt how dangerous the general with all his high-bred courtesy might be, and yet he saw no escape.

"Do you wish to declare war against me, general?" he asked.

"What can you mean? Do you represent any high power? I am accustomed to fight only independent powers. . . ."

"General, this boldness—"

"You insist upon treating me as a subordinate. You must know then, Mr. Revisor, that you insult me if you peer into my private affairs, and shall not fail to report this to his majesty the emperor, who must surely be ignorant of your being here. During my long service I have been commanded by sovereigns, princes of royal and imperial blood, generals grown gray in wars, but never by spies!"

The governor said all this as coolly and calmly as if he had been speaking of very ordinary topics. Schelm was clever enough to see that he was no match for such a man. Besides, the insulting epithet "spies" closed his lips, and he began to realize the limits within which he might use his privileges.

"Very well, general," he said, not without a certain feeling of respect, "the whole affair will be settled before a higher authority; but I hope you will not raise any difficulty against the duties I have to perform in Siberia?"

"How could I conceive such an idea?" replied the general. "I am very well aware of my own duty. You have been appointed revisor of Eastern Siberia. Very well then! Revise, inquire, spy out all you wish to find! I have no right to interfere with your work. For the time being I have ceased to be governor-general!"

"The Lanin family, whom you protect—"

"Let me tell you, once for all, that I protect no one, as I do not desire to persecute any one."

Schelm interrupted him visibly excited, and with a wink to Palkin, he added:

"Not even the enemies of the czar?"

The colonel had pulled out a notebook and a pencil. The general noticed it with a smile of contempt.

"Not even the czar's enemies! I insist upon it that no one shall escape due punishment, but I also do not persecute any one. Count Lanin was caught absent from his assigned hut. I have sentenced him for this to three months' imprisonment. These punishments, decreed by me, continue during my absence, and I insist upon their being faithfully carried out by my subalterns. You are, therefore, not at liberty to increase the count's punishment, nor to reduce it. If I should not be here at the end of the time, you can then do as you like." Now Palkin cast an unmistakable glance at the revisor and put away again his notebook, with the new entries he had made. Schelm replied:

"I have ordered the countess to be arrested on the spot."

The governor looked at him in astonishment.

"Arrested? You? Whom?"

"The Countess Lanin—here in Irkutsk—in her own house!"

"As to that, you ought to have informed me of your intentions," replied the general, with an ironical smile. "I could have saved you some trouble. The countess left for Petersburg three days ago."

"She has left? Who gave her leave?"

"I, on the strength of the imperial ukase!"

In spite of his usual self-control Palkin here started up, after having been a silent witness so far, and cried madly:

"You dared that?"

The governor measured him with a look of utter contempt, and said:

"You venture to use very bold language. You forget you are only at liberty to make notes!"

"And I shall not fail taking down your words, general," continued Palkin, still beside himself; "but this is too much. I shall at once send my report—"

"Oh! I doubt not."

Schelm trembled with subdued fury. He cried:

"I must have her pursued! This is open rebellion! Did you not know I was coming? Col. Palkin, give at once the necessary orders, and send a few gendarmes after her!"

"I doubt whether you will do anything in that way. The countess has three days' advance, and she travels with a passport signed by the Czar. You ought to save unnecessary expenditures. Fortunately we have no telegraphs yet in Siberia."

"Fortunately!" hissed Palkin, drawing forth his notebook.

"Yes, indeed! Fortunately!" repeated the governor. "Put back your book, my dear gendarme. I am ready to confirm with my signature all I have said so far."

Schelm could not brook delay. He said to Palkin:

"I implore you, colonel, make haste to bring that woman back here! She must be brought back!"

"I told you your measures would be without result," said the governor. "Besides, I have ordered all post horses on the route to be reserved for my own use, so that I could first of all overtake her—and then I should certainly accompany her on the journey."

"And thus protect her against being arrested?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, we'll see how that will be looked at in Petersburg," Schelm exclaimed, perfectly beside himself.

"Yes, yes. And now I wish you goodby. My substitute will report to you, Mr. Revisor."

The governor left them with slow, dignified steps. Palkin and Schelm looked at each other rather anxiously.

"That is our worst enemy," said Palkin at last. "All my denunciations avail nothing as long as he enjoys the Czar's favor. We must make haste to destroy Lanin and to prevent this woman from reaching Petersburg, or we are lost."

Schelm shook his head.

"I do not know why, but I have bad presentiments, and almost fear!"

"That is your way!" laughed Palkin, scornfully. "You always fear. You ought rather to remember that you have three months before you, during which you are almost omnipotent here!"

"That is true, to be sure!" said the Revisor. Then he rang the bell and told the officials immediately to assemble all the civil and military authorities in the city.

Palkin rose to leave the room; the effort cost him excruciating pain.

"In life and in death we'll be loyal to each other, Palkin. Is it not so? I humbly acknowledge I have not acted handsomely, as far as you are concerned."

"In life and in death we'll stand by each other! Schelm, I leave you the husband and you leave me the wife!"

"We'll see!" murmured Schelm to himself.

Almost instantly the same official returned, announcing that all the authorities of Irkutsk had been assembled for an hour, awaiting the summons of His Excellency Baron Schelm of Schelmenberg.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Highly delighted at this turn of affairs, Palkin returned home. He had succeeded in deceiving Schelm, and yet made him his ally. He had feared nothing so much as to find this former chief a bitter enemy. He reflected on their relative position. Schelm was now his only superior, and he held him in subjection by means of the documents that compromised him so grievously. Suddenly Palkin remembered Helen. If she met the Revisor and told him all, the most disastrous consequences would follow. She must be put out of the way. One moment he thought of going down into the cellar, where he kept her imprisoned, and murdering her there. But, upon trying the strength of his arms, he found that he could not overcome the resistance even of a woman. Should he take a pistol to shoot the girl? But the explosion might be heard. Schelm might send for her—how could he explain her disappearance? After long meditation he came to the conclusion that there was only one way to prevent Schelm and Helen from meeting, and that was to let her escape. This depended on him alone, as he had kept the key, and could easily visit his prisoner without exciting attention. He disliked the idear of releasing a person who had been the cause of so much suffering to him, but Schelm was too dangerous!

Toward evening the gendarmes on duty were very much surprised when they received permission to go home. Palkin quickly got the cellar key and went down to Popoff's betrothed. He found her curled up in a corner like a wild beast. As soon as she saw Popoff's murderer her eyes began to burn with irrepressible hatred, and her generally very gentle features changed in a fearful manner.

"Poor child," said Palkin, with hypocritical compassion. "You must not judge us from appearance. We have many things to do from duty, over which we weep in our hearts. I deeply deplore poor Popoff's death! I reproach myself continually that I gave way to my wrath. I mean to atone for my wrong as far as I can. I therefore give you your freedom, poor child!"

She looked at him scornfully and shook her head. The colonel wanted to explain to her his good intentions, and, seeing her mistrust, he went to the door, opened it wide and said:

"Go with God, and forgive me!"

She understood perfectly that he meant her to escape; why—that she could not divine. She feared a trap. But the solitude in the dark, damp cellar had been hard to bear; she felt that she could better defend herself in the open air, and thus she fled, as a bird escapes from its cage. She was no sooner out of reach than Palkin repented his good deed.

"Why don't you say, at least, I thank you?" he asked.

A loud, weird laugh was all that came back to him. She disappeared at a corner of the street. Then, to relieve himself of every possible suspicion, he tore off the staple of the lock, left the door standing open and then went to rest.

Only on the following morning did Helen's escape become generally known. The gendarmes had returned late, and found the lock broken. Schelm scolded and blamed everybody, Palkin pulled out his hair, but as Helen could not be found the matter was soon forgotten. Palkin's whole wrath seemed now to be concentrated on the unlucky captain. The proceedings against him were hurried on, and a fortnight after his arrest he appeared before the court martial. There was no escape for the poor man. He could, of course, make many revelations of the colonel's secret proceedings, his orders to watch Palkin, and other irregularities, but all was of no avail. The court came to the conclusion that he had long cherished bloody hatred against his superior, and he was sentenced to receive 4000 blows with the knout—in other words, to death.

When the sentence was read to the unfortunate man he fainted away, and when he recovered afterwards it appeared that he had lost his senses. Caroline wished to have one more interview with him, and received the necessary permission. But the captain knew nothing, he continually asked for mercy. He besought her to intercede for him with the governor, even with the Countess Lanin, of whose departure he knew nothing. She promised to try, not for his sake, but for her own sake, to avoid being known as the widow of a man who was knouted to death. Finally she went away in great haste, without casting a glance at her husband or saying a word of tenderness. She at once went to work to petition everybody, but she met with nothing but deaf ears. The crime was too fearful. When she saw that all was in vain she swore a most horrible oath, full of hatred against Count Lanin, the exiles all, but especially against Jana and Palkin.

Schelm was now the independent ruler of Eastern Siberia. His first order had been to arrest the countess. As this could not be done, Lina and two servants who were found in her house were arrested. Thus began the new regime.

All the officials of Irkutsk had been, heart and soul, devoted to the governor-general, and on that account already looked askant at Schelm. The local commandant, a gray-haired general, brave in the field but timid in daily life, surrendered at once. Others, however, were not as submissive, nor as patient. Matters, in fact, became daily worse. Almost at the same time with the arrival of the revisor there appeared a well-organized and well-armed band of men who created a regular panic in a few days. The leader of this band had, in the short period of two months known how to make himself a legendary hero, a second Proteus, who appeared everywhere and ever in a different form. Now people swore that he had been seen at 20 places at the same hour, and now that he was here or there, as he chose. They called him the "Czar of the Exiles." He was without mercy against the government officials and especially those who had shown themselves arbitrary or cruel in their treatment of exiles. The band surprised one colony after another, always murdering the inhabitants with great cruelty. The robbers had soon established a regular terrorism in the whole district, especially after they had actually taken a small town, killing all the garrison and securing a regimental safe with large sums of money. No one could travel without a considerable escort. Even the government messengers and couriers were captured, the official despatches broken open and examined, and then they were allowed to proceed on their way. These couriers especially told such fearful, gruesome stories that no one could sleep quietly at night. Reports came actually in now that several large tribes of Tunguses had risen in rebellion, reinforcing these bands. Schelm was utterly helpless; for this was in April, when the general thaw had cut off nearly all communication.

One of Schelm's first measures had been to enforce and increase the severity of all laws concerning the exiles. This created great dissatisfaction, and ere long the colonists began to disappear, leaving no trace. Soon rumors came that it was no longer a band, but an admirably officered and perfectly well drilled military force that defied the government. They had appeared about 30 versts from Irkutsk, and as the colonists generally joined them wherever they showed themselves their number was estimated at 1000 men. Such a force, quite imposing for Siberia, disturbed Schelm very seriously. Schelm, a coward by nature, actually tried to persuade some colonists, who were still at their places, to inform these rebels that he would not molest them in any way if they would pass over into Manchooria. But he found no ready ears for his offers.

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

The rebels, so far from thinking of leaving Irkutsk, on the contrary only drew nearer to the city, and the monks of the convent of St. George affirmed that one day the leader of the band, a giant dressed in red, had flown by them at the head of a hundred horsemen and disappeared again in a moment. They maintained that they had seen his features quite distinctly; he was a man in his best years and in the full vigor of manhood. The horsemen had swept by like spectres in an instant; one of them, to frighten them, had fired a carbine at a window in the convent, but the leader had reprimanded him in such a voice of thunder that they had heard every word:

"Keep your balls for the slaves of the czar! Why waste them against the servants of God? These you may despise, but those you are bound to kill and to murder, because they do us harm!"

In spite of his daily growing anxiety, in spite of the constant efforts of his cunning mind, Schelm did not cease to increase the cruelty of his treatment of the unfortunate exiles, so that the general discontent grew from day to day. He was specially furious, because his principal victim, Lanin, for whose sake he had mainly made the enormous journey, had so far escaped him. The commandant of the prison in which he was enjoyed the governor's full confidence, and deserved it thoroughly. He had been summoned before the latter, a few hours before his departure, and was expressly forbidden to interfere in the slightest with the penalties decreed against his prisoners. The governor had his doubts about Count Lanin's guilt, and wanted to secure him against further persecution during his absence. The commandant, knowing this, had solemnly promised him to watch over Lanin's person. Schelm tried various ways to induce him to leave Lanin in his hands. Then he attempted to persuade him to let Lanin escape, feeling sure that in such a case Lanin would soon furnish him with a new cause for arrest, but all in vain. The brave old man was not to be moved. Schelm had one more resource—he could depose the commandant. But he was appointed by the governor-general and could, therefore, not be removed during his absence; besides, the whole town knew him and honored him, and he had never given the slightest cause for complaint.

Finally, therefore, Schelm felt compelled to resort to his favorite means; he had to employ spies, spies even in prison. Vladimir's greatest pain had been the unavoidable contact with the other prisoners. Save two or three, whose crime was the same as his own, he was surrounded by thieves and murderers. These very naturally hated the man who stood so high above them and who they knew loathed their sight. Schelm's spies were instructed to fan this feeling of hatred and to increase it by a variety of vile and utterly false insinuations.

This was an easy task for them under the circumstances and soon all of Vladimir's fellow-prisoners had become bitter enemies of his.

But this did not suffice for Schelm. He sent another spy there to gain Vladimir's confidence and lead him gradually to make confessions that could be used to his destruction. Thus two months passed, during which Vladimir was cautious enough to be silent on all subjects that might have caused him trouble.

Schelm's impatience grew with every day, and at last he resolved to take a decisive step. Schelm was brooding over his plan, which he felt confident would deliver his victim beyond redemption into his hands, when one day the courier brought letters from Petersburg, and among them one of special importance which was handed to Schelm in Palkin's presence. It enclosed a letter for Count Lanin. The rule among Siberian exiles requires that every letter addressed to one of the colonists shall be opened and read by the head of the police or the chief the gendarmes. As soon as Schelm had entered upon his duties at

Irkutsk, he had specially ordered that all such letters should be first brought to him. For two months no letters had come to Vladimir. Palkin did not know this and was, therefore, much surprised when Schelm suddenly exclaimed triumphantly:

"At last a letter from the capital for Count Lanin!"

Palkin did not share the joy of his ally; on the contrary, he was in a state of unusual excitement. He had long been sick in consequence of his fearful sufferings under the knout, and had for some time been unable to follow the footsteps of his enemies. He did not even know what had become of that all-important receipt which was thought to be in his possession. Jana might possibly have taken it to Petersburg with her and mention it in the letter that had just been received. Now, if Schelm should open the letter and find that the gendarme had told him a falsehood, he would make him pay dearly for it. Palkin thought of all this, full of anxiety, while Schelm was joyfully playing with the letter.

"What do you mean to do?" asked Palkin, anxiously.

"You think perhaps I'll open the letter and read it?" asked Schelm, scornfully. "I am not such a fool. The letter comes from his wife, and no doubt contains nothing but tender caresses. I do not want to excite his suspicion. The law, to be sure, is on my side, but nowadays the letters are generally handed over to the exiles unopened. Besides, I shall be able to get the letter whenever I may want it. No, no! At last the long hoped for opportunity presents itself, and I shall not let it escape me!"

Palkin breathed freely. That danger at least was warded off. Schelm sent for his spy and told Palkin that he would go to the prison himself the same evening.

Here a new danger appeared. If Schelm should ever get possession of the letters he might find out everything. At one glance Palkin saw how matters stood, and as promptly he came to a decision. He must warn Vladimir against Schelm's schemes, and advise him to destroy his wife's letter as soon as he had read it. Like Schelm he also had his spy in the prison, and as soon as he reached the place he sent for this man.

The prisoners were walking about, according to the rules of the prison in the yard, and Vladimir suddenly noticed that some one slipped a letter stealthily into his hand. He looked up and noticed that Schelm's spy, whom he considered a comrade, made signs to him. Surprised, but unsuspecting, he went aside from the others into a corner, covered his eyes with his hand so as not to betray himself, and could hardly suppress a cry of joy when he recognized Jana's handwriting.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I send this letter to you," wrote the Countess, "you poor martyr, not knowing even if and when it may reach your hands. Six weeks have passed since I left Irkutsk. I hope you have been set free, and receive my letter, a free man, to bring you at least consolation and to revive your hopes.

"I know you too well to doubt you a single moment, and you also, I know, cannot doubt me a moment. You must know that I am now in Petersburg, for a man as noble as powerful, has surely told you of the purpose of my journey."

Vladimir paused here a moment to say to himself: "How well she knows how to guess every noble sentiment! The governor did, in fact, tell me all about it."

"I owe it to the admirable doctor, who helped my impatience by all available means, that I could make the long journey in one month. The nearer I came to the city where your fate was to be decided the more my restlessness and my anguish of soul increased. As soon, however, as I reached the end truly wonderful peace came into my soul: I felt I should be able to release you! Unfortunately, the first news I heard caused me great sorrow. My dear father is no longer! Five days before my arrival the funeral had taken place. The solitude, grief and the conviction of his inability to help us had killed him! I must confess my grief for him occupied me several days exclusively. He had died, yearning and longing for me, and with my name on his lips!"

"My fate is certainly marvellous. They tell me I am still beautiful and perfectly enchanting! By my beauty and my graceful ways, they say, I conquer all.

"But what good has it done me? I have made all unhappy who have succumbed to what the world calls my charms—yourself first and foremost.

"My father has left me an immense fortune—4,000,000 silver roubles! But the only good this money can do me is to help me to set you free. If I could only return to you in time! for I have just heard—my second piece of news—who has been appointed revisor for eastern Siberia. It is our bitterest enemy, that man Schelm, who has here a number of adherents and dependents.

"At the head of his party stands the minister of the interior, Count Perowski. I hear that my father's death was to render you a great service. The minister was about to banish me from Petersburg on the pretext that the wife of an exile was not allowed to reside in the capital. The emperor, however, heard of this and would not consent. 'It is perfectly in order that this noble woman should endeavor to carry out her father's last wishes. She shall not be interfered with!'

"Count Orloff, who has received me very kindly, repeated these words of the monarch to me. Unfortunately the czar's benevolence stopped here. I asked the chief of the gendarmes to promise me an audience for a few minutes only with the czar. He answered this was an impossibility. I implored him: I fell on my knees before him! At last I supposed I must have found words to move him, for he grew milder and said: 'Try to get your uncle, Count Lanin, to sign your petition for an audience, and then I will take the rest upon myself!' I hastened to your uncle's; he would not receive me, and when I returned to Count Orloff his door also was closed to me! How petty, how worthless they act!

"And yet, my dear Vladimir, I do not mean to be discouraged. I shall knock at every door. Tomorrow I think of taking a very important step, but I do not tell you what it is, because I should like to conclude my next letter with a piece of good news. Be patient meanwhile, bear everything for the time being, and remember that your wife is day and night at work for you, and you alone!

"I must speak to the emperor even should I have to address him on his favorite promenade. But who knows if I shall succeed! The political horizon is darkening—the czar looks sad and thoughtful; he walks out but rarely."

Suddenly Vladimir paused, for he felt a hand laid gently on his shoulder. Instantly he concealed the letter in his clothing and turned round. Behind him stood a man, whom Lanin suspected of being a spy, and whom he therefore carefully avoided.

"Have a care," whispered this man. "They want to ruin you. Destroy the letter as soon as you have read it. The revisor will be here in a moment. You are surrounded by spies?"

"And you are the head of them," Vladimir said contemptuously. "Leave me alone."

But the spy was not deterred.

"I give you my solemn assurance I have been ordered to warn you, and thus to protect you." Then he whispered Palkin's name into Vladimir's ears, and moved away.

Instinctively Vladimir looked around, but as he saw nothing formidable he went on reading.

"I verily believe an evil destiny pursues me. Once more I have been disappointed. Can a greater grief be conceived than mine, when I think that one word from me could change the whole state of things, and that word cannot reach the man who alone can help us? The step on which I counted was a visit to Kita. She is indeed a noble creature, and I think you have done her injustice. She is devoted to me, but she tells me that since 1850 circumstances have altered very much. Since Napoleon is emperor diplomatic relations between France and Russia have grown cool. A breach even is momentarily expected. Mme. de Dugarcy is no longer such a favorite at court; the empress sees her only on solemn occasions, and says little to her. Nevertheless she promised me her assistance. Five times we have attempted to get an audience with the empress at the Winter Salace, but always in vain. My last hope is now to meet the czar on one of his walks and to hand him my petition, lying on my knees before him. For five days I have patiently waited for hours before the palace, hoping to see him. The doors have never yet opened!

"I do not send the letter yet, because the hour is near to make another attempt at the palace gates. Perhaps I am lucky today! The sky is so pure and clear!

JANA.

"P. S.—How good and gracious the Lord is! Full of despair I returned home, having given up all hope to see the czar. Then there came this card: 'General Count Moski, governor of East Siberia—Be of good hope.' And you, dear Vladimir, be cautious; as I watch here over you, do you watch there over yourself, and forget it not a single moment!"

Vladimir was on the point of putting the letter again into his pocket, hoping to read it at night more at leisure, when he was suddenly seized by both hands with great violence. Terrified, he uttered a cry and turned around. Two overseers were standing behind him. One of them held the hand in which his wife's letter was as with an iron grasp, and before him stood Schelm, accompanied by the commandant of the prison.

Vladimir knew that Schelm had come to Irkutsk, but he had not seen him yet. This unexpected meeting with his pursuer at such a moment excited him to such a degree that he lost his presence of mind.

"Please give me that letter at once," said Schelm with affected politeness.

Vladimir did not think of it that Jana must have expected the letter would get into hostile hands, and had therefore no doubt omitted everything that could compromise Vladimir. He thought especially of that final reference to the governor general, and with one sublime effort he raised the letter to his mouth with his left hand. At once, upon a sign from Schelm, two men seized him and drew the paper from his friend's closed teeth. He could but just tear off with his teeth the postscript and swallow it by a mighty effort. The torn letter was handed to Schelm, and Lanin let free.

"You were a witness of this manifest resistance," said Schelm to the commandant.

"What new punishment," said the latter, "do you decree against the prisoner when his present term expires?"

"I'll decide that hereafter."

Vladimir trembled with indignation when he saw Jana's letter in Schelm's hands. Fortunately he remembered her anxious prayer that he should be cautious. He tried to calm down while Schelm read the letter carefully. When he had finished he said to Lanin:

"I do not comprehend what excited you so much. One might imagine from your conduct that this letter contained most dangerous things. I suppose the part you tore off was not any more important. I should not have punished you at all, if you had not compelled me to do so by your disobedience. At all events you are not the most guilty in getting this letter. The guilt lies with him who gave you the letter. I beg you will give me his name."

Although Vladimir was surprised at the revisor's politeness and at the same time indignant at such a demand, he did not lose his self-command.

"You surely cannot demand that of me," he replied.

"I recognize in those words the former count," sneered Schelm. "You know I don't understand a joke."

"And you know I do not commit treason."

"You will not denounce the guilty man?"

"Certainly not."

Schelm nodded his head. "As you like," he said.

Then turning to the prisoners, who stood in a long row before him:

"Which of you handed this letter to Colonist Vladimir?"

No one replied. The spy played his part well. Schelm now turned to the overseers and jailers with the same question. No one answered.

"Why, this is a nice state of things," said Schelm. "Commandant, when the prisoners have suffered their punishment, you will keep them here as long again as they have been here now. The only exception is the Colonist Vladimir, because he is innocent. The overseers and jailers will lose one month's salary and their allotment of brandy."

All eyes turned threatening to Vladimir. Schelm had expected this, and rubbed his hands with delight. Lanin was revolted by this unjustice, and, stepping up to Schelm, said:

"I beg your excellency will make no exception."

"Ha! ha! You do not like to expose yourself to the ill-will of your fellow-prisoners? And yet that is to be your punishment for your obstinacy. I will not decree any other. You have too powerful protectors!"

"I beg your excellency will punish me!"

"What have you to say until I do you the honor to turn to you?" said Schelm contemptuously.

Vladimir saw the hostile glances of his companions and the overseers, and continued in great excitement:

"I pray you will not exclude me from the punishment, as I am the guilty one—"

"Be silent," said Schelm. "We have wasted enough time with the letter of an adventuress to an exile."

At these words Vladimir turned deadly pale and his eyes flashed fire. He walked close up to the Revisor and said in broken words:

"Does that refer to my wife? Repeat those words!"

The commandant touched Schelm's arm to call his attention to Vladimir's passionate excitement. But the Revisor shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and said:

"Do you think you stand above the law? Do you think you can do what you choose? To be sure your wife came in company of a colonel of the gendarmes to Irkutsk, and now she has even had the governor general to keep her company as far as Petersburg. It is very pleasant, certainly, to have a pretty and unscrupulous wife!"

Most contemptuously he threw Jana's letter on the floor and stamped on it. At the same moment Vladimir fell upon him, seized him by the throat and cried:

"I know it is my destruction, but first, you scoundrel, you shall feel my hand."

At the same time a blow was heard. The commandant and the overseer seized Vladimir. Schelm was colorless, and yet a smile of satisfaction played on his lips.

"Now you are in a nice fix," said one of the jailers to him.

The commandant accompanied Schelm to his carriage.

"I have found a nice state of discipline in your prison," he said upon leaving. "For the present I suspend you from your office!"

His place was filled the same evening by one of the most hated, because most cruel, directors of prisons in all Siberia.

[CONTINUED MONDAY.]

## CHAPTER XXIX.

We are at Petersburg, at the court of Czar Nicholas. The entry to his rooms at the Winter Palace is very simply furnished, but monumental in its proportions. Sofas, covered with red damask, are placed against the walls, which form an oval; between two windows stands a writing table, before it an armchair and a number of other chairs—this is all. Opposite to the writing table a door, white and gold, opened into the czar's own study. This room is so well known in Russia not only, but in Europe generally, that it needs no description here; suffice it to say that its great simplicity formed a striking contrast with the gorgeous splendor and matchless luxury that reigned everywhere else in the Winter Palace.

April 21, 1852, was one of the days on which the czar received all who during the last fortnight had asked for an audience. He observed this custom strictly to the end of his life, never omitting it, when in the city. The adjutant, who sat at the table entered the names of those who were admitted, and compared them with his list.

The crowd of people waiting for the monarch's appearance mingled with the many officers, chamberlains and other courtiers on duty. All seemed to be greatly excited; many a heart beat louder at the thought that in a few moments the ruler over so many millions of men, on whose word their fate in this life depended, was soon to be present.

Twelve o'clock, the door opened wide, the men of the Imperial Life Guard on duty presented arms, and an adjutant-general entered, escorting a lady draped in black and closely veiled. These adjutant-generals, it must be known, are the only persons who have the privilege of speaking to the czar without having previously demanded an audience. At this sight the adjutant on duty rose and advanced a few steps. He started, however, for the features of the new comer were strange to him, and yet the number of adjutant-generals was so small that the two men ought to have known each other.

"Gen. Lanin! You seem not to know me," said the last arrival.

"Indeed."

"After five years' absence in Siberia a man may well change very much, especially when he has held all that time the reins of government in his hands. I am Count Moski!"

Lanin shook hands with him heartily.

"Pardon me, dear count! We courtiers have a short memory for those we do not often see. I shall announce you at once to his majesty the emperor!"

The governor of Siberia held him back with a nod.

"One moment, dear general. Later I shall avail myself of my privilege, but today I beg you will do me a favor and give me a token of your good will."

Saying so, he glanced at his companion, who had drawn her veil still more closely around her as she recognized the adjutant on duty.

"I wish to obtain an audience with his majesty for this lady!"

"Has she had an audience granted to her?"

"No, but I hope—"

"Then you ask for an impossibility. His majesty the emperor is very strict in such matters."

The count insisted, adding: "If you knew the name of this lady you would perhaps be less strict."

He was interrupted by an unusual commotion among the assembly. The door of the czar's study had opened, and on the threshold Nicholas himself appeared. If the czar wants to show any one special favor, he accompanies his visitor to the door and there, in the reception room, takes leave of him with a cordial pressure of the hand. A diplomat from one of the smaller German courts had just been thus dismissed.

Nicholas was famous for his wonderful memory. The adjutant was just about to present the governor of Siberia when the eagle eye of the czar anticipated him. He had at once recognized his old friend in the crowd.

"Welcome, dear Moski," he exclaimed, walking up to him. The governor-general bowed low.

"What good star brings you here? Do you know, it rains denunciations against you."

"Yes, your majesty."

"They report to me from all sides you are too kind, especially to the political exiles. You give them their liberty and permit everything. Can that be true?"

The governor answered calmly:

"It is true, sire. My idea is the czar punishes, but does not persecute, and since I represent your majesty in Siberia—"

Nicholas kindly held out his hand to him and said:

"Here is my right hand, dear general. You have understood me and I thank you for it. I am not only glad to see you here; I should like to grant you any favor you might have to ask of me."

Full of emotion, Count Moski bent over the emperor's right hand.

"I came, indeed, to ask for favors."

"Speak. What is it?"

"In the first place, I beg for mercy for myself."

"For yourself?" asked the czar, surprised.

"Yes, indeed. They have sent me a Revisor."

"A Revisor—to you?"

"Should your majesty not have known that?"

"Then you wish to speak to me personally? You did well to count upon my good will and my justice. I again thank you from the heart. Pray, follow me into my study!"

When Nicholas was not irritated by resistance or by treachery, he showed in his every-day life a remarkably kind heart. He turned to the crowd of people waiting for an audience and said:

"Pardon me, gentlemen and ladies; I meet here an old friend whom I have not seen for five years. The audience will, therefore, continue an hour longer today than usual. Come, dear count!"

Very modestly the governor said:

"Your majesty has heard but one of my petitions; may I be permitted to state the second also?"

"And that is?"

"An exceedingly important affair which is nearer my heart than my own interests. I wish to present to your majesty an opportunity to redress a great injustice that has been done in your majesty's name."

With these words he took the lady in deep mourning, who was visibly trembling, by the hand and presented her to the emperor, saying:

"Your majesty, grant the wife of Count Vladimir Lanin an audience."

The Czar's countenance clouded over. Gen. Lanin exclaimed, frightened and discontented:

"What! My nephew's wife?"

"Yes, your nephew's wife! You see I have more courage than you in the presence of our most gracious master!"

Nicholas knew how to appreciate independence of character in those on whose devotion he could rely; he therefore replied: "Very well, madame. Present your petition for an audience and it shall be granted."

The governor was, however, determined to remove at once all impediments and to procure a hearing for Jana on the spot. He said, therefore, in a beseeching tone:

"Your majesty! This unfortunate woman is surrounded by very influential enemies who strain every nerve to prevent her approaching the footstool of your throne. I alone take her under my protection. I must soon leave here. I yield to her my own privilege, if your majesty will only be graciously inclined to hear her today!"

"You make good use of the pleasure I derive from your coming to me, very good use," replied Nicholas, not without a shadow of displeasure. "But you shall not say that I have refused you a favor today. Pray, follow me!"

Nicholas opened the door to his study and beckoned Jana to enter before him. The countess had removed her veil. Her queenly beauty had not failed to impress the czar favorably. As she was crossing the threshold she cast an imploring look at the governor, who at once understood her.

"Your majesty, the poor woman does not dare face your majesty alone. She wishes to have me at her side at this critical moment. Your majesty will be pleased to grant her wish, I pray!"

The monarch's brow began to clear again. "It cannot be denied that you understand how to speak for those who have secured your assistance," he said, smiling. "Is it really so, countess? Do you wish to have the general near you?"

"Yes, indeed, your majesty!" replied Jana.

"Well, then, come. I see I can refuse you nothing!"

They disappeared behind the closed door, and all were marvelling at the very exceptional favor which the Czar had shown the governor of Eastern Siberia! Lanin was utterly bewildered. The protection which the governor extended to his kinsmen astonished and troubled him at the same time. He himself must have been unjust and hard of heart. In the greatest excitement he awaited the end of the audience.

Suddenly a bell rang in the Emperor's apartment. Lanin was at once at hand and even, in his haste, forgot to close the door behind him, so that all could hear the Czar's words:

"I must instantly see the chief of the gensdarmes and the minister of the interior. You, Lanin, will also return."

The adjutant was spared the trouble. A colonel on duty had immediately gone and sent two messengers.

"Poor Lanin," said the Czar. "You and I seem much to blame. Your nephew seems to be innocent."

"Vladimir?"

"Yes. As yet I am not certain, but the absolute faith of this noble wife has made a deep impression upon me. Countess, please come here again three days hence, at the same hour. If the investigation I shall order confirms your statement, I promise justice shall be done you, and I give you my imperial word upon it."

Jana concluded from this that she might withdraw, and she dropped a low curtsy. The governor was about to follow her, but the Emperor held him back.

"We have not spoken of your own affairs, and I have not thanked you yet enough for the way in which you have maintained the honor and the glory of my government. Stay, I have much to ask yet."

When Jana reappeared on the third day she was in a state of most painful excitement, as she did not at all know what to expect. She had seen no one in the meantime, and the entire absence of all news from her protector troubled her sorely.

The antereom in the palace looked very different today. This was not a day for audiences, and hence the vast apartment was empty. A few officers on duty were alone visible. Jana mentioned her name to the adjutant-general, who at once rose, opened the door to the czar's study and announced her name in a loud voice.

Jana was terrified at seeing the Emperor, surrounded by many generals, and among them her husband's uncle, the minister of the interior, and the chief of the gensdarmes. She was about to fall at the Emperor's feet, but was so unnerved that she could not stir. Nicholas approached her, bowed most respectfully, and said in a voice full of emotion:

"Countess, the Emperor of All the Russias begs your pardon."

Jana had to lean against the wall, or she would have fallen.

"Does your majesty deign to pardon us?" she asked, making a great effort.

"It is not a question of pardon," replied the Czar with emphasis; "but justice shall be done you."

Now she knelt down before the Czar, and deeply moved, kissed his hand, but was still unable to utter a word.

"An inquiry has been held and Orloff, who cannot be surpassed in a case where injustice is to be redressed, has helped us greatly. All you told me has been found to be perfectly true. The house has been found in which your husband was arrested, and it has been ascertained that the name Ace of Clubs was used there for the first time in 1850, when you were in the Crimea. Several conspirators whose share in the affair was too trifling to warrant their being exiled, have confessed that they had never heard a word of your husband. This receipt is evidently in Schelm's handwriting. At the police his order to arrest Popoff for stealing 5000 roubles has been found. The minister of the interior remembers the event perfectly well. Your husband has always been considered one of my most loyal subjects and servants. All this, to be sure ought to have been ascertained at that time already, but the haste with which this affair was despatched, is inexcusable. Minister," added the Czar in a stern tone of voice, "you were badly informed at that time."

Count Perowski hung his head.

"Evidently your majesty."

"As to Schelm, we do not know exactly how far he is to blame, although he is no doubt very guilty, even if too great zeal should have carried him too far. We shall hold him strictly to account, however, and punish him if he deserves it. He shall not escape what is due to him.

"Today, however, we have a more pleasant duty to fulfil. Do you know, countess, how I have come so suddenly to the conclusion that your husband is innocent? Court Koski assures me that they have never ceased to persecute and torment him in my name. Now I give you my word as a monarch that no complaint against him has ever fallen from my lips. I have never even mentioned your husband's name. The Emperor of all the Russias punishes, but he is not in the habit of taking revenge."

Jana folded her hands.

"Your majesty, we have never lost confidence in the justice of our most gracious master, and this hope alone has sustained us, as it has not deceived us."

"That was all very right," said Nicholas. "Count Vladimir Lanin"—

Jana once more threw herself at the emperor's feet, for she knew that the use of this title by the czar was equivalent to an absolute pardon.

"Count Vladimir Lanin is at our command herewith restored to his rank and title. We ask you, countess, to encourage him to re-enter our service, and we shall try to make amends for the injustice by which he has been victimized."

He raised her in the kindest manner.

"At the same time we appoint him a chamberlain at our court. The empress, to give an evidence of the high esteem of yourself, has expressed a wish to have you among those nearest her person. Will you, countess, accept the place of a lady of honor which she offers?"

Jana answered in some confusion:

"Most cheerfully, your majesty. First, however—"

"First," said Nicholas, smiling, "you wish to return to Siberia, don't you? I know your heart too well to doubt that for a moment."

"It is so, your majesty. My husband is still an exile, and before he receives the news of his pardon—"

"We have anticipated your wishes and prepared for it, besides selecting a good escort for you. Count Lanin, pray, you and dear Count Moski, come here."

Both the generals advanced a step.

"Dear Moski," said Nicholas, "you will not take it amiss, I hope, if I send you this time in company of an inspector-general of my own selection."

"Your majesty knows how gratefully I accept whatever my most gracious master is disposed to do for me."

"This is not to be a revisor," continued the Czar, smiling at his jest, "of the government affairs in East Siberia, but an inspector who will keep his eye on the governor-general."

"Has your majesty received more denunciations against me?"

"Yes! Count Orloff brought me yesterday a whole pile of them. They have given us much pleasure. You are evidently not popular there. On the other hand, you have warm friends here, even if you will only count upon Count Orloff and myself."

"I know that well, your majesty."

"You will at once investigate Schelm's conduct. As he is, however, your personal enemy I shall not trust your severity, and as an example must be made, it is my will, that if guilty, he shall be properly punished. I leave the direction of the affair to you, dear Lanin. Both of you will accompany the countess and return with her and her husband as soon as you can. As to Schelm, I give you full power. Judge him yourselves. If he has sinned only from excessive zeal, he will remain in Siberia as an exile. If he has committed a crime or done it on purpose, you will send him back here and I will punish him myself, and this in a way to make an example of him. But I do not want the people of Siberia to witness the downfall and the punishment of their superior. Principle first of all! Countess, do you accept the escort?"

Jana raised her beautiful eyes, in which tears of gratitude and deep emotion were shining like pearls.

"Your majesty! I swear we have always been loyal subjects of our most gracious lord and master, but our loyalty will henceforth be admiration. Heretofore we have revered your majesty from a sense of duty, but now we shall love the father of his country with all our hearts!"

The czar offered her his right hand.

"And you will do well, for I need true devotion and indulgence."

Once more a cloud rested on the Czar's brow, as had recently been often noticed: for he seemed to anticipate his approaching end, when political cares should have consumed this powerful organism.

Count Lanin, also a born courtier, no sooner saw his niece once more restored to favor with the emperor, than he also asked her to forgive him what had really been but the error of excessive devotion to his beloved master. She told him that she had nothing to forgive, knowing that he had only done his duty, but she added a request that he would hasten her return to Siberia.

Lanin looked at her deeply touched.

"I am proud of you! From this day you may count upon my devotion and my good will. If his majesty permits, we can start today!"

"No, general!" said the Czar, "the countess will excuse a short delay, because I must consult with Count Moski and have your own instructions drawn up. I assure you, however, countess, that we shall all of us hasten our work!"

Jana had another idea that pursued her, and she fell once more at the Czar's feet.

"Your majesty has so very graciously fulfilled every wish of ours that I venture to ask for one more favor."

"Ask!" said Nicholas.

"Your majesty! Today my husband has been found innocent, and tomorrow his bitter enemies may discover a new crime in him, not as having been wanting in reverence for your majesty, for that is impossible, but as having transgressed some law or offended some official. I know the cunning of these people so well!"

The Czar interrupted her.

"I understand! Your heart was anticipating and apprehending where our mind feared no danger."

At the same time he raised her most kindly, went to his writing table and rapidly wrote a few lines. Then he said:

"Read, countess! are you satisfied?"

She read on the paper which he handed her:

"Whatever Count Vladimir Lanin has done meets our perfect approval. No law of the empire has any further power over him. Such is our highest will.

NICHOLAS."

Jana shed tears of gratitude. At the same time Nicholas turned round astonished. Both Count Moski and Count Orloff had kissed his hand. Moved by this evidence of the devotion of two such men whom he especially esteemed, he pressed their hands and once more turning to Jana, he said:

"Will you have the kindness to give me back that paper for a moment?"

Then he added the following lines:

"Herewith we extend full amnesty to all who have been sent to Siberia on account of the Conspiracy Ace of Clubs."

"Thus you will be to these poor exiles an angel of mercy," said the Czar to Jana.

She kissed the monarch's hand, bedewing it with her tears. The Czar himself seemed to be deeply moved.

"I hope I have not lost this day, as that Roman emperor used to say!" he concluded, well pleased.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Spring, which in Siberia is of short duration, had quickly gone by, and the whole country looked a different one. Warm weather there follows immediately after the long protracted cold. One day the trees stretch forth their long, bare branches like skeletons, marking the monotonous snow on which they stand with their black outlines—the next day all is green and adorns the sad landscape with a thousand gay colors.

At the end of May summer has full sway. The heat is oppressive. The Angara rolls its merry waves through flowery meadows and hills covered with shrubbery. The tomb of the Tunguses also has donned a new garment and resembles from afar a ripe melon. Not a trace of snow remains.

The court before which he had been placed had unanimously sentenced him to death because he had laid violent hands on the representative of the czar. The sentence against the captain had been proclaimed long since, but the execution had been postponed at Schelm's express desire. The revisor wished to impress this double execution with greater solemnity, and personally be present. His arrival alone delayed the torture.

On a smiling meadow, perhaps 500 yards from Irkutsk, two companies of infantry were standing in two ranks. The soldiers had no muskets and stood opposite each other, eye to eye. A number of curious people crowded the walls of the fortress. The soldiers looked discontented. Their duty today was evidently not to their taste. A few steps from the men a detachment of Cossacks surrounded two chained prisoners, the former captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk and Count Vladimir Lanin. Both were deadly pale, with this distinction, that the captain trembled like an aspen, while Vladimir bore himself with perfect calmness and resignation.

The unfortunate men were to die under the nagaika. This fearful execution, known elsewhere as running the gauntlet, consists in Russia in the following ceremony: The criminal is tightly bound to two muskets at the spot where the bayonet is bent. Two soldiers seize the muskets and with them push the victim forward so that he must march between the two rows of soldiers. Each one of these has a cane in his hand and is bound to strike with it the bare shoulders of the condemned as soon as he stands in front of him. At every step the latter thus receives two blows. The slightest sign of sympathy exposes the unfortunate soldier to severe punishment. It never happens that a criminal survives this punishment, as he must needs receive 3000 blows, even when the companies are not full. Nineteen out of 20 die long before the execution is over.

Whether it was calculated cruelty or accident, Schelm kept them waiting a long time. The execution had been ordered at 9 o'clock, it was now 10, and the revisor had not appeared yet. This long delay caused the unfortunate victims additional suffering; the captain was half dead already, and Vladimir also turned paler and paler.

The crowd began to murmur because their curiosity remained unsatisfied so long. A repulsive woman, with dishevelled hair, and in ragged clothes, appeared on the drawbridge. It was Caroline, who had fallen into abject poverty because her property had been confiscated, and she had been expelled from her house. Even the money which she had deposited in bank had been drawn out by the authorities. She had hastened up to witness her husband's sufferings; in her inexplicable hatred she looked upon him also as one of her mortal enemies.

A murmur of satisfaction passed through the crowds when at last the revisor was seen coming. In the city gate appeared a carriage drawn by four thoroughbred horses; a small picket of Cossacks surrounded the landau, in which Schelm and the governor of the city were seated. Palkin rode by their side; when he reached the drawbridge Caroline looked at him fiercely and threatened him with her fists. The Russian criminal law punishes neither acts nor words which despair elicits from kinsmen of the condemned. Schelm had noticed the woman, and smiled with delight when he saw that her threats were directed at Palkin. The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"You know very well that he suffers death today, because he has served you too well!" cried Caroline.

"Good that I hear that!" said Schelm to himself. "I must inquire into that!"

Palkin had only a contemptuous smile for the woman. The Cossacks moved sideways, so that the carriage came to a stand close by the soldiers. A priest and a physician stepped forward. Upon a sign by Schelm the captain was tied to the muskets. He had lost all consciousness, and could not take a step of his own will. He was pushed like a log of wood between the two rows of soldiers. Schelm wanted Vladimir to see what awaited him.

According to regulations the criminal is to confess his sins to the pope, as Russian priests are called, and receive absolution. The poor captain, however, was unable to utter a word. The pope only saw his tears and heard his groaning; he raised his hand to give him absolution, and the delinquent started on his awful journey. The physician had, however, just handed him a small glass of a cordial; the captain did not notice it and it had to be administered to him drop after drop. Suddenly he started, his eyes opened a moment, he saw the soldiers with their canes raised, and in a superhuman voice he shouted:

"Mercy! mercy! captain, you know."

The words died on his lips as the first blows fell on his bare shoulders.

We need not repeat the details of this awful ceremony here—suffice it to say that before long the victim no longer felt pain, and the blows fell upon a lifeless body.

His corpse was thrown aside, and Schelm gave a sign that the same process should be repeated with Vladimir. The revisor leaned back comfortably to enjoy the sight.

Vladimir advanced without being pushed. When he stood before the pope, he said in an audible voice:

"Father, give me your blessing; I die innocent!"

But before the priest could answer horses were suddenly heard to approach, and a great tumult arose. All eyes were turned in that direction. A troop of horsemen had in a moment surrounded the Tartar mound and advanced directly upon Schelm's carriage.

A man in a red costume rode at their head.

"The czar of the exiles!" cried the pope, a monk from the convent of St. George. At the same time some 500 armed men came out of the forest and marched at double-quick upon the place of execution. All the soldiers, except the Cossacks, were unarmed. They were utterly confounded and did not know what to do. The curious multitude fled. Schelm ordered the carriage to return to the city, but the road was already in the hands of the horsemen. The revisor sank, almost fainting, back into the cushions.

Palkin alone had not lost his head. He no sooner saw the surprise than he despatched a Cossack to the city to summon assistance. Then only it occurred to him that it would have been better if he had gone himself. At once he spurred his horse, but it was too late, the retreat was cut off; he looked around and prepared to sell his life dear.

The Cossacks surrounded the carriage and advanced their long lances: the soldiers hung their heads and made no attempt to defend themselves with their canes. The pope and the physician sought assistance near the carriage. The governor gave all orders, as Schelm had lost his head entirely. Vladimir was still standing aside, bound to the bayonets, and not knowing what to do, to flee or to remain.

The infantry approached in the meantime nearer and nearer, while the horsemen rode about as their duty required. Schelm held on to the commandant of the city, repeating continually:

"What is to become of us? General, what is to become of us?"

When he heard the clash of arms he fainted once more. The enemy and the Cossacks had met, and the governor drew his sword. No one, in the meantime, seemed to think of Vladimir, although Ivan, who commanded the infantry, quickly loosened his fetters and ordered a detachment to carry the count toward the forest.

Soon the battle became furious. The Cossacks, in close ranks around Schelm's carriage, defended themselves bravely against superior numbers. Palkin cut down many men, looking all the time anxiously toward the city to see if help was not coming. One of the exiles had, however, come up close to him and now drove his sword deep into the breast of his horse. Palkin fell. The horsemen saw this and dashed away to take their part in the conflict that raged around Schelm's carriage. At the place where the gendarme had fallen two weird human figures were now seen struggling with each other. A moment later the battle was over; they rested both on the blood-stained turf, and only the wounded horse uttered a melancholy sound over the two dead bodies.

Only five Cossacks were still defending the carriage; the others had fallen. Then Ivan came up and killed two of the soldiers, while the others fled to the city. The exiles now surrounded the carriages. The governor of Irkutsk was determined to defend himself to the last breath, but Schelm did not regain consciousness till loud shouts announced the arrival of succor from town.

At that moment an iron hand seized his arm. The threatening form of the so-called czar of the exiles stood before his eyes. He uttered a cry of terror.

"Do you recognize me?" cried the man to the contemptible coward. "I promised you revenge, Schelm, but I do not want to kill you. We have the proof of your knavery in our hands—your receipt of 100,000 roubles, and that is now on the way to Petersburg. You shall first lose your position, your office, your fortune and your honor, and then you shall die."

"Miller!" cried Schem. "I am lost!"

"Not today, but soon! In the meantime I'll leave you a little keepsake, and the like you shall have every time I meet you!"

He gave Schelm several blows with a knout upon his face. The blood gushed forth from many wounds, and the revisor howled with pain.

"And, now, children, let us flee!" Miller called out to his followers.

The succor from town came up at a rapid gallop, and the first squadron was quite near already. When the soldiers reached the carriage, they found Schelm lying in it fainting, and the governor in a great rage, having been disarmed in spite of his admirable gallantry.

The exiles had fled in all directions, and it was clear that to pursue them would be useless. Schelm, moreover, forbade it, fearing they might fall into ambush. Surrounded by the regular cavalry, he had himself driven back to the palace of the governor-general, and did not become quiet till he had been put to bed and was in the hands of physicians.

The soldiers were ordered to collect the dead bodies. Fifteen Cossacks and 22 exiles had paid with their lives for Lanin's liberation. A few yards from them two persons were found who, even in death, held each other in a firm grasp. The exile, in his agony, had bitten the gendarme in the cheek; Palkin's hand had strangled his enemy's throat, the latter was dead, but the colonel was still alive. His face was mutilated in the most fearful manner; the strange wounds were evidently not caused by an ordinary weapon; in his neck stuck a pair of scissors such as tailors use. Anxious to know who could have used such a weapon, the soldiers drew off the hood that concealed the features of the dead adversary. It was a woman! Long braids of light brown hair hung down behind. The woman it was who had thrust a sword into the horse and then tried to kill the rider with her scissors. Helen had had her revenge, but at a costly price.

When Schelm was told that Palkin was still alive, he frowned angrily and said:

"Carry him at once to prison! Capt. Palkin will have to give an account of his former actions."

For Schelm had well understood Miller's words, in spite of his terrible anxiety, and knew not that Palkin was not in possession of that precious document. Then he shouted:

"By all means, let the captain's wife be found!"

The same evening Schelm summoned all the higher officials of the district, and an expedition against the rebels was agreed upon. All trembled when Schelm, whose face with its bloody streaks and spots presented a most fearful aspect, spoke of the tortures to which he meant to expose the authors of the rebellion.

On the following day the captain's wife, who had been wandering about in the streets of Irkutsk, homeless and friendless as she was, was brought to the revisor. He had a long interview with her, and when he dismissed her he gave her a solemn promise that she should not be forgotten. Soon it was rumored that she had been appointed postmaster at an important station. Palkin was, upon Schelm's order, accused of high treason and dragged to jail.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

For nearly six days now Vladimir had been among the rebels, and yet he had only once been able to see their leader, and then Miller had declined to answer his questions. In spite of the great danger to which the close neighborhood of Irkutsk exposed the rebels, they did not withdraw into the interior.

Vladimir considered himself one of them, as he owed his freedom to them, and longed to cross the frontier. But those among the exiles to whom he confided his wishes always replied that this did not depend on them and that he must wait for their leader. Lanin became very impatient to meet Miller, but in vain; the latter had continually to inspect the outposts or to perform some other duty. The rebels were now encamped on a hill some 35 versts from Irkutsk, which rose between the Angara and a small tributary. On the summit of this hill, whence the whole surrounding country could easily be overlooked, Vladimir, Ivan, and some of the higher officers were assembled. The great post road followed the edge of the forest and the station on the banks of the Angara

shone like a bright white point. The rebels were impatiently waiting for Miller's return, as they easily saw how dangerous their position was, especially now that the summer had come and nothing impeded the communication.

"At last our leader is coming!" exclaimed Ivan, the same who had accompanied Vladimir on his journey to Lake Baikal. He was this time in the usual costume of the exiles, having laid aside the red cloak which he occasionally wore, red being a favorite color with Russians.

"Miller!" called Vladimir, "when will you lead us on?"

"That does not depend on myself," was the reply. "We must wait for our brethren who wish to join us here. They will arrive tonight. Ienar-kus will provide boats. Look around, Vladimir. Without the assisance of the Tunguses we can do nothing. We count 500 men. We cannot use the flying ferry at the station. Therefore we must wait for Ienar. He will keep his word: he is not a civilized man, and on that account I trust him. Patience, my friends. Tonight we need not fear!"

"But if we should be attacked before sunrise?" asked Ivan.

"Then we must defend ourselves," replied Miller. "Nothing, however, indicates an attack. We can control from here the whole country for three miles around. Our outposts are trustworthy and on the alert. Schelm is a miserable coward, and fortunately for us Gen. Moski is absent. And now, men, leave me a moment alone; I have to speak to Count Lanin."

The exiles obeyed, and the two old friends were alone. Both sat down on the soft turf under a giant oak.

"Have you forgiven me, Vladimir?" asked Miller.

"Miller, how can you ask? You have saved my life. That thought absorbs all others. Only tell me what you intend to do."

"That depends upon circumstances. First of all I must cross the Angara, to put the river between us and Schelm. I do not fear him, to be sure, but I want to know you are in safety. Look at that station; my eyes are fixed upon that point. From thence Ienar-kus is to come with a hundred boats to carry us across to the other bank. Then we are safe!"

"And then we surely go to China! Now the whole story of that document, of which you told me, has no meaning any longer. Yesterday I was innocent; today I am in rebellion. Even if Jana has been successful, I shall have to remain in exile. I want, on that account, to get across the frontier as soon as possible, and forever bid adieu to my fatherland."

"Alas! I think as you do. First, however, we must have our revenge. I shall not leave Russia till I have made my enemies tremble."

"Miller, I beseech you—!"

"Not another word, Vladimir! I warrant your freedom, and shall carry you across the frontier; then we shall never meet again. You are not armed, I believe?"

"Oh, yes! But why should I? Beyond the frontier I shall need no arms."

"Who knows? We may have to fight a battle first! With whom? you ask. With the garrison of Irkutsk!"

"Then I shall also need no arms, for I do not mean to fight against the czar and his soldiers."

"Would you rather be caught and beaten to death?" asked Miller, with a savage laugh.

"I shall flee as fast and as far as I can, but I shall never take part in a battle against the czar!"

Miller suddenly sprang up, seeing a man hurrying up the hill on which they were sitting. It was one of the exiles who came, quite out of breath, to bring the evil news that the enemy was approaching, and that in an hour the battle would probably begin.

"Then we must defend ourselves!" said Miller. "I foresaw this."

He looked around in the direction toward Irkutsk; a black line was seen closing the horizon. The peninsula lay before them, silent and peaceful; the exiles all concealed behind trees and shrubs. Suddenly Miller felt a hand touch him; he turned round, and there was a native, who came forth from behind an oak.

"In an hour," he said, in his native tongue, "Inar will be here with his boats."

"So much the better!" exclaimed Miller, and called to his comrades, "Children, we must defend ourselves unto death! In an hour we shall cross the river, and then we are safe from all pursuit. And you," he added, turning to the Siberian, "carry our thanks to your chief, and tell him we are all anxiously waiting for him here."

Like a shadow the man vanished among the trees.

"A hundred men to the edge of the forest! They must check the enemy. Ivan, carry the order! You, there, watch the river, and give warning as soon as you see the boats coming. Let some one get a rifle for Brother Lanin!"

"By no means! I have told you I will not fight against the czar. I am under your protection, that is all!"

In the meantime the dark line on the horizon was steadily growing; quite as quickly, however, Miller's sharp eyes noticed boats coming down the Angara like swift arrows. Quieted and reassured by this sight, he did not look farther, and yet at the same moment a detachment of Cossacks was crossing the ferry with a heavy travelling carriage. Not anticipating that this deserted field and this silent wood were soon to be a blood-stained battlefield, the Cossacks were leisurely leaving the ferry, and rode at a slow pace towards the station.

Now began a scattered fire of tirailleurs. Hidden among the trees and shrubs, the exiles received the regulars with a hail of balls. The detachment of Cossacks, amazed at this sudden explosion, stopped a moment, but as from their low place near the river they could see nothing of what was going on beyond, they trotted rapidly up to the little white house. This they surrounded, while the travellers left the carriage and went into the room.

The firing did not cease. Miller continually watched the situation, now observing the boats on the Angara, and now examining the edge of the forest. Here the soldiers were evidently gaining ground and advancing more and more rapidly, while the boats of the Tunguses also were approaching the post station, the place of assembly for the exiles.

"Ivan, send a number of men up here," called Miller. "A hundred men will suffice to check the enemy here. Let the horses be driven into the ranks of the regulars to bring them into confusion. We have no use for the horses. They would only impede our embarkation. And then quickly down the hill to the station. The boats are already there waiting for us. It would be useless to attempt further resistance here. Ivan, be quick and return at once. We shall wait for you only to leave the place."

Ivan disappeared in the bushes. Once more Miller tried to persuade Vladimir to take up arms. Lanin shook his head. He would not fire at his brethren, he said. Ivan returned. A hundred men were ordered to remain with Miller; all the others were sent down to the river. They were to hold the station till all the exiles should be safe.

A quarter of an hour later Miller's detachment came down like an avalanche upon the station. Suddenly their leader uttered a desperate cry. He had now only seen the 20 Cossacks who had held the bank of the river. For the bed of the Angara lies deep between steep rocks; the post station itself is built against a rock, and hardly two men can pass between the rocky wall and the house. Thus the exiles could not rejoin their comrades on the other side of the house, nor could they from where they were reach the boats. The Cossacks barred the way.

"We must not be stopped here!" cried Miller, furiously. "We must sell our lives as dear as possible. At them, children! It is a matter of life and death now!"

Despair doubled the strength of the exiles. Besides, they were 100 against but 20 Cossacks. They rushed down upon them and created boundless confusion. At first the Cossacks tried to defend themselves, but the exiles fell upon them in ever increasing numbers, as the regulars from town drove them down to the river. Before them they saw the boats and their allies, the Tunguses, and this increased their valor. The Cossacks fell one after the other, and at last the road was open.

In the meantime, however, the firing had also become more lively, and large numbers of fugitives came running down from the forest. Miller was near the station house and cried:

"Now quick into the boats. No fear! No confusion, men! We'll protect your rear and keep the enemy in check. Vladimir, get in! Farewell—perhaps we shall never meet again!"

"Do you think me a coward? I told you I could not fight with you, but that does not mean that I shall leave you!"

"Are you mad?"

"Enough, Miller! You will not make me think differently, and I will not leave you."

"Well, the times are not such that we should vie with each other in generosity. Do what you like."

Every station house contains ordinarily two rooms, which are separated from each other by a passage, about six feet wide. On the right hand is the office of the imperial post, on the left a room for travellers.

Miller opened the door to the passage; through the house it led down to the river.

"Ten men into the office!" Miller ordered, "and let them watch from the window the path down to the Angara."

"Ienar!" he then called, after tearing open the door.

"I am awaiting your orders!" answered the voice of the Tungus from below. "Make haste, I hear the balls whistle."

"At once!" replied Miller.

In close ranks the exiles pushed through the passage and jumped as soon as they reached the river into the boats.

"Death to every man who leaves the ranks," cried Miller. Then he wanted to enter the rooms of the travellers, but found it not only locked, but apparently barricaded from within.

"What does this mean, I wonder? Have we here, also enemies? Listen!" he cried to the closed door. "We do not mean to hurt you if you leave us alone. If not you are lost. Ivan, hand me a musket and aim at the door."

In the meantime the crowd in the passage had grown thinner. A number of boats took the men, as their turn came, across the Angara. The balls of the regulars whistled overhead, but did no harm. The last detachment of exiles had left the hill and the victorious regulars pursued the fugitives. Several hundred of the exiles were already marching along the opposite bank in perfect safety, and the space between the forest and the station was almost abandoned. The last troop of the czar of the exiles surrounded their leader. The regulars appeared at the edge of the forest. Miller, Ivan and Vladimir were watching the fugitives, keeping in view, however, the door of the station room.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

At the beginning of the conflict, or rather at the arrival of the coach with its escort of Cossacks, a woman had left the house and looked curiously through the open window at the newcomers. This was the widow of the captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk. When the exiles had reached the house she had fled with the official and hid behind some rocks. Now, when she found that the rebels were too busy with their own escape, she quietly left her hiding place, approached the house from the riverside, and stopped below the window. Thus she could see everything that happened inside. She mustered the travellers, then laughed out aloud and ran as fast as she could to the little barn, in which a mass of oats and straw was stored away. She took them, bundle after bundle, and piled them up at the side of the house. While at work in this way she murmured scornfully to herself.

"I know this accursed woman. She surely brings his pardon. But the old witch, as she called me, shall have her revenge first?"

In a moment the whole big pile was on fire, the black smoke rose in dense, dark clouds and the sparks flew all over the little structure. A cry of horror was heard in the travellers' room, into which the wind blew grew masses of smoke.

"We must open the door and defend ourselves, or we shall be smothered by the smoke," said a voice.

"That shall be done at once!"

"No, I'll do it!"

"Pray let me attend to that business," said the first voice again. "I am least needed in this world. Consider, he who opens the door is almost sure to perish."

"Wait!"

Caroline jumped up on one of the blocks of stone to look into the room. When she saw how the smoke was gradually filling the room, she laughed aloud, although she could no longer recognize the travellers. Suddenly a loud noise was heard, and Miller cried:

"Look out! We are in danger."

[CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

### CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED.

At the same time he fired at the door. It opened, and Miller, who had aimed his rifle again, saw a man, whose features he could not recognize, fall to the ground, with the words, "I die!"

Miller, Vladimir and Ivan at once rushed into the room, which the draft, created by the open door, had cleared pretty well of smoke. The other exiles all hurried through the passage down to the river in order to reach the boats and, in them, safety from the closely pursuing soldiers.

The exiles noticed how Caroline was continually feeding the flames. Several wanted to hurry past her down to the Angara, but the insane woman thought they wanted to put out the fire and put herself in their way. The desperate fugitives seized her and pushed her into the flames; the woman uttered a superhuman cry and fell down fainting.

The wind had now scattered the clouds of smoke entirely, and the bright sunlight once more illumined the blackened walls of the room. Vladimir had at once recognized in the persons who met him and his comrades his wife, his uncle and Gen. Moski. At the same moment he tore the gun from Miller's hands and pushed Ivan aside.

"The countess!" exclaimed Miller.

Count Lanin advanced.

"My nephew among a band of rebels!"

Vladimir interrupted him:

"Uncle look at me. I am unarmed! I flee, but I have taken no part in the conflict!"

Lanin pointed to the body that lay on the floor.

"You have committed murder! You have just now shot Dr. Haas!"

"God is my witness," cried Vladimir, "that I have shot no one!"

"That is my doing!" cried Miller; "I am a rebel and I boast of it!"

The last exiles had left by this time. Already the words of command of the officers of the regulars were distinctly heard, as they were standing before the house. Miller cast a look through the window. The fire kindled by Caroline had not been able to consume the house, and was going out gradually. The guns of the soldiers glistened in the bright sunlight.

"Make way there!" cried Miller, drawing a dagger from his bosom. "Vladimir, follow me!"

Lanin declined. "I surrender to Gen. Moski," he said.

Behind Vladimir Jana's form suddenly appeared.

"Mr. Miller, surrender also! I remind you of your promise! I need your evidence in order to save my husband!"

Miller hesitated a moment; then he cast aside the dagger and said:

"Since you make that demand, countess, I will stay. Ivan, flee quickly! Countess, you surely do not demand the death of this man also? God knows it would serve no purpose?"

"I demand no man's death!"

She pointed at the window. Quick as lightning Ivan was through it and hurried down the steep rocks. The balls struck the water, a body fell into the waves. From the ashes of the expiring fire a human shape, black all over, arose suddenly, uttering groans of pain. She was moving off when all at once a ball struck the wall, glanced off and hit her in her bosom. Caroline fell with a heavy sigh. Jana approached the doctor's body. Quite unarmed, as he now was, Miller followed her, and raised the head of the dead man. A ball whistled past between Miller and the countess. The soldiers were occupying the rocks on the bank of the river. Some exiles who had not been able to reach the boats, were hiding behind protruding rocks from the Russian balls.

"You have not told me yet," said Gen. Lanin to Vladimir, "how you got mixed up with this band of rebels?"

"I fled from my pursuers. I had been sentenced to death by running the gauntlet!"

"What! You to run the gauntlet?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Now, I see it all!"

"General!" Jana called to him, while she and Miller were busily trying to move the dead body into a quiet corner, "could you not stop the fight?"

The passage was empty. The last exiles had reached the Angara. They saw that they could not possibly reach the boats of the Tunguses, and thus they prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The regulars, on their side, did not dare advance, because they feared an ambush.

"General!" Jana repeated in a tone of imploring prayer, "can you not make an end to this unnecessary butchery?"

A soldier cast a cautious look into the room and made a sign to his comrades. The colonel and several of the officers entered the room of the travellers.

"The governor-general!" exclaimed the colonel, greatly surprised.

The soldiers presented arms, the officers bowed low.

"Stop the firing!" commanded Gen. Moski.

The governor enjoyed universal esteem in Siberia. The soldiers did not like to fight against the exiles. They were, therefore, delighted when they saw the general, and his first order was received with genuine enthusiasm. The colonel at once stepped to the door and shouted:

"Stop the firing!"

Here and there a single shot was still heard, but soon all was quiet. The Siberians in their boats on the Angara ceased rowing in amazement; several of the exiles jumped into the river to reach the opposite bank, and a few surrendered to the regulars, having no longer any hope of escape.

The officers came up to the station house in constantly increasing numbers, and all questioned the two generals, utterly disregarding for the moment military discipline, so great was the excitement. Jana had carried the doctor's body, with Miller's help, out of sight, and then Miller took his head and tenderly laid it on his knees.

"Gentlemen," said Jana, "is there, perhaps, a physician among you?"

One of the younger officers immediately hurried out to bring the surgeon who had accompanied the expedition. A heavy post coach, escorted by a detachment of Cossacks, approached the house slowly.

"The doctor will be here in a moment. The revisor is also coming."

"Countess!" declared the surgeon, after a short examination, "the ball has entered the body, close to the heart, so that the wounded man will certainly die without recovering consciousness."

"Thus I must always commit unnecessary crimes!" cried Miller, conscious struck.

Jana wept bitterly. As soon as Vladimir heard that the revisor was coming he drew close to the governor-general. The officers formed a circle around the two generals, and the soldiers formed in rank and file.

Through the open windows Schelm's voice was heard.

"Why do you not fire? Why? The exiles are actually fleeing, and no one hinders them? Fire! Fire, and let not one of them escape!"

A few of the soldiers fired their guns. The natives, frightened, rowed down the river. The soldiers, however, had aimed high, and wounded no one.

"Who has stopped the firing?" cried Schelm, furious. "The colonel will report to a court-martial! The enemies of the czar must be rooted up!"

Just then he noticed Vladimir, and at once shouted:

"There, we have at once made one good catch! Now I have gotten you, you arch-rebel! You have deserved worst punishment now, but we have not time now to make any ceremony about you. Hi, there! Take this rebel out and shoot him on the spot!"

Now only the governor-general of East Siberia came forth from the crowd of officers who had surrounded him.

"Mr. Schelm, you seem to give orders here in my presence."

Schelm drew back a step, pale and trembling.

"Count Moski!" he exclaimed, in a hardly audible voice.

A few more shots were heard outside. Count Moski turned to one of the officers, and in a stern voice said:

"I have ordered to stop that firing. Who dares act contrary to my orders?"

The officer hurried out, in the meantime Schelm's courage also had returned somewhat. As yet he had not seen Count Lanin among the officers. Jana and Miller, who were still busy about Haas, were completely masked by the crowd that filled the room.

"I ordered the pursuit of the rebels," said Schelm.

"By what right do you assume to give orders to his majesty's army?" asked the governor, casting a look of contempt at the revisor.

"By the right of an inspector-general, as I am—"

"You? Do you fancy perhaps—?"

"General, my powers."

The officers moved a little aside and thus allowed Count Lanin to be seen.

"Lanin! The czar's adjutant-general!" exclaimed Schelm, when he recognized him. "Treason! I am lost!"

The house closely occupied by soldiers, the many dead bodies lying around, the bloody conflict but just ended, and the flight of the exiles—all this was not calculated to make people cheerful, and yet, when they heard this word "treason" from the lips of Schelm, it sounded so very ridiculous that they could not help laughing aloud!

Instantly, however, all were silent again, and an indistinct voice was heard to utter these words:

"I pardon him who has inflicted this fatal wound. Pardon you likewise! God has aided you! Thank him all of you!"

Haas expired. Miller tenderly laid the lifeless head down and approached Schelm.

"Well, did I have my revenge?" he asked, seizing him with his iron grasp. "Did I not foretell you that in the fortress already?"

Schelm trembled like a leaf in a high wind, while his eyes erred about and around.

"And now ask on your knees pardon of those whom you have so mortally offended," continued the czar of the rebels, trying to force Schelm down on his knees.

Count Lanin, however, remembered the czar's orders, and as he knew that the emperor objected to any humiliation of a superior officer in the presence of inferiors, he interfered with authority.

"You forget that it is not for you to be judge in this matter! You are a rebel and my prisoner."

As soon as Schelm found out that he had some protection he drew himself up again. Gen. Lanin went on:

"It is not proper that you should attack an officer in the emperor's service. Stay quietly where you are!"

The officers had murmured, for much as they hated Schelm, they could not quietly see a rebel treat his former superior with indignity. Schelm understood this at once, and now fancied that he was out of danger. Vladimir, he hoped, was still in his power, and he would try at all hazard to keep him in his hands. He assumed a haughty carriage and said:

"Miller, you are, I fear, forgetting that you have been a spy, and that you are now a robber. General, I do not know how far your powers may go, but this man who is generally known by the name of 'Czar of the Exiles—'"

"Is included in the amnesty granted by his majesty," exclaimed Jana, holding out the document with the emperor's own handwriting and his seal. "Here is the order issued by his majesty: 'All who have been sentenced in connection with the Ace-of-Clubs conspiracy, as well as Count Vladimir Lanin, receive complete amnesty and pardon.' Uncle, you will no doubt confirm what I say."

"Certainly, but here—"

"There is no but, general!" she added, turning to Gen. Moski. "Will you be kind enough to support me?"

"The czar has issued this amnesty, and it must be carried out!"

"But certainly we cannot pardon or overlook this rebellion—this armed resistance, this shedding of blood today?" said Schelm in opposition.

"My husband was at the head of this rebellion," said Jana, "and yet says the czar: No law of the empire shall touch Count Vladimir Lanin! Vladimir, do you not command these people?"

Lanin did not understand what his wife's intentions were, but, accustomed blindly to believe her words, he answered promptly:

"Yes, indeed!"

Miller had, as soon as he had dropped Schelm's arm, gradually drawn nearer and nearer to the window. With one bound, now, he was outside, and called aloud:

"No! He was not the leader! I was! I, who speak to you. I want no pardon and no amnesty! I have been the czar's enemy, and I shall be his enemy. I want nothing of you but my liberty, and that you cannot take from me. You, Schelm—mind, if the czar's justice does not reach you—you shall not escape my revenge."

He jumped upon a rock and thence into the river.

"Fire! Kill the man!" cried Schelm, beside himself. "You have heard what the rebel said."

No one obeyed the revisor. The universal surprise favored the flight and escape of the fugitive. No one pursued him.

"Mr. Schelm," said Gen. Lanin now, "his majesty the emperor has appointed me inspector in your place. You will have to give me an account of your administration. The soldiers can be marched back."

"First of all, however, this man must be seized," said Schelm.

"You will please leave the government of Eastern Siberia henceforth in my hands," replied the governor, drily. "You had better occupy yourself with your own affairs now."

Turning to the officers he next asked if they had made any prisoners. When they answered no, he continued: "So much the better. Then we have to inflict no punishment on any one. We'll return now to Irkutsk. Mr. Schelm, you will be kind enough to come with us. We have to discuss many questions with you."

"General!"

"I beg," whispered Gen. Lanin into his ear, "you will not compel me to arrest you here in the presence of all these people. I have his majesty's express orders to arrest you on two charges: Forgery of documents and malfeasance in office."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

A great change had taken place in Jana's heart as in her mind. Her husband was free once more, and she felt sure that a man who was protected by the threefold power of the czar, Gov. Moski and Gen. Lanin had in Russia nothing more to fear. But now, as if this third journey had exhausted her health and her strength of mind alike, she began to suffer from a permanent sense of weariness and lassitude. The quiet and peace she could now enjoy at Irkutsk did her good. She lived over once more the trials and the fierce conflicts in which she had been engaged, and she trembled at the memory of all she had been made to suffer and to endure. The dead forms of Popoff, of the captain of gendarmes, of Dr. Haas and of Helen rose before her mind's eye, and she said again and again to herself: "They have died for my sake!"

Her heart softened; it began to overflow with the love of the neighbor, and devoutly grateful for having herself accomplished the one great purpose of her life, she felt deeply anxious that no one else should suffer on her account. The noble woman knew no revenge. She was once more the woman, weak as her sex generally is, weaker even for at the slightest noise she started and trembled. She felt happy, and she knew that her happiness, under God, was her own work, but she trembled all the more at the thought that unexpectedly a cloud might rise on the bright sky of her happiness.

On the day of his return to Irkutsk Vladimir took possession again of his wife's house in the city; he had recovered all his rights and privileges. Lina, who had until now been kept in prison by Schelm, although he did not know that she was Helen's mother, was also set free, and returned to her mistress. She could not recover from the los of her daughter, and indulged in melancholy apprehensions.

"They have murdered my son," she would say again and again. "My poor, dear Nicholas is dead; what do I now care for freedom or life?"

"Remember, I pray, that you have another child!" said Jana on such occasions, having seen little Andrew in Petersburg.

Lina seemed almost to have forgotten that child, not having seen him for so long a time. The words of the countess would bring a faint smile to her lips, and at last she comprehended that there was really still a duty to perform on earth, and that for all she knew there might be still some happiness in store for her. She was fortunately, moreover, kept very busy aiding the countess in making her preparations for the return to Russia. A longing for her second son began to spring up in her maternal bosom. Vladimir and the countess were almost daily guests at the governor's palace, where Gen. Lanin, the czar's all-powerful adjutant-general, was grandly entertained.

According to the czar's wishes Schelm had not been sent to prison, but during the investigation in his administration he was not at liberty to leave the government house. This remained, however, a secret. It was, of course, understood in the city that his administration was not approved in Petersburg, and hence no one was surprised at his being dismissed, but as his chief crimes were not publicly known, little attention was paid to him and his trial. The two generals had begged Jana to keep the matter to herself; telling her that the czar did not like the prestige of the higher authorities to be endangered by such notoriety. Jana had already forgiven Schelm, and soon Vladimir also did, and both went so far as to intercede in his behalf with the general. This was, however, in vain; Schelm's violence at the station house had made a very bad impression upon them, and they decided to proceed with the utmost severity against him. Palkin was purposely forgotten in his prison cell. He had taken leave of active life, and even Jana agreed that it would be best to pass him over in silence, and this was done.

In the meantime Schelm had sleepless nights in his sumptuous apartments, which were his prison. Three days had already passed since the skirmish on the banks of the Angara and he had not yet been summoned to appear before the judges. He was dying with anxiety. Judging all others by himself he thought his enemies were devising tortures by which to avenge themselves on him. In these three days of fearful suspense he had grown 10 years older.

On the fourth day after their return to Irkutsk, Vladimir, who had just returned from the governor's palace, entered Jana's room with the words:

"My dear Jana, I have just seen my uncle once more, and begged him urgently to let Schelm be tried at some other place, as he is sure to be hanged sooner or later. But we can do nothing; the answer is always the same. The czar has ordered the guilty to be punished, and in the course of the investigation I have gained the conviction that Schelm is very guilty. He must suffer just punishment."

"Do you wish him to be punished?"

"I? I never thought of it! I am free and happy, so that I have entirely forgotten that Schelm is still alive! May he go where he chooses, even to the D. if he prefers it."

"You see, Vladimir, when I think how many lives have been lost in order to secure our present happiness, an inexpressible anxiety seizes my heart. The sacrifice of another human life appears to me a crime. I have remorse. We must by all means try to get Schelm pardoned."

"But that no longer depends on us!"

"Let me try, Vladimir. I'll go and see your uncle this evening at the governor's palace. He promised he would do everything to please me."

Jana, animated by this noble desire, hastened at once to the palace. But she found that both Gen. Moski and Count Lanin had come to the conclusion that Schelm had not merely abused his official position, but had evidently criminal intrigues on his conscience, which could not be overlooked. They had, therefore, decided to inflict the prescribed punishment in strict justice, and to make an example of him. The czar had invested his adjutant with unlimited power. But, in order to proceed with strict regard to legality, Gen. Moski had summoned Schelm to appear before him, thus giving him an opportunity to clear himself of these charges if he could.

Schelm had not seen the two generals since the sad event on the Mount of the Tunguses. In his solitude he was awaiting events. When summoned to appear before his judges he prepared skilfully his whole appearance. The relative liberty which had been granted him and the courteous consideration shown him so far had somewhat quieted his apprehensions. He did not guess, besides, how far his tricks and his intrigues had been found out, and he was full of hopes the sentence would be delayed; and with time on his side he felt he could do much, help himself through his friends, and perhaps even form new plans and new intrigues. He appeared, therefore, in the apartments of the governor-general, not at all like a man accused of crime, but more like a casual visitor.

"What do you wish of me?" he asked, boldly.

"You will please answer our questions with great modesty!" said Lanin, indignant at Schelm's insolence.

The trial began. When Schelm was asked about Popoff's arrest, and about his receipt for the 100,000 roubles, when he saw that the minister of the interior had forsaken him, and when he finally perceived that Count Lanin held that very receipt in his hands which the czar had given him, then he felt that there was no escape for him. He folded his hands and bowed so low that the judges feared he intended to kneel down.

"Your excellency, I am guilty! Have mercy on me; have mercy on me!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Lanin. "Perhaps you have extenuating circumstances that you can mention to keep us from administering strict justice. What can you say in your own behalf?"

"I can plead my zeal in the czar's service, your excellency," he cried, turning to Count Lanin, "and we are both servants of our master the emperor. I wanted to make my way upward; I wanted to become one of those who enjoy the happiness of being near his majesty. I was ambitious and that was my ruin. I confess my guilt. But your excellency will consider that I was chief of a division, of the division for political affairs. I had the care for the personal safety of our emperor in my hands. The gendarmes continually took the butter off my bread. They always accused me, that I could discover nothing, that I knew nothing. The minister continually said the same, and you, also, general, told me so in the name of the czar. I feared I should lose my place, the place that gave me my daily bread. The gendarmes invented conspiracies to please the czar. They deceived the emperor, Count Orloff, you yourselves. I have seen it with my own eyes! I witnessed how they were rewarded and promoted, when I knew it was all fiction! You must admit that the monarch's favor may become a strong temptation."

Lanin was silent.

"It is true that I employed a man who was to fan the discontent of some conspirators, but this also I did to prove my zeal to serve the czar. I admit that I am not free from guilt, but I never exceeded my authority; I do not deserve reward, but have I incurred any punishment?"

Count Moski exclaimed, very indignant: "Certainly, and a very heavy one!"

"The conspiracy did actually exist. The conspirators fell into my trap as if they had lost their heads, so that I could show the emperor who were his enemies; they were unmasked. Here, also, I did not exceed my authority. All whom I ordered to be arrested were conspirators."

"All. What a falsehood!" said Lanin, frowning. "My nephew—"

Schelm interrupted him most humbly:

"To be sure, your excellency! But you might be indulgent with the weakness and the heart of a man who does not claim that he is faultless. You yourself had announced to me the czar's displeasure and aroused my wrath. Your nephew had mortally insulted me. I was furious against all who bore your name. The count's name was mentioned and I was delighted to know that he was involved in this conspiracy. If, in my anger, I went too far you may punish me. The idea of distinguishing myself before the emperor's eyes had made me lose my head. I had the conspiracy in my hand, and it was surely but human to take advantage of it in order to avenge myself!"

"You defend yourself in a manner that is revolting to me," said Gen. Moski, contemptuously. "You make me think worse of you than I did before. Have you nothing else to say in your defence?"

"No! I can only repeat that I am guilty, but guilty to have too eagerly coveted the emperor's favor. I might have earned it in a better way if I had been Count Lanin. Since I was simple Mr. Schelm I was forced—"

"Enough!" exclaimed Gen. Moski, "You can return to your rooms!"

Schelm withdrew with low bows.

"I do not see," said Lanin, "that the man is so very guilty, but your wish to see him severely punished shall be gratified. Such men fill me with disgust. We need only report his defence of the czar and he would be instantly lost. I think the czar himself might be cruel in such a case. But I am not the czar, and I am not disinclined to make some excuse."

"What, Count Lanin?"

"His devotion to the emperor's person."

"Is pure hypocrisy!"

"Well, I submit to you! I am not quite clear"—

Just then the Countess Lanin was announced. Gen. Moski had become more and more attached to her, the more services he had rendered her.

"Pray, let her enter!" he called out.

"My dear companions in my journey," said Jana, shaking hands with the two generals, "I come to pray for Schelm's pardon."

"Never!" said Gen. Moski.

"As for me," said Count Lanin, "I am ready to obey every word you command."

"This 'never' sounds hardly very courteous in the ears of a lady," said Jana, smiling. "But I see I have an ally in my dear uncle."

"How should the rascal deserve such consideration?"

"I am so happy, so much happier than at any time! I pity all who have had to suffer for my sake; I wish harm to no one, and pardon every one of them!"

Schelm's cunning had well calculated the effect of his pretended devotion to the czar's person on Count Lanin. The latter now joined Jana in her prayer, and at last the general could no longer resist; he yielded so far that Schelm's punishment should consist in his banishment to Beresoff, on the western frontier of Siberia. Jana, however, was not quite satisfied. Her noble soul wanted Schelm to be entirely forgiven. She besought the general until he gave way, after long resisting her. He yielded to Jana as to a spoilt child. It was finally agreed that Schelm should lose his office and his salary, but should be allowed to return to Petersburg and to live there as a private citizen.

"Oh! You are so very good and kind, general," said Jana, when he at last had given his consent, although very reluctantly. "Permit me to embrace you in return for your great kindness."

She fell around the old soldier's neck.

"And I! As your faithful ally, do I deserve nothing?" asked Lanin. She threatened him, smiling, with her finger, and said:

"You, my ally? Well, for an hour. And yet, I do not wish anybody to say that I had given him pain today!"

She hastened to kiss her husband's uncle, likewise, and, radiant with happiness, she returned home. Nothing now prevented their departure from Irkutsk. After so many severe trials the happy young people, once more united, thought of nothing now but the return home, there once more to resume the even tenor of their daily life.

On the following day they left the capital of Eastern Siberia and turned their faces towards Petersburg. Lina accompanied them, with a heart full of sadness.

[CONCLUDED TOMORROW.]

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

One of those beautifully clear and silent nights which form one of the charms of Siberia had gradually sunk the forest into deep darkness. The moon illumined the valley, and the long shadows of the trees that lined the public road lay snug alongside of the great thoroughfare. A gentle breath of wind whispered mysteriously in the foliage of the birches and larches that were here intermingled. Beetles were humming drowsily in the rich grass; here and there the phosphorescent green light of a light worm shone in the close turf and vanished again in an instant. A mysterious humming noise pervaded the forest, a sign that it concealed animal life in abundance, and now and then broke out in louder, but still indistinct noises. Otherwise the night was silent. The highroad, which the eye could follow for miles and miles across the vast level plain, was deserted. At a distance only now and then was heard the tinkling of a little bell, the forerunner of a vehicle, of which as yet nothing could be seen.

The station house near which that bloody conflict had taken place, which had cost so many and so precious victims, stood, as has been mentioned, not far from the edge of the forest, perhaps some 30 versts from Irkutsk. Nothing was stirring in the little building, but the windows of the official's room shone brightly, and, at a distance, somebody was singing. At the door a postillion was smoking a short, stumpy pipe, leisurely watching the ringlets of smoke as they gracefully whirled on high. He heard, just then, the tinkling of the bells of post-horses and entered the house to give warning that travellers were approaching. At his summons three men, or, rather, three dark shadows appeared in the dark, silently walked around the house and stationed themselves upon a huge projecting rock.

"Horses! Quick, horses!" cried the traveller, jumping out of the carriage. "I have no time to lose!"

In an instant almost the foam-covered horses were taken out of harness and others brought from the stables. In the meantime the traveller went into the office to show his passport.

"I hope there are no reports of robbers about in this part of the province?" he asked the postmaster.

"Nothing since the last fight here; they have all crossed the river, and everything is quiet. Travellers have nothing at all to fear here now!" was the answer.

"How far is it from here to the ferry?"

"Three versts."

"I am told it is not quite safe to cross the forest. On the other side of the river, I believe, it is all cultivated land, and no forest there?"

"Yes; but I can assure you all the robbers and rebels who used to infest this district have gone away to Lake Baikal, so that everything is perfectly quiet and safe here."

The postmaster opened his book, examined the passport, and went to work almost to spell the entry which he made:

"Onuphrius Onesimowicz Schelm, councillor of state and senator, travels on private business. One carriage. Three horses."

"In half an hour it will all be ready for your excellency. Perhaps the senator will accept a glass of tea?"

"Thanks! I have no time to lose."

The official went out to give the necessary orders and said to Schelm:

"The travellers' room is on the right hand; it has been entirely ruined during the fight between the regulars and the rebels, but I have had it repaired as well as my means allowed. Will you have the kindness to go in there? As soon as the horses are put in I will let you know."

Schelm entered the room in which a few weeks ago his power had made such lamentable shipwreck. The walls still bore witness of the fight that had taken place here, and near the window, where Caroline had tried to set the house on fire, a pool had formed, over which beetles were busily swarming to and fro. At the sight of the room Schelm could not help comparing his former greatness with his actual position. He sat down on a chair that stood near the open window and looked down upon the quiet, peaceful waters of the Angara.

"I still have my freedom and my fortune; but they want me to close my life in strict retirement. The fools! A man such as I am never leaves his post, least of all after a defeat. They will hear from me yet, I warrant! Gen. Lanin has evidently exceeded his authority; he has let this band of robbers escape unpunished, although they had manifestly rebelled against the czar; and he has pardoned their leader, who publicly insulted the name of the czar. That is quite enough to give me a standing-point for my future measures! In Petersburg I shall find friends, patrons and money. No! I am not ruined yet! I am not conquered yet! They wonder at my acting badly, and yet it is they who force me to do such things. I was going to abandon all this game, and now they compel me to begin it once more, for I must recover my lost position. The fools! They protect a man who was to be my last victim, they force me to injure them all! Gen. Moski and Count Lanin! You have scotched the snake, but you have not killed it! You shall hear its ominous hissing again, I warn you, and feel its venomous bite! I am to go into retirement! I am to play draughts at night, I suppose, and take my walk on the Prospect in the daytime? I! Schelm! Well, we'll see that! If I only were in Petersburg! This putting in the horses takes a long time here! and I want to be beyond the frontiers of Irkutsk!" At this moment he heard somebody taking hold of the door handle; then the door was cautiously opened.

"Why, here is the postmaster, at last," he thought to himself. He rose and buttoned his heavy overcoat. A man in the uniform of a postillion approached him. The ex-revisor thought it was the man who came to tell him that all was ready and he could continue his journey. However, he was startled at the man's strange conduct, who came very close to him. The moon was shining into the room, only the door lay in deep shadow, and Schelm could not make out the features of the new-comer.

"Are the horses ready?" he asked.

At the same moment the stranger seized his arm, and he saw that it was not the postillion he had expected.

"Schelm! Do you fancy I have forgiven you and felt pity for you, as the others seem to have done!"

Schelm was dumbfounded; he recognized Miller with terror. He was going to call for help, but he was not given time for it. Two men had, in the meantime, jumped through the window into the room, and in a moment he was fettered. Miller looked at him and laughed aloud. Before the door the postillions also were heard laughing, as they harnessed the horses.

Miller gave a sign, and instantly the bound man was lifted up, passed through the open window, and received on the outside by two other men stationed there. Miller, with his two companions, followed him in the same way, and quickly all of them hurried down to the bed of the Angara. Here, on the river bank, they found a saddled horse. The exiles tied Schelm securely to the saddle, without removing the handkerchief with which they had gagged him. Miller again silently watched the proceedings and laughed scornfully. When they were ready he leaped on his horse, and said:

"Goodby, my friends."

The exiles spurred their horses, climbed the rocks and were soon out of sight. Miller alone pushed his horse into the river. The moon was peacefully silvering the waters of the quiet river; all around silence reigned, and only Miller's horse, bravely breasting the waves, snorted and splashed through the waters in an uncanny, gruesome way. Schelm's pale face, marked with the still blood-red marks of his punishment, was turned to heaven as his back touched the water. His eye met the glance of his adversary and he closed it.

"I almost think, dear Schlem," said Miller, "that since our schooldays you and I have never been quite so near to each other? We are alone now and can converse. What fate, do you think, is awaiting you? You must bear in mind, dear colleague, that I have much to complain of in which you are concerned. You have injured many men, but they were weak or good-natured men, who forgave you or disdained to avenge themselves. When I heard that they were sending you home, unpunished, and that these people, intoxicated with the effect of their regained happiness, disdained revenge, then I said to myself: Not so! I shall punish you, as you deserve to be punished!"

Schelm was writhing like a worm in his fetters and tried desperately to tear the gag from his mouth, but in vain.

"Not yet! The time has not come yet! But you need not fear; you shall have time enough to cry! My ear shall revel in your cries of anguish. You need not be afraid of the water, Schelm! You may get a little wet, as we cannot let you sit upright in the saddle, Schelm, but you shall not drown. My horse swims as well as any fish. But, Brother Schelm, what have you made of me? I was, to be sure, poor and unhappy when you knew me at school, but I was at peace with the world and cheerful. One day—you may remember it, Schelm—one day I asked you to lend me money. You refused. You said you would rather buy me. Perhaps you will tell me honest men do not make such bargains. But I do not pretend to be honest in that sense of the word, and I'll show you presently what I am. You will find out the difference between me and those good people who have forgiven you and refused to be avenged on you."

Miller bent lower over the prostrate prisoner and thus forced him to look at him.

"Look at me, dear Schelm; I must enjoy the sight. Do you know, dear Schelm, that for the moment I could almost love you? You afford me the same enjoyment which you felt when you left my cell in the fortress to go into Vladimir's cell to examine him. Ha, ha! Thus each one has his turn."

Schelm closed his eyes. He was near fainting.

"What does that mean? I cannot permit that. You will have to listen to the end. I'll make you come around."

With these words he passed his sharp dagger across Schlem's forehead. The sufferer uttered an indistinct groan.

"Do you hear me again? As I am sure you cannot tell out of school in this life I will confess my sins to you. Think of it—Miller confessing to Schelm! Would not the popes laugh if they could hear us? Do you know that I am at the head of a thousand armed men, and have a brilliant future before me—and yet I long for the misery which I had to endure in Petersburg, and the scant fare I could indulge in only when somebody gave me a rouble? Then, like a fool, I hoped—I saw every day a lucky turn, a bright change in my fate coming. It never came. But today every unforeseen event is

a threat for me, and I can count upon myself alone. Schelm, you have made me what I am—a spy, a robber and a rebel. That is what you gave me when I came to you and begged you to help me!"

A sudden noise interrupted him. The postillions with torches in their hands, were running up and down the banks of the Angara, and cried out:

"Where is the traveller? What can have become of him?"

They noticed at last the horse, with Miller and Schelm, in the middle of the river.

The torches were extinguished and the cries became more threatening. Miller cut the handkerchief which had stopped Schelm's mouth and said to him:

"Now you may cry, dear Schelm! Now I'll enjoy your sweet cries. Cry away!"

The unfortunate man drew a long breath and tried to fill his lungs with air. This motion made him again dip a little into the water; he clung with his fettered hands to the saddle and cried as loud as he could:

"Help! Murder!"

"They are coming to your assistance, dear Schelm. I'll soon let you go. Unfortunately the people have no boats at hand, and the Angara is nearly two versts wide. We are in the middle of the stream. You may cry, now, to your heart's content!"

"Miller, forgive me!"

"Do you think I am Vladimir Lanin? or are you mad? Why should I possibly forgive you?"

The water reached Schelm's face; it took away his breath and kept him from seeing what was going on. Full of despair he seized the horse's mane and raised his head a few inches above the water.

"Miller," he said, in broken accents, "I am rich. Perhaps you can make use of money. I possess nearly a million roubles. I will give it to you. You can escape to France and live comfortably there. Only set me free, take pity on me!"

The man from Courland bent down close to his face.

"What do you offer me?"

"My whole fortune!"

"Really? And will you be able to keep your promise?"

"I have large sums of money in my trunks—but what are you doing, Miller?"

"Never mind that. I cut your fetters, but that does not keep me from listening to you attentively."

Miller cut the straps with which Schelm had been bound to the saddle. The revisor sank half into the water, and felt at the same time a terrible pain in his hands, which now alone supported the whole weight of his body.

"Help! I am drowning! Have pity on me!"

"Not yet. What was that you were saying just now?"

"Take the whole of my fortune."

"Perhaps you are deceiving me once more."

"I swear it; I do not deceive you. Miller, have pity."

"Enough!" exclaimed Miller at last. "I have seen enough of your despair. There must be an end to all pleasure on earth!"

The right bank of the Angara became indistinctly visible in the nightly gloom. Miller stooped once more and cut the last bonds that held Schelm to the saddle. The scoundrel sank into the waves. The czar of the exiles gave the spur to his horse and it swam on snorting and splashing furiously. Schelm sank, but in a few seconds he reappeared on the surface.

"Miller, have pity on me! I repent my sins; take my million."

"I am coming to help you," replied Miller, "but it is in vain; the current is too strong."

Schelm's hands and feet were tied together; he could consequently make no effort to save his life by swimming. The people from the post station had in the meantime rowed in a boat up the river, while the left bank was pretty well lighted up by torches. Miller swam swiftly in the opposite direction, but looked around every moment, because he hoped he might see Schelm appear once more. And really, as his horse began to feel the sandy bed of the river under his hoofs, he perceived the pale, terror-stricken face of the drowning man once more. Schelm opened his mouth as if to summon help, but the water flowed into it and he vanished in the dark waters.

"Till next time, Schelm!" cried Miller.

When Schelm's inexorable enemy had reached the bank of the river he mounted a fresh horse which Ivan had prepared for him there, for fortunately he and several other exiles had on the fatal day of the skirmish escaped the enemy's balls. They turned round once more to see what was going on at the station. Everything there seemed in a state of great excitement. On the river, also a number of boats were searching evidently for Schelm. He never reappeared.

"There is nothing more to do for us here!" said Miller to his companions; and absorbed in profound meditation he made his way in the direction of the Chinese frontier.

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EPILOGUE.

Two young men were engaged in lively conversation in the beautiful gardens of the Conversations Haus at Baden-Baden. It was in the year 1860, when the whole elegant world used to meet here, more for the sake of pleasure than to restore ruined health. A famous artist had given a grand concert which was just now ended amid enthusiastic applause. The audience scattered slowly in all directions; some went to the rooms where play was going on, others to the terraces. The young men were so deeply interested in their conversation that they did not notice the crowd by which they were surrounded. One of them was a French officer, the other a colonel in the Russian lifeguards. They had become acquainted under the walls of Sebastopol, and there formed an intimate friendship. Since then they had, strangely enough, never met till this very day, and their mutual delight was great.

At the same moment a gentleman passed them, accompanied by a lady of astonishing beauty. A few steps from the two friends he suddenly stopped.

"I should like to go for a moment into the saal. You have no objection, Jana?"

"Oh, certainly not. Besides, I have just noticed Rita, and I should like to speak to her and settle matters about our excursion tomorrow."

She left him. Vladimir looked leisurely around, and his eye fell on the French officer, who bowed to him politely. The Frenchman followed Jana with his eyes.

"What a splendid figure!" he said to his friend.

"Certainly! She is a countrywoman of mine."

"What is her name?"

"The Countess Jana Lanin."

The French officer started in surprise.

"Is she perhaps the wife of Count Vladimir Lanin?"

"Yes."

"That is a most fortunate meeting! I have looked for her now for three years, and always in vain. You do not object to presenting me to the count?"

"With pleasure. Here he is coming towards us."

"Count Lanin," said the French officer, after having been duly introduced, "it is now three years that a letter was handed to me for you, and under such very peculiar circumstances that I have ever since been most anxious to make your acquaintance. It was in Shanghai, and the Taepings were besieging the city. The French government had sent me, in special mission, to China. The siege was not very oppressive, and every now and then there was a truce. During these times we were at liberty to walk about in the vicinity of the fortress in our European uniforms. One day I was observing the camp of the Taepings from a distance, when three men came out of it, towards me, and waved a white flag. They did not seem to harbor any hostile intentions, and I waited for them. They were Europeans, but wore Chinese uniforms. Their light hair and their features induced me to think they were countrymen of yours. One, who seemed to be the leader, made a peculiarly strong impression upon me, on account of his lofty stature, and because of his brilliant eyes."

"That was Miller!" exclaimed Vladimir. "Pray, give me that letter! Hearty thanks! He is one of my oldest friends, of whom I often think."

"I do not know his name. He said to me: 'You are a Frenchman and will probably soon return to Europe—I hope I shall!—There is peace all over Europe now, and you may by good luck at some time or other meet a dear friend of mine, a Russian, who was going to France, a Count Vladimir Lanin. You will easily recognize him and his wife, if you should ever meet them; he is a man of large fortune and great influence in the highest circles, and she an extraordinary beauty. Please hand them this letter.'"

"At first I did not like to take the letter. Who knew whether I should ever meet you in this life? 'I doubt not you will meet him some time or other; be so kind as to take the letter.' I was going to ask for more details but I had no sooner taken the letter than he was summoned to return to camp. And here, count, is this letter, which I have carried about with me nearly four years now."

Vladimir was rejoiced to receive the letter.

"My best thanks. Pardon me if I do not at once satisfy your well founded curiosity; I must go aside to read my friend's letter at ease. I hope you will not decline my invitation to dine with me tomorrow, and then I shall take pleasure to make you acquainted with the history of this remarkable man."

"I accept your invitation with pleasure."

"And you," said Lanin to the Russian officer, "will of course accompany your friend?"

"With pleasure, count."

"Then—till tomorrow, gentlemen," said Vladimir, leaving them. He sat down on a bench in the garden, and read as follows:

"At last I am really a great chieftain; they negotiate with me on a footing of equality, both the Son of Heaven and his rival, Taeping-waig. An odd name, is it not? And yet these people are powerful and influential and lead the same life as we do. Here I have attained importance and power. My name, which no one in the West would recognize in its present garb, has a good sound from the Eobi deser to the mouth of the Pei-ho. More than once the fate of one of the greatest realms on earth has rested in my hand. The Emperor of China fears me, Gien-te trembles before me. I am respected by Kirghis and Mantchoo; I am beloved by my subjects and my companions in arms. The czar hears my name every now and then, when I invade his empire.

"You think, perhaps, I have reached the goal of my wishes? I write you these lines, dear Vladimir, to confess to you that I suffer from bitter nostalgia in my heart. I long for the misery even I suffered in Europe; I long for the days when I knocked, a beggar, at the portals of your palace in Petersburg, even for the sleepless nights which promised me a better, a glorious future. And yet, I dare not return. Here all kiss my hand, the hand which, perhaps, no one will ever shake in Europe. Here, I am a great chieftan and a cunning diplomat—there, a robber, a spy and a murderer. Even our conscience acknowledges a different law here and in Russia.

"And yet I am sad and almost a victim of despair whenever I think of Europe. If I ever should return—and it is very probable that I shall do so some time or other—tell me, Vladimir, will you then take my hand in yours?

"I kiss the hem of thy wife's robe."

"MILLER."

Vladimir gave the letter to Jana, who passed him on her return to their hotel. She read it in silence, and took a seat by his side. Both fell into deep meditation. The charming place at which they were staying, the merry minglings of all races and nations, the glorious beauties of the famous gardens, the matchless music that came to them from afar, the splendid sunset which impresses even the most turbulent scenes of our life with the feeling of peace and repose—all this formed such a terrible contrast with their former history, of which Miller's letter had reminded them, that the whole past rose before the mind's eye, the imprisonment and banishment, Irkutsk, the lake Baikal, the Angara the wretchedness, the fears and hopes, the sorrows and sufferings in Siberia. Suddenly a military step approached. They turned round eagerly; before them stood the gray-haired governor-general of East Siberia, who was also staying at Baden Baden.

"What occupies your thoughts to such a degree that you do not recognize your old friends?"

Vladimir told him, and handed him Miller's letter."

"Indeed," he said a moment later, "if I remember that persecution that drove me to the very end of Siberia, I cannot comprehend by what wondrous good fortune I have escaped such unspeakable misery and am now here, a free man and a happy man."

"You ungrateful man," exclaimed Count M., reverently seizing Jana's hand, "no one need wonder who has such a guardian angel at his side, and can rely on such a noble heart!"

[THE END.]

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larity of this country, for all its ty: The women have no virtue, flowers no fragrance and the fruit lavor. We eat no fruit for this on.

We made the passage in four days, ing anchored three nights. Kobe he best place we have struck yet. s smaller than Yokahama, but it is eatly kept place, abounding in pleas- drives. Its baths are a feature rthy of mention. One can take a t or cold sulphur bath for ten cents, d can have an attendant for twenty- e cents. There are bath houses in very quarter. One of the show places Kobe is the Water Fall, where a ataract comes tumbling over a cliff 500 feet high. The water is clear and old. There is an upper fall, reached y a zig-zag path, which is about louble the height of the lower one. The water is churned into lather at the foot of the cliff, and speaking of lather reminds me to say that it takes two barbers to shave a man in cold weather —one to do the job and another to hand along the tools. In warm weather three men are needed; one to work the "Punka," or swinging fan, which is rigged overhead.

The Boston ship North American, mentioned in a previous letter, was totally wrecked about seventy-five miles from here. She was just starting for New York. Only one man was lost—her Chinese cook. The ship George Skolfield, known to many readers of the BEE, recently took a tea freight from this port to Vancouver.

Our stay in Kobe was marked by two especially pleasing incidents which will tend to make the Marion's visit memorable. One Saturday a game of base ball was arranged to take place between the ship's nine and a team composed of resident Americans. A large crowd gathered to witness the sport on the Recreation Grounds adjoining the Kobe Club House. Here was erected a tastily decorated pavilion, wherein lady friends of the players served refreshments to the guests, while the Marion's Band, gaily attired, discoursed select music.

The game, as was to be expected considering the scratch nature of the opposing team, proved a rather one-sided affair. But the "foreign Americans" played well, and on the whole the sport was a success. After the game at Kobe, a team at Yokahama wired us a challenge to play them in that port; an offer which was promptly accepted. After their first victory the Marions played a Tokio team, the score standing 17 to 2 in favor of our men. The victims took their defeat good-naturedly, and did not question the decisions of the umpire. The fact that the latter stands six feet four, and is athletic in proportion, may have led them to accept his judgment without questioning; but be it said, however, that Ensign Franklin of the Marion, discharged his duties as umpire impartially and to the perfect satisfaction of all. The afternoon will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant of our visit to Japan.

The Marion registers 2,255 tons, has steel lower masts and was built in Bath, Me. She is a model of neatness and beauty alow and aloft—a circumstance which speaks well for her watchful commander and efficient officers. In their elegant appointments her cabins rival many of the fancy yachts and floating palaces of our millionaires. Mr. Fred Gibbons is third mate. He is a fine young man and doubtless will command a ship of his own at no distant day. Miss Mollie Gibbons recently graduated at Bradford, Mass. Desiring to visit the Orient she undertook this voyage. She has found many admirers among naval officers and civilians, all of whom are attracted by her graceful dancing and winning manners. She is already an excellent sailor—can box the compass, tack or wear ship, reef a topsail or take an observation with the best of them. Her father has been an able teacher and she has proved an apt pupil.

On Tuesday, August 23d, as the Marion was leaving the harbor she dipped her colors in acknowledgement of a farewell from the Kelly. We carried with us pleasant memories of many new friends. Our passage to Yokahama was devoid of incident. We had pleasant weather, though we were a little bothered by a thick fog, one night. Unless we receive orders to the contrary we shall remain South during the winter. Let me here advise any friends who may write me, to send their letters to Yokahama, no matter where the ship is. That port is our mail headquarters and the distributing office of the station. The BEE is ever a welcome visitor and is read with interest by all the Downeasters on board. By the way, we met the Yokahama ball team to-day. Here is the score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Marions, | 14 |
| Yokahamas, | 3 |

Umpire, Merriman.

Our band furnished music, as usual. Hoping you may all live long and prosper, I am Yours, etc.,

C. E. T.

YOKAHAMA, Aug. 24, 1892.

## BOTTLED CUCUMBER

AN EXPERIMENT THAT ALL MAY TRY.

James C. Douglass shows a cucumber pickle which was grown in a bottle in the year 1857, when he was a mere boy at his father's home in Pennsylvania. He was playing around the cucumber vines and noticing a cucumber just forming he inserted it in the neck of the bottle, without thinking or knowing what the result would be. Two or three days later he discovered the cucumber had grown and almost filled the bottle.

He was surprised beyond measure and took it to the house, and his father had the bottle filled with alcohol. From that day to this the cucumber was preserved, and by renewing the alcohol every three or four years it is as solid as the day when it was plucked from the vines.—*Memphis (No.) Reveille.*

AINE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1892.

## BUBBLES NO. 40.

SPORTS AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

HOT, in big letters, is no name for the weather in these latitudes. I never suffered more from heat in Africa than I have in this port. It is ninety degrees, day and night, and no chance to cool off. I can't tell the readers of the BEE much about this place for it has been too hot to explore; however, I may be able to describe it more fully later. The harbor itself is an arm of the sea, so land-locked that there is no chance for a breeze to sweep it. In winter I should think it might be fine. The society of Nagasaki is not considered so genial as that of Kobe, which, by the way, we think the best on the station.

While at Nagasaki Captain Bartlette was detached and ordered home by reason of promotion. Commander C. V. Gridley assumed command of the Marion. Our executive officer was also detached and put in command of the United States ship Palos. We were sorry to lose our Captain and his family, for we seldom meet with an officer who is such a general favorite. The day they took their departure we gave them a send-off from the ship. Ladies and gentlemen were invited from on shore, while officers and ladies from English, German and American ships in port joined the party. All hands had a good time generally, our scrub band contributing its full share toward the festivities. When the party left the ship to go on board the mail steamer the boys gave three rousing cheers, while the band played "Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," etc., as long as the ship was within earshot.

Georgie and Alice Cayvan of Bath, who are globe trotting, left this port the day we arrived, so I missed seeing them. I don't know, however, as I should have looked them up, it is so terribly hot. If you could send me a block of Kennebec ice it would be acceptable, Mr. Editor. We buy manufactured ice here at $2.50 per cwt., but it isn't like the real Maine article.

Our trip from Nagasaki to Kobe was very pleasant. We steamed through the inland sea and the farms along shore were seen at their best. These farms are all in terraces, and their tillers have to carry all the produce from the tops of the mountains, on their backs, to their homes on the low land. No one lives on the farms; the people cluster in the villages which are very frequent along shore. There is one

membered by all as a most agreeable American fete day.

A few days later the officers of the Marion invited their friends on board to enjoy a promenade concert. Refreshments were served in the cabin, while dancing was indulged in on the spar deck, our band furnishing music for the pastime. Though the afternoon was warm the visitors seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. The young ladies were chaproned by Mrs. Smithers, wife of the American Consul at Kobe and Osaka. This lady, who is a great favorite in society, performed her duties in a manner highly satisfactory to her flock.

In the evening,—permission having been obtained from Commander Gridley,—our band went on shore to play at the Kobe Boat Club House; the occasion being what they are pleased to call "a water concert." The boat house, yachts and surrounding piers were illuminated by vari-colored Japanese lanterns. The night was just dark enough to heighten the display and the water was smooth as glass. The songs of the ladies and gentlemen on the water, the seductive measures of a waltz by the band, the numerous lights, etc., all helped to make the occasion interesting and enjoyable. We were not disturbed by the droning of the hurdy gurdy, nor by the loud-mouthed fakir crying his wares, as is frequently the case at many of the neighboring ports. Dancing was indulged in on the balcony of the boat house, iced drinks for the ladies were to be had in abundance, while an adjoining bar was busy in ministering to the wants of the thirsty. When the party broke up at midnight, the British Consul proposed three cheers for the Captain, officers and band of the Marion, for their assistance in making the affair a success. The response was hearty, and we were assured that the Marion's stay in Kobe had done much toward establishing a lasting friendship with the foreign residents in the port.

Among the guests on this occasion were Captain and Mrs. Gibbons, who with their son and daughter are here in the Bath ship John R. Kelly. The genial Captain is a perfect type of the old-time American shipmaster—now unhappily seldom met with in foreign ports. Captain Gibbons has followed the sea for forty years. Though able to retire he prefers to remain on the active list and command his own ship. The Kelly is one of the finest crafts we have met on the station. She reg-

# REQUESTED POETRY.

IE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMBS.

the margin of a flowing river,
Eastern shepherd leads his timid sheep;
alls them on, but they stand still and
iver;
them the stream seems wide and swift
d deep.

alls them on, but they in fear are stand-
g;
calls them on, but on they dare not go;
heed not now the voice of his command-
g,
ey only hear the river's fearful flow.

from the side of one protecting mother,
lamb the shepherd takes unto his breast;
then he gently bends and takes another,
d in his arms the two lambs lie, at rest.

lie at rest, and as he close enfolds them
e bears them safely o'er the river wide;
little lambs know well the arm that holds
them,
ney nestle warmly and are satisfied.

n the fond mothers, with maternal longing,
ook on beyond that river's fearful flow;
ey can but follow, and behind them throng-
ing,
heir fleecy comrades are in haste to go.

awn by a love stronger than any shrinking,
heir lambs they follow o'er the flowing
tide;
ey heed not now the swimming or the sink-
ing,
They brave the stream, and reach the fur-
ther side.

nd while their tender shepherd kindly feeds
them.
They think no longer upon what hath been;
e gives them back their lambs, and then he
leads them
By the still waters and the pastures green.

o shall it be with you, O, weeping mother,
Whose lamb the Lord hath taken from your
sight.
Tis he hath done it; he, and not another;
Your lamb lies in his arms, clasped close
and tight.

Across the stream your little one is taken
That you may fear no more the quick, dark
flow,
But that, with steadfast heart, and faith un-
shaken
You may be ready after it, to go.

This is the tender shepherd's loving pleasure,
To bless at once the little one and you;
He knows that when with him is your best
treasure,
There, fixed forever, will your heart be too.

Sent in by White Lilacs.

---

For Stephen S.

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW.

(One of the Crew.)

Naval engagement off Newport News, Va, March 9, 1862.

O, comrades, come gather and join in my
ditty,
It's of a terrible battle which happened of
late,
Let each Union tar drop a sad tear of pity,
While I think on the once gallant Cumber-
land's fate.
On the 9th day of March told a terrible story,
And many a brave tar to this world bid
adieu,
Our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's
crew.

On that ill-fated day, about 10 in the morning,
The sky it was cloudless, and bright shone
the sun,
When the drums of the Cumberland sounded a
warning
Which told every seaman to stand by his
gun;
Then an ironclad frigate down on us came
bearing,
And high in the air the rebel flag flew,
The pennant of treason she proudly was wear-
ing,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's
crew.

Up steps our bold captain with stern resolu-
tion,
Says "Boys, at this monster we'll ne'er be
dismayed;
We swore to maintain our beloved constitu-
tion,
And to fight for our country we are not
afraid;
We'll fight for the Union, for our cause it is
glorious,
To the stars and the stripes we'll ever prove
true,
We will sink at our quarters or conquer victo-
rious."
He was answered by cheers of the Cumber-
land's crew.

Our gallant ship opened, her guns roared like
thunder,
Her broadside like hail on the rebels did
pour.
The people gazed, and struck with terror and
wonder,
When the shots struck her side and they
glanced o'er.
But the pride of our navy ne'er could be
daunted,
Tho' dead and wounded on the decks were
strew;
The flag of our Union, it boldly was planted,
Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's
crew.

When the traitors found cannon could not
avail them,
While fighting our heroes with God on our
side,
The power of Secessia had no power to quail
them,
Tho' blood from her scuppers crimsoned the
tide.
She struck her amidships, her plank she did
sever,
With sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship
through;
But still, as she sunk in the dark rolling
river,
"We'll die at our guns," cried the Cumber-
land's crew.

O! slowly they sank in Virginia's waters,
Their voices on earth will never be heard
more,
They will be wept for by Columbia's sons and
daughters,
May their blood be avenged on Virginia
shore,
In that blood-stained grave they are silently
lying,
And their souls have forever to this world
bid adieu;
Yet the star spangled banner above them is
flying,
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumber-
land's crew.

O! Columbia, the birthright of freedom's
communion,
Our flag never floated so proudly before,
For the spirit of those who died for the union,
Above its broad folds does exultingly soar.
And whenever in battle our sailors assemble,
God bless our dear banner, the red, white
and blue,
Beneath its bright stars we'll cause tyrants to
tremble
Or die at our guns like the Cumberland's
crew.

---

THE VAMPIRE.

(By Rudyard Kipling).

A fool there was, and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I).

O, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was, and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I).
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I).

O, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I),
Which she might have seen when she threw
him aside,
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived, but the most of him
died
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

people visiting them for a sad communion service or brief time of prayer; the lecture rooms of various places of worship were crowded with ladies volunteering to sew, as fast as fingers could fly, the rough beds called for by the surgeons. Men too old or infirm to fight went on horseback or afoot to meet the returning ambulances, and in some cases served as escort to their own dying sons.

### Streets One Vast Hospital.

By afternoon of the day following the battle, the streets were one vast hospital. To find shelter for the sufferers a number of unused buildings were thrown open.

I remember, especially, the St Charles hotel, a gloomy place, where two young girls went to look for a member of their family reported wounded. We had tramped in vain over pavements burning with the intensity of the sun, from one scene of horror to another, until our feet and brains alike seemed about to serve us no further. The cool of those vast dreary rooms of the St Charles was refreshing; but such a spectacle! Men in every stage of mutilation lying on the bare boards, with perhaps a haversack or an army blanket beneath their heads—some dying, all suffering keenly, while waiting their turn to be attended to. To be there empty-handed and impotent nearly broke our hearts. We passed from one to the other, making such slight additions to their comfort as were possible, while looking in every upturned face in dread to find the object of our search. This sorrow, I may add, was spared, the youth arriving at home later with a slight fish-wound.

The condition of things at this and other improvised hospitals was improved next day by the offerings from many churches of pew cushions, which, sewn together served as comfortable beds; and for the remainder of the war their owners thanked God upon bare benches for every "misery missed" that was "mercy gained."

To supply food for the hospitals the contents of larders all over town were emptied into baskets; while cellars long sealed and cobwebbed, belonging to the old Virginia gentry who knew good Port and Madeira, were opened by the Ithuriel's spear of universal sympathy. There was not much going to bed that night, either; and I remember spending the greater part of it leaning from my window to seek the cool night air, while wondering as to the fate of those near to me. There was a summons to my mother about midnight. Two soldiers came to tell her of the wounding of one close of kin; but she was already on duty elsewhere, tireless and watchful as ever.

Up to that time the younger girls had been regarded as superfluities in hospital service; but on Monday two of us found a couple of rooms where 15 wounded men lay upon pallets around the floor, and, on offering our services to the surgeons in charge, were proud to have them accepted and to be installed as responsible nurses, under direction of an older and more experienced woman. The constant activity our work entailed was a relief from the strained excitement of life after the battle of Seven Pines.

### Messes for the Wounded.

When the first flurry of distress was over, the residents of those pretty houses standing back in gardens full of roses, set their cooks to working, or, better still, went themselves into the kitchen to compound delicious messes for the wounded, after the appetizing old Virginia recipes. Flitting about the streets in the direction of the hospitals were smiling white-jacketed negroes, carrying silver trays with dishes of fine porcelain under napkins of thick white damask, containing soups, creams, jellies, thin biscuit, eggs a la creme, boiled chicken, etc, surrounded by clusters of freshly gathered

of musket-balls to do still furt
havoc. Before these awful missiles
was said, our men had fallen in swat
the living closing over them to pr
forward in the charge.

It was at the end of one of these n
rations that a piping voice came fr
a pallet in the corner: "They fit rig
smart, them Yanks did, I tell you!" a
not to laugh was as much of an eff
as it had just been not to cry.

### Death and Suffering.

From one scene of death and sufferi
to another we passed during those da
of June. Under a withering heat th
made the hours preceding dawn the on
ones of the 24 endurable in point of ten
perature, and a shower bath the on
form of diversion we had time
thought to indulge in, to go out of doo
was sometimes worse than remaining i
our wards.

Day by day we were called to ou
windows by the wailing dirge of a mil
tary band preceding a soldier's funera
One could not number those sad pa

*Carrying Food to the Hospitals*

*Seven Pines—Illus*

(Copyright by the

geans; the coffin crowned with cap and sword and gloves, the riderless horse following with the empty boots fixed in the stirrups of an army saddle; such soldiers as could be spared from the front marching after with arms reversed and crape-enfolded banners; the passers-by standing with bare, bent heads.

Funerals less honored outwardly were continually occurring. Then and thereafter the green hillsides of lovely Hollywood were frequently upturned to find resting places for the heroic dead. So much taxed for time and for attendants were those who officiated that it was not unusual to perform the last rites for the departed at night. A solemn scene was that in the July moonlight, when, in the presence of the few who valued him most, we laid to rest one of my own nearest kinsmen, of whom in the old service of the United States, as in that of the confederacy, it was said, "He was a spotless knight."

### Davis a Familiar Figure.

During all this time Pres Davis was a familiar and picturesque figure on the streets, walking through the Capitol sq from his residence to the executive office in the morning, or riding just before nightfall to visit one or another of the encampments near the city.

He was tall, erect, slender and of a dignified and soldierly bearing, with

# INTERESTING EXERCISES.

## Corner Stone of New Christian

ASSIST

esent---

ushed.

tar bed, after which he turned the wo of the masonry over to Mr. Jacob Joy.

The stone was laid in the northeas corner and after it was pronounce plumb and square Rev. George Brow of Eliot read the hymn "H w Firm a Foundation," after which all joined in singing the same. The pastor then invited all to come and take part in the dedication consequent upon the completion of the edifice, and dismissed the large company with the benediction.

It was a service that will long be remembered by the people of Kittery, and we hope that the new church may stand for centuries, and that such an event as the laying of another corner stone on the same spot where that impressive ceremony was performed yesterday may be a thing unknown in the lives of any who were present.

NOTES.

The Boston Globe will contain a cut of the new church in a few days.

In Mr. Dutton's remarks he invited the assem ly to imagine themselves a hundred years hence in the "city of Kittery" when the people would think the new church too small or too old and would replace it with a finer one. The letter given above was placed in the box so that it will be the first thing to be removed when the box is opened.

A number from Portsmouth, Eliot and York attended the exercises of the laying of the corner stone of the new church yesterday.

The Mystic was in readiness at the close of the services to convey the Portsmouth visitors across the river.

Miss Hattie Joy and Mr. Talman were the first to shake hands across the corner stone.

The Portsmouth and Boston papers were well represented.

Michigan's Dose.

Pontiac, Mich., May 26.—The

Passengers on a train from t $100,000 to $200,000 in value.

say that from 25 to 30 persons ha drowned at North McGregor

The total loss of property is estimate. The crop which was can be replanted in many places season is still comparatively ear

or eight miles long.

laid bare a strip half a mile wide once more dropped down to ea after traveling 150 miles in the that that was the same storm very meagre from there. It is ware county, although reports s to have struck near Manchester, correct one.

Later in the evening, a tornad noise. The latter theory is probable.

From Valeria the storm passe the town of Mingo. At Ira, the up the largest trees by the ro driving posts into the earth and ing buildings in the edge of its and first spattering the houses c with mud and sand, stripping and licking the grass from the f with a light streak in the cent a high balloon, dark green in tully, says that the cloud appeared saw the storm and observed it ants. An observer near Valeria wrecking houses and killing the in moved forward, laying the country Leaving the wrecked town the him or the child.

without the least injury being do up and dropped in an adjoining An old man holding a baby was strange pranks played near this was lifted up bodily. There were door against the storm until the of how two children tried to hol their possessions. A pitiful story wiped out of existence, together wi ers near this point. They were li

We express many thanks for the kind hospitality extended to them while in Richmond by C. E. Price and wife and C. E. Tallman and wife, as well as members of the G. A. R. post.

after boarded the Central with orders d. After some de- ape Brunswick the or at the pleasant r Kennebec. The received by ship e, C. E. Tallman ited States navy, which escorted dence of Mr. Tall- iosities from all ere viewed and 3, ere served. The escorted to the rgeon C.E. Price t of the evening mess cloth on he "fat of the

d been done to t, cigars were ere in order. hose present esting remin- by, then the e G. A. R. served and mong those Price, sail n O. Shaw, and ship written by ad by Dr. nteresting ited The brought e enter- others eedingly ans re- on the

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ied

Recd from Paymaster

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 5 | Check | for | $ 50,00 |
| " 8 | for stores | 25 Jen = | 17,50 |
| " 14 | cash | 20 " = | 14,32 |
| " 30 | " | 15 " = | 10,74 |
| June 3 | " | 20 Mex = | 14,44 |
| " 14 | 30 Mex = | | 21,66 |
| July 17 | 30 Jen = | | 21,78 |
| 13 | 10 " = | | 7,00 |
| 27 | 50 " = | | 34,95 |
| Aug 15 | 10 " = | | 7,00 |
| " 19 | 70 " = | | 45,53 |
| " 27 | 15 " = | | 10-48 |
| " 31 | 50 " = | | 34,55 |
| Nov 1st | check on New York | | 100,00 |
| " 5 | 100 Mex = | | 66,90 |
| Dec 1 | 50 " = | | 33,45 |
| " 18 | 100 " = | | 66,90 |
| Jan 31/93 | Recd from Ray 60 Jen = | | $ 39,66 |
| Feb 17 | " " " " 20 " = | | 13,22 |
| Mar 1 | " " " " 100 Mex = | | 66-10 |
| " 23 | " " Read " 50 Mex = | | 33-30 |
| " 31 | " " " 50 " = | | 33,30 |
| May 15 | " " " 60 " = | | 39-72 |
| " 12 | " " " Check on N.Y. | | 5-00 |
| " 22 | " 75 Mex = | | 49,60 |
| May 31 | " " 50 " = | | 33 10 |
| June 30 | " " 50 " = | | 33 10 |
| July " | " " 30 " = | | 19 65 |
| | 130 | | |
| Recd July 29 | for Aug. 75 Mex = | | 49-20 |
| " Aug 3 | " " 50 Jen = | | 32,55 |
| " " 19 | " " 15 " = | | 9,77 |
| " Sept 14 | (Aug 30) 75 Jen = | | $ 48,82 |
| " " 14 | 25 " = | | 16,25 |
| " " 23 | 1 Pr Blankets | | 5-14 |
| " 30 | 100 Jen = | | 65,10 |

Due aug 1 $221-10
" Sept- 1 176 =
" Oct- 1 257,74
" Nov 1 343,09 - 100 = 245 08
66,90
176,18

" Dec 1st nett - - - - - 223,50
166,50
156,60

" " 31st /92 229,49
21,23
250,72

" Jan 31/93 13,22
237,50

" " 31 "
" apr 1st/93 208 90
" May 1 " 251,55
50,00

May 1 201,95
49-60
1523 5-

1
Due June 1st 205-16
" July 1 " 253,12
15 68
293,44

Due July 31 271-22
32-5-5-
238 67
9 77
228 90

Due Sept-1 267 06
16,28
250,78
5-1,14
245-64

Due Oct-1st 291 26
17.19
244,07
50,00
194,07

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oct 16 | Rec'd from Paymaster | | |
| | 30 Jen = | $ | 17-18 |
| " 18 | check on New York | " | 50,00 |
| " 26 | 20 Jen = | | 11,46 |
| " 30 | 60 " = | | 34,38 |
| Nov 10 | 3½ yds clatte = | $ | 6,55 |
| " 14 | 75 Jen = | | 49,98 |
| " 29 | for Dec 80 Jen = | | 45,84 |
| Dec 15 | 20 Jen = | | 11,46 |
| " 28 | 75 " = | | 42,98 |
| Jan 9 /94 | 10 yds flannil at 1,05 = | $ | 10,80 |
| " 15 | 30 Jen = | | 16,68 |
| " 29 | 100 " = | | 55 60 |
| Feb 10 | 50 " = | | 27,80 |
| Mar 24 | 100 Jen = | | 55 60 |
| " 13 | 50 " = | | 27 80 |
| " 29 | Check on N.J. | | 50 — |
| " 31 | 30 Jen = | | 17,23 |
| Apr 6 | 30 " = | | 15,30 |
| May 19 | | | 60 — |
| June 13 | | | 50 — |
| " 20 | | | 60 — |

| | |
|---|---|
| Due Oct 1st | $ 261 26 |
| " Nov 1st | 235 31 |
| | 6 55 |
| | 228, 76 |
| " " " | 49, 98 |
| | 178, 78 |
| " " " | 4 38 |
| " " " | 174, 40 |
| Due Nov 30 | $ 223, 75 |
| | 11. 46 |
| | 212, 29 |
| " " " | 249 49 |
| " Dec 31 | |
| " Feb 1st | 253 57 |
| Due Mar 1st | 307 67 |
| | 55 60 |
| | 252 07 |
| " " | 27 80 |
| | 224 27 |
| | 50 00 |
| | 174, 27 |
| Due Apr 1 | 232 85 |
| | 17 25 |
| | 215 62 |
| " " | 297 57 |
| " " 30, | 15 - 30 |
| " | 282, 27 |
| Due May 1st | 60 00 |
| | 222 27 |
| | 67, 18 |
| " " 31st | 309 45 |
| | 50 00 |
| | 259 - 45 |
| | 60 — |
| | 199 45 |
| Due June 30th | 370 63 |

# U.S.S. Marion C.V. Tridley Commanding

| Left- | days in | Arrived | days out | Miles |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nagasaki Dec 12 mon 10-45 a.m. | 6 | Woosung Th 15 2 P.m. * | 3 | 463 |
| Woosung Dec 19 " 1892 | 4 | | | |
| Left ship at Woosung Dec 17 D. for Jokahama Hospital. continued from | | | | |
| Singapore Mon 25 S 11-30 a.m. | 5 | Batavia mar 28 Tu * 11-45 a.m. | 3 | 402 |
| Batavia 12 M. Apr 4 Tu | 7 | Sarawac apr 8 9 a.m. S * | 4 | 500 |
| Sarawak 8-15 a.m. Apr 11 Tu | 3 | Labuan 4-13 Th 10 a.m. | 2 | 402 |
| Labuan 7 a.m. M 4-17 | 4 | Iloilo 4-20 Th 7 P.m. | 3 | 550 |
| Iloilo 10-50 a.m. Tu 4-25 | 5 | Manila apr 27 Th 7-30 | 2 | 302 |
| Manila 5-4 9:30 a.m. Th. | 6 | Hong Kong 5-7 Sa 4 P.m. | 3 | 753 |
| Hong Kong May 13 4-15 P.m. Sat- | 6 | Tsing Tsing Tu May 16 6 a.m. | 4 | 453 |
| Tsing Tsing May 19 Th 9 a.m. | 3 | Shanghai Mon 5-22 * 7 a.m. | 3 | 367 |
| Shanghai Su. May 28 10-20 A.m. | 6 | Chin Kiang Tu May 30 3-30 P.m. T | 3 | 256 |
| Chin Kiang Tue. June 2 7 P.m. | 3 | Wuhu Sat Jn 3 10-30 a.m. | 1/2 | 95 |
| Wuhu Tu 4-30 a.m. Jn 6 | 3 | Kin Kiang W. 4-30 P.m. Jn 7 * | 2 | 193 |
| Kin Kiang Sat- Jn 10 5-30 P.M. | 3 | Hankow Su June 11 4-30 P.m. | 1 | 140 |
| Hankow W. July 5, 11 a.m. | 24 | Shanghai S. July 8 8-30 a.m. T | 3 | 584 |
| Shanghai S. " 15 12-30 P.m. | 7 | Chemulpoo W July 19 + 1 P.m. | 4 | 500 |
| Chemulpoo M. July 24 2-30 P.m. | 5 | Kobe S July 2 9-6 P.m. (3) | 5 | 738 |
| Kobe M July 31 12 M | 2 | Jokahoma Aug 2 W. 10 a.m. 40 hours * | 2 | 350 |
| Jokahoma Su Sept 17 11 a.m. | 46 | Owari Bay M. Sept 18 9-30 a.m. 22 h | 1 | 160 |
| Owari Bay Forget- Sept 19 5-50 P.m. | 1 | Jokahoma Sept 20 W 5-25 a.m. 15½ h | 1 | 160 |
| Jokahoma Su Dec 3 5-45 a.m. | 80 | Owari bay Dec 4 81 hours M 1 P.M. (Forget-) | 1 | 160 |
| Owari Bay Dec 6 Tu 5 p.m. (Forget) | 1 | Jokahoma Dec 6 W 12 M 19 hours | 1 | 160 |
| Jokahoma M-10 Feb 19 M. | 75 | Jokahoma Mar 2 Fri and 8-30 a.m. | 11 | 1507 |
| Jokahoma 2-15 P.M. Tu. Apr 10 | 39 | Honolu May 17, thurs 8 P.M. | 38 | 4318 |
| Honolulu Th. May 24 3 P.M. | 6 | Vallejo Tu June 12 D 7 P.m. | 19 | 2337 |
| | 350 | | 1 19 | |
| | 423 | | 1 30 | |
| | 773 | 15928 | 249 | |
| | | 17877 | | |
| | | Miles sailed 33805 | | |

* anchored 1 night-

T " 2 "

" " 3 "

32 Ports visited

Days at Sea 249

" in Port 773

Time 3 - 1 - 25

J. M. da

U.S.S. Marion commissioned Apr 27th 91

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Commdr | J. R. Bartlett | det July 21 92 Commdg | Chf Eng. W. S. Smith det- |
| 1st " | J. J. Hunker | Ex Off det | Pay Master H. G. Colby det-dec |
| | H. P. McIntosh | Det-dec 4 91 | Surg F. B. Stephenson |
| | A. G. Rodgers | | Asst Eng W. S. Wood det Sept- nov 91 |
| J. G. | J. A. Hetherington | Det- apr 92 | " Surg J. A. Berryhill Detached |
| Ensign | G. R. Slocum | | Lt-M. C. C. M. Perkins |
| " | W. M. Crose | Det- July 93 | Carpenter W. L. Staples |
| Boatswn | D. Ward | Det- May 14 92 | Sailmaker C. E. Tallman |
| Gunner | S. Brown | Det- Dec 91 | Pay Clerk O. G. Harkett Det- |
| Ensign | W. B. Franklin | May 92 | P.A. Surg. J. A. Hefler Dec 7 /91 det nov 92 |
| " | Churchill | Det- dec 92 | " " " J. S. Sayre " 12th " dec |
| Commdr | C. V. Gridley | July 21, 92 | Pay Master Read |
| Lt & Nav | J. A. Norris | det nov 24 92 | Pay Clerk Stemper |
| " " " | McGrakin | " " | Chf. Eng. K. Lucke |
| Lt Com & Ex | W. Goodwin | det- nov 4 " | |
| Lt- & Ex Off. | E. B. Barry | att: " " | R. M. Kennedy Asst Surgeon Feb 3 92 |
| " — | Barrall | Det- jan. /94 | |
| Gunner | F. Martin | | |
| Boatswain | D. Glynn | | |
| Ensign | A. B. Hoff | July /93 det- nov 8 " | |
| " | E. W. Eberle | nov 28 /95 | |
| Lt- | W. E. Sewall | Feb 18 /94 | |
| " | V. L. Cottman | " 17th /94 | |

38

33.805
9 nov
4 28 0 5

1891

U.S.S. Marion — Capt. J. R. Bartlett — Commanding.

| Left- | | | | day's run | Arrived | | | days out | miles |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mare island | June | 17 | P.M. W | | San Francisco | W/ June | 17 | 1 | 30 |
| San Francisco | July | 5 | P.M. Sa | 18 | Port Townsend | F/ July | 10 | 5 | 784 |
| Port Townsend | " | 17 | P.M. | 12 | Victoria B.C. | F " | 17 | 1 | 30 |
| Victoria | " | 21 | P.M. Tu | 4 | Departure Bay | Tu " | 21 | 1 | 80 |
| Departure Bay | " | 23 | P.M. | 2 | Victoria | T " | 23 | 1 | 50 |
| Victoria | " | 25 | S.M. | 2 | Unalaska | Tu Aug | 4 | 10 | 1700 |
| Unalaska | Aug | 9 | Sa.M. | 5 | Pribilof Islands | Tu. | 11 | 2 | 200 |
| Pribilof | " | 12 | W.M. | 1 | Unalaska | Sun " | 16 | 4 | 581 |
| Unalaska | " | 27 | P.M. | 11 | Unalaska (no stop) | Sun. " | 30 | 3 | 410 |
| Unalaska | Sept | 7 | M.M. | 5 | Honolulu S. | Sept-26 | 19 | 3000 | |
| Honolulu | Oct | 3 | S.M. | 7 | Yokohama Japan | Nov Tu 2 | 29 | 4000 | |
| Yokohama | Dec | 15 | T.M. | 37 | Shimidzu | Dec | 10 | 2 | 140 |
| Shimidzu | " | 11 | P.M. | 1 | Target-Practice | " | 12 | 1 | 30 |
| Target | " | 13 | S.M. | 1 | Yokohama | " | 14 | 1 | 160 |
| Yokohama | Apr | 12 | Tu.M. | 120 | Yokosuka | Apr | 12 | 1 | 18 |
| Yokosuka | May | 4 | W.M. | 22 | Yokohama | May | 4 | 1 | 18 |
| Yokohama | " | 9 | M.M. | 5 | Kobe (46 hours 5 min) | May 11 | W | 2 | 350 |
| Kobe | May 17 | 12-15 P.M. | T. | 6 | Chemulpo Korea | 24 | Tu | 7 | 750 |
| Chemulpo | June | 2 | P.M. | 9 | Chefoo | June 3 | F | 1 | 225 |
| Chefoo | June | 5 | P.M. | 2 | Taku | June 6 | M | 1 | 193 |
| Taku | " | 7 | Tu.M. | 1 | Shanghai | June 11 | S | 4 | 700 |
| Shanghai | June | 16 | T.M. | 4 | Nagasaki | " 16 | Tu | 3 | 469 |
| Nagasaki | Aug | 2-9-45 | A.M. Tu | 44 | Kobe | Aug 5, 10-15 | W | 3 | 387 |
| Kobe | " | 10 | a.m. " | 11 | Yokohama | Aug 19 | 9 a.m. | 3 | 400 |
| Yokohama | Sept | 6 | 10-30 a.m. " | 18 | Hakodate | 11 a.m. Sept-9 | W | 3 | 500 |
| Hakodate | Sept | 15 | 10-15 a.m. Tu | 6 | Vladivostok | 2-15 P.M. Sept 15 | Tu | 3 | 450 |
| Vladivostok | " | 22 | | | Slovianskey Bay | 22 | Thurs | 2 | 30 |
| Slovianskey Bay | Sept | 24 | Target | | Vladivostok | S 24 | Target | | 30 |
| Vladivostok | Oct | 1 | 3 P.M. S | 13 | Chemulpo | Oct-9 Su | 4-15 P.M. | 9 | 1000 |
| Chemulpo | Oct | 19 | 5-30 a.m. W | 9 | Chefoo | Oct-20 | 6-15 P.M. | 2 | 225 |
| Chefoo | Oct | 29 | 11-15 a.m. S. | 9 | Shang (Woosung) | Nov 1 | P.M. Tu | 3 | 500 |
| Woosung | Nov | 6 | A.M. 1 P.M. | — | Shanghai | Nov 6 | 2-10 P.M. | — | 14 |
| Shanghai | Dec | 4 | 10 a.m. Fri | 34 | Nagasaki | Dec 6 | 12 m. Tu | 2 | 443 |
| | | | | 423 | | | | 130 | 17677 |

* Anchored 1 night † 2 nights ‡ Left 1 night Anchor 1 hr

15 Marion

Paid Mrs up to Sept 29th 1891 $130
Nov 2nd 10
Dec 21st 20
Jan 18th 20
Feb 18 25
Mar " 10
Apr " 15
May " 10
" 14 5
" 30 15
July 1 10
Aug 1 10
" 19 49
Sept 1 10
Oct 9 15
Nov 8 15
Dec 1 10
Gloves Mar 20/92 10
Mrs Mar 31/92 15
May 1 20
" 30 for June 15
June 30 for July 15
July 29 " Aug 15
Aug 31 for Sept 15
Sept 30 " Oct 15
Oct 30 " Nov 15
Nov 30 " Dec 15
Dec 30 " Jan 15
Jan 31 " Feb 30
Mar 5 15
Apr 8 10 - 50
May 19 15
" 22 2, 50

5 4 4, 00

U.S.S. Saratoga 1852

Commander H. C. Taylor, in command Lieut J. C. Soley Ex. Off. Lieut W.m J Barnette Navy

| Left | | Arrived | | Dist |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Boston | Mon Mar 20th | Provincetown | Mar 20 | 8 |
| Prov. Roads | Tues Mar 23d | Nantucket Roads | " 23 | 8 |
| Nantucket Roads | Fri Mar 24th | Newport | " 26 | 225 |
| Newport | Sat Apr 17th Monday. | Plymouth | Sun May 7th | 3200 |
| Plymouth | Thurs May 25th | Portsmouth | " 26 | 150 |
| Portsmouth | " " 26th | Cowes | Thurs " 26 | 9 |
| Cowes | Mon June 12th | Ryde | Mon June 12 | 9 |
| Ryde | Fri June " 16th | Brest | Sun " 20 | 260 |
| Brest | Thurs " June 29th | Lisbon | " July 5 | 650 |
| Lisbon | Thurs July 13th | Genoa | " " 25 | 1580 |
| ~~Genoa Thurs Aug 3~~ | | Villefranche | Mon Aug 8th | 65 |
| Genoa | Fri Aug 4th | Gibraltar | " " 21 | 900 |
| Villefranche | Wed Aug 9th | | | |
| Gibraltar | Sun Aug 27th | Madeira | Thurs Aug 31 | 650 |
| Madeira | Fri Sept 1st | St Johns Porto Rico | Sept 29 | 3000 |
| St Johns P. R. | Sun Oct 1st | Aspinwall | Tues Oct 17 | 1000 |
| Aspinwall | Sat Oct 21st | Key West | Wednes Nov 15 | 1409 25 |
| Key West | " Nov 18th | Newport | Fri Dec 1st | 1400 |
| | | No of miles sailed | | 14459 |
| | | No of miles through the water | | 18550 |
| No of Ports visited 13 | | | | |
| | | days at sea 148 | | |
| | | " in Port 105 | | |
| Newport | Dec 20th | New York | Dec 21st | 130 |
| New York | Wednes Feb 21st 1853 | Lisbon | Wednes Mar 21st | 3240 |
| Lisbon | Mon Apr 9th | Santa Cruz | Sat Apr 14th | 750 |
| Santa Cruz | Sat " 21st | Sandy Hook | Mon May 21st | 3600 |
| Miles | | Travelled | | 7720 |
| days in Port 57 | | days at sea 63 | | |
| New York | Tues June 5th | Poughkeepsie | Tues June 7 | 75 |
| Poughkeepsie | Wednes June 13 | New York | Thurs " 14 | 75 |
| New York | June 14th | Newport | Monpurie 18 | 180 |
| Newport | July 11st Wednes | Bristol | July 11th | 15 |
| Bristol | " 16th Mon | Newport | " 16 | 15 |
| | | | | 8080 |

Continued on Page 140

| Left | 1881 | Arrived | Dist |
|---|---|---|---|
| Baltimore Sat Feb 19th | | Alexandria Wednes Feb 23 | 180 |
| Alexandria Sun " 27 | | Washington Sun " 27 | 7 |
| Washington Mon May 2nd | | Fort Monroe Mon May 9th | 175 |
| Fort Monroe Wednes " 11th | | Norfolk Va Wednes May 11th | 13 |
| Norfolk Sun May 29th | | Fort Monroe Sun May 29th | 13 |
| Fort Monroe June 7 " | | Newport " June 12 | 400 |
| Newport " 27th Mon. | | Dutch Island " 27 | 10 |
| Dutch Island Wens June 29 | | New London June 30 | 35 |
| New London July 8th | | Gardiners Bay July 8 | 20 |
| Gardiners Bay " 10th | | New Bedford " 10 | 70 |
| New Bedford " 14th | | Marion " 14th | 12 |
| Marion " 15th | | Quicks Hole " 15th | 14 |
| Quicks Hole " 17th | | Shovelful light " 17 | 55 |
| Shovelful " 18th | | Plymouth " 19 | 40 |
| Plymouth " 23 | | Bath " 25th | 150 |
| Bath Aug 8th | | Boothbay Aug 8 | 20 |
| Boothbay " 10th | | Bar Harbor " 11 | 60 |
| Bar Harbor Tues Aug 23d | | So. W. Harbor " 23 | 15 |
| So W Harbor Wednes " 24th | | Halifax N.S. " 27 | 265 |
| Halifax Tues. Aug — 30 | | New London Sept 5th | 600 |
| New London Sept 14th Wednes | | Wickford Jct. Sept 15 | 60 |
| Wickford Sat " 24th | | Newport Sun Sept 25 | 15 |
| Newport Sat Oct 1st | | New York " Oct 2 | 140 |
| New York Sun " 9th | | Yorktown Tues Oct 11 | 300 |
| Yorktown Sat " 22nd | | Hampton Roads " 23 | 36 |
| Hampton Roads Wednes Oct 26 | | Newport Mon Oct 31st | 400 |
| ~~Newport " Apr 17th~~ | | | |
| | | | 3105 |

22
3 15
17
10 4
apr 17 7
5
may 7 20 8
10
1 0 1
1
1
2
4
3
105

2
20
1
1
4
6
12
4
2
25
16
25
13

| Left— | | Arrived | | Dist. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Newport— Thurs July 17 | | Wickford July 17 | | 15 |
| Wickford Wednes " 18 | | New London Thurs July 19 | | 60 |
| New London Thurs July 26 | | Stonington Thurs July 26 | | 15 |
| Stonington Fri " 27 | | Gardiners Bay Fri " 27 | | 25 |
| Gardiners Bay " 28 Sat | | Fort Monroe Aug 4 | | 400 |
| Fort Monroe Mond Aug 13th | | New London Sun Aug 14 | | 400 |
| New London Mon Sept 3d | | Oyster Bay Wednes Sept 5 | | 75 |
| Oyster Bay Wednes Sept 19th | | Gardiners Bay Mon 9-24 | | 90 |
| ~~Gardiners Bay Wednes~~ 9-28 | | Bristol Wednes 9-26 | | 50 |
| Bristol Sat— 9-29 | | New York Thurs 10-4 | | 175 |
| New York Tues 10-9 | | Cold Spring Sat 10-15 | | 55 |
| Cold Spring Wednes 10-17 | | Newburg Wednes 10-17 | | 8 |
| Newburgh Fri 10-19 | | Youngkeepsie Sat 10-20 | | 14 |
| Poughkeepsie Tues 10-30. | | New York " 11-03 | | 76 |
| | | Miles travelled | | 9538 |
| Ports visited, | 15 | | | |
| Days at sea | 115 | | | |
| Days in Port— | 298 | | | |

Letters sent

Home & papers Dec 4 /91
B. Hall " 4 "
Wolfe " 4 "
Bee " 4 "
Home & pictures " 17 "
" " " 29 "
Wolfe Sons " 29 "
Bee " 29

Home - Still - N So. Immo -
April Journal - Check - Hawkins 1892 Jan. 9th
Home, Bee, Ella Chester " 21

Letters Recd

Home Dec 16 date Nov 9
" " 29 " Nov 23 & dec 1
" Jan 7 " Dec 10
" " 7 " " 14
" Papers " 22 " " 18
" " Feb 5th /92 " dec 28 & Jan 4
Letter Wolfes Feb 5 date Dec 28

# List of Officer of the U.S.S. Saratoga
## Feb 1st 1881

Comdr. Henry C Taylor, Commanding

Lieut. J. C. Soley del Executive Officer
detached July 13th 1882

| Line | | Staff | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lieut | Fred. Collins del-pd | Pay asst-Surg | H. E. Ames det |
| Master | Francis Winslow detached | Asst-Paymr | C. F. Lewis det |
| " | Jno. E. Koller det | 1st " Lieut-Mrine | J. H. Harrington |
| " | Chas D. Galloway det | Carpenter | W. H. Junkins det |
| " | H S. Waring detached | Sailmaker | C. E. Tallman |
| " | J. H. Tyler " | Pay Clerk | C. A. Gibson |
| Boatswain | C. E. Hawkins det | P. A. Paymaster | L. G. Boggs |
| Gunner | Wm " Wilson Det- | ~~Lieut Wm J Bo~~ | |
| ~~Master~~ | A. B. Speyer Lieut P. Keeler Det- | C. A. Siegfried | P. A. Sur |
| Midshipman | Thos. W Ryan det | Carpenter | E. W. Craig. |
| " | H Shepley | | |
| Lieut | Wm " J Barnette Nav- | | |
| Mids | C. H. Harlow Det- | | |
| " | A. C. Cunningham det- | | |
| " | C. W Jungen det- | | |
| " | R. P. Schwerin det- | | |
| " | L. L. Garrett det | | |
| Ex Off | Lieut- H. J. O. Colby | | |
| Lieut- | G. F. W. Holman | | |
| Master | C. H. Niles | | |
| " | Nathaniel R. Usher | | |
| Boatswain | J. S. Sinclair | | |
| Gunner | J Smith | | |
| Ensign | Henry B Wilson | | |

Died
Monrovia Apr 27th 1879 Geo Ross.
Seaman, age 36 years Native of Boston

At Sea June 20th Francis Huxley O.S.
of Philadelphia age 18 years.

St Helena June 24th E. T. Fleck O.S.
age. 19 Native of Philadelphia.

Rec'd 200, cc

Paid Association

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dec | 9.00 | | |
| Jan | 16.00 | | |
| Feb | 5.00 | | |
| Apr | 5.00 | | |
| 1882 Dec | 24.00 | | |
| | 59.00 | | |
| Sept 1883 | 26.00 | | |

May 1st Rec'd 500, cc

Paid Nurses

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Feb 1st | | $18.00 |
| Apr 1st | | 4.86 |
| " | 15 | 4.86 |
| May | 20 | 20.00 |
| June | 3 | 2.14 |
| " | 6 | 5.00 |
| " | 8 | 5.00 |
| " | 25 | 5.00 |
| July | 16 | 15.00 |
| " | 30 | 8.00 |
| Aug | 9 | 10.00 |
| " | 20 | 13.00 |
| Sept | 1 | 10.00 |
| " | 15 | 10.00 |
| " | 28 | 10.00 |
| Oct | | 20.00 |
| Nov | | 13.37 |
| Nov | 30 | 10.00 |
| Dec | 15 | 10.00 |
| " | 31 | 10.00 |
| Jan | 18 | 10.00 |
| | | 214.22 |
| | | 272.00 |
| | | 486.22 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| due Aug 1 21- | $245- | Rec'd Mar 24 | £10 = 48,62 |
| Rec " 15- | $30,00 | " Apr 15 | £10 = 48 62 |
| " " 28 | $40,00 | " May 22 | $40 00 |
| due Sept 1 | $ 2,16 | " June 4 | $50,00 |
| Rec Sept 15 | 30.00 | " " 26 | $50,00 |
| " " 26 | 30,00 | " " 29 | $10,00 |
| due Oct 1 | 3,11 | " July 15 | $30,00 |
| Rec Oct 6 | 20,00 | " " 25 | $10 00 |
| " " 15 | 15,00 | " Aug 4 | $25,00 |
| " Oct 31 | 37,00 | " " 20 | $50,00 |
| due Nov 1 | ,62 | " Sept 1 | $50,00 |
| Paid assessment | 4,75 | " " 15 | $40,00 |
| Nov 15 | 50,00 | " " 28 | $40,00 |
| Due Dec 1 | 11,07 | Oct 17 | $25,00 |
| Rec " 15 | 40,00 | " 23 | $60,00 |
| due Jan 1 1882 | 5-0 | Nov 9 | $10,00 |
| Rec Jan 15 | 30,00 | " 15 | $35,00 |
| " " 31 | 40,00 | " 18 | $10,00 |
| Due Feb 1 | ,01 | Dec 1 | $30,00 |
| Rec " 15 | 30,00 | " 15 | $30,00 |
| " Mar 1 | 30,00 | " 31 | $50,00 |
| " " Mar 15 | 31,80 | | |
| due Apr 1 | 3,45 | | |
| Rec " 15 | 30,00 | | |
| Due May 1 | 36,30 | | |
| Rec " 1 | 38,94 | | |
| " " 15 | 29,20 | due Sept 1 | 6,42 |
| Rec June 1 | 32,07 | 3,40 due | |
| " July 1 | £9- | 3,76 " | |
| " " 15 | £6 = 29,20 | 7,45 " | |
| " Aug 1 | £9 = $43,80 | 0,27 " | |
| " Sept 1 | £13 = 63-2,6 | 6,02 " 1,00 L.S. | 5,02 |
| Oct 1 | £12-58,40 | ~~11,97~~ 1,77 | |
| Nov 13 for Oct | 40,00 | 29,38 due Nov 1 | |
| Nov 31 | 100,00 | | |
| Dec 31 | 63,00 | 15,75 due Apr 1 | 1883 |
| Feb 1 | 60,00 | 31,23 " May 1 | " |

| Left | 1878 | Arrived | 1878 | Dist miles |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Portsmouth N.H. | Nov 20 | Norfolk Va | Nov 27th | 700 |
| Norfolk Va | Dec 7th | Funchal Madeira | Dec 24 | 2970 |
| Funchal " | 30 " | Teneriffe | Dec 31st | 316 |
| Teneriffe " | 31 " | Port Grand Jan 79 | Jan 5 " | 1000 |
| St Vincent Jan | 8 1/79 | Port Praya Jan | 9th " | 160 |
| Port Praya " | 10 " | Freetown S.L. " | 15th " | 700 |
| Sierra Leone Feb | 17 " | Monrovia Liberia | Feb 21st " | 225 |
| Monrovia Mar | 5th " | Cape Palmas Mar | 7th " | 275 |
| Cape Palmas " | 8th " | Jahou " | 8 | 27 |
| Jahou Mar | 11 " | Cape Palmas " | 11th " | 27 |
| Cape Palmas " | 17 " | Monrovia " | 19 | 275 |
| Monrovia " | 23d " | Cape Mount " | 23d " | 40 |
| Cape Mount Apr | 1st " | Solimon Apr | 1st " | 15 |
| Solimon " | 9th " | Freetown S.L. " | 11th " | 170 |
| Freetown S.L. " | 19 " | Solimon " | 21st " | 170 |
| Solimon " | 25 " | Cape Mount " | 25th " | 15 |
| Cape Mount " | 26th " | Monrovia " | 26th " | 40 |
| Monrovia " | 29 " | Fernando Po May | 7th " | 1200 |
| Fernando Po May | 14th " | Gaboon " | 16th " | 225 |
| Gaboon " | 20 " | Mayumba " | 22 | 275 |
| Mayumba " | 23d " | Kobenda " | 24 | 230 |
| Kobenda " | 27th " | Congo " | 27th " | 45 |
| Congo June | 2nd " | St Paul June | 3d " | 225 |
| St Paul " | 12th " | St Helena " | 21st | 1300 |
| | | Number of miles in the Ticonderaga | | 10,635 |
| St Helena July | 2nd " | Barbadoes W.I. Aug | 8th | 2600 |
| Barbadoes Aug | 6th " | New York Aug | 23 | 1500 |
| Total No. Miles from Nov | | 20th 78 to Aug 23d 79 | | 14735 |

Due Apr 1st 5,470

245
5,37
7,82

117

Reed from Pay

| | |
|---|---|
| Jan 10th " /79 | $2,000 |
| Feb 7th " | 48.67 |
| " 28th " | 38.55 |
| Mar 19 " | 24.35 |
| Clothing & Tobacco &c | 6.05 |
| | 138.00 |
| Due Mar 31st " | 50.44 |
| Reed Apr 10th " | 10£ = 48.65 |
| " June 7th " | 5£ = 24.35 |
| " July 2nd " | 40£ = 199.67 |
| | 292.67 |
| | 138.00 |
| | 410.67 |

U.S.S. Saratoga

Reed from Pay

| | |
|---|---|
| Advance | 60,00 |
| Feb 28th " | 15,00 |
| Mar 15th " | 30,00 |
| " 28th " | 30,00 |
| Apr 12 Planned &c | 2.92 |
| " 14th " | 35.00 |
| " 29 " | 20,00 |
| Due May 1st " | 164.0 |
| May 11th " | 30,00 |
| " 28th " | 20.00 |
| Due June 1st " | 36,11 |
| Rec June 12 | 60,00 |
| " July 1 | 30,00 |
| ~~Due July 1st~~ " | 11.96 |
| ~~Due July 1st~~ planned | 2,40 |
| Due July 1st | 9,98 |
| Rec July 15 | 20,00 |
| " 22 & planned | 2.24 |
| " 27th & cash | 50,00 |
| | 72,24 |
| Rec Aug 1st | 5,00 |
| Due " 1st | 2,15 |

Paid Dues

| | |
|---|---|
| Nov 15th 1878 | $25.00 |
| Dec 1st " | 15.00 |
| " 6 " | 5,00 |
| Jan 6th 1879 | 20,00 |
| Feb 7th | 24.35 |
| " 20 | 4.87 |
| " 28th " | 14,21 |
| Mar 19 | 19.48 |
| Apr 9th " for Apr | 19.48 |
| " 29th " for May | 4.87-1£ |
| May 10 " " " | 9.74=2£ |
| " 19 " " " | 4.87=1£ |
| June 7 for June | 9.74=2£ |
| | 176.61 |

U.S.S. Saratoga

Paid Dues

| | |
|---|---|
| Feb 1st 1881 | |
| To entrance | 10,00 |
| Feb mon 12th to cash | 10,00 |
| Mar 31 " " | 60,00 |
| Apr 13th " " | 10,00 |
| " 29 " " | 10,00 |
| May 15 " " | 10,00 |
| June 14 " " | 10,00 |
| " 21st Oct 17- 15,00 | 5,00 |
| July 1 | 10,00 |
| " 13th " | 10,00 |
| " 27th " | 10,00 |
| Aug 15 " | 10,00 |
| " 28th " | 10,00 |
| Sept 15 " | 10,00 |
| Apr 82 | 37,00 |
| May 1 | 10,00 £2 |
| June 1st " | 14,00 £3 |
| " 15 | 10,00 £2 |
| July 1 | 10,00 £2 |
| " 15 27200 | 5,00 £1 |
| Sept 1 24,700 | 30,00 £6 |

1881 1 24

1875 12 13

1 - 1 - 09

1350

1 - 3.70

15 - 55 - 48

30 - 110 - 96

31 - 114 - 66

3.00
2.38
7.38
109.00
4,80
2.70
2,74

45-3,

80
9
270

2 - 1 - 41

342
24
1368
684
8208
55.00
2708

365) 1350 (342
1095
1550
1460
900
730
170
365

Sue Jun 1st 1848 4/32

600.00
25.38
3.27
215.00
9.30
1.20
15
557.74
453.74
1310.89

2) 5074
2538

195.89.03
74.00

60.89

2) 14.73
7.56

2) 135.89
67.94

64.73 Jun 24

1214

Feb 1

15.870
1045.1

1400

,84
,67
,51
,34
,18
3,01
6,85
30,68
32,52
38,36
42,19
46,03
49,86
53,70
57,53
,87
,04
,88
6,71
50,55
854,38
858,22
92,05
95,89
99,73
103,56
107,40
111,23
115,07
118,90

1600,

1 4,38
2 8,77
3 13,15
4 17,55
5 21,92
6 26,30
7 30,68
8 35,07
9 39,45
10 43,84
11 48,22
12 52,60
13 56,99
14 61,37
15 65,75
16 70,14
17 74,52
18 78,90
19 83,29
20 87,67
21 92,05
22 96,44
23 100,82
24 105,21
25 109,59
26 113,97
27 118,36
28 122,74
29 127,12
30 131,51
31 135,89

Short leg 55 days = 416,44 dep 52,05
Scar = 468,49

135,89
75,40
60,49

1886 June 3 Summit Dam 3 Pt 3 Sta 1883 Cable Dam 3 Pt 3 Sta

11 35
13 56
82
3
246
1104
1287

1800

1 4,93
2 9,86
3 14,79
4 19,73
5 24,66
6 29,59
7 34,52
8 39,45
9 44,38
10 49,32
11 54,25
12 59,18
13 64,11
14 69,04
15 73,97
16 78,90
17 83,84
18 88,77
19 93,70
20 98,63
21 103,56
22 108,49
23 113,42
24 118,36
25 123,29
26 128,22
27 133,15
28 138,08
29 143,01
30 147,95
31 152,88

1997,3
17,24
25,2
7,2
2,2
9,0
6,60
197,3
15,2
152,88
19,73
147,95
320,56
19,50
340,06
1,40
190,06
160,00
300,06
52,76
84,82
1,50
83,32
40
82,92

7

135,89
75,40
60,49

246
1104
1287

46
30
16

| | Sea | Shore | Way | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| First 3 years — | $1200 | $900 | $700 | $330,32 |
| 2nd " " — — — | 1300 | 1000 | 800 | 5 114 45 |
| 3d " " — — — — | 1400 | 1300 | 900 | Dec 1 84 |
| 4th " " — — — — | 1600 | 1300 | 1000 | 1/56 |
| after 12 years — — — — | 1800 | 1600 | 1200 | |

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | $600 | $700 | 900 | 1200 | 1000 | 1310 |
| 1 | 163 | 191 | 246 | 328 | 274 | 3,56 |
| 2 | 328 | 383 | 492 | 657 | 548 | 7,12 |
| 3 | 491 | 573 | 738 | 984 | 822 | 10,68 |
| 4 | 655 | 764 | 983 | 1312 | 1096 | 14,25 |
| 5 | 819 | 956 | 1230 | 1641 | 1370 | 17,81 |
| 6 | 982 | 1147 | 1475 | 1969 | 1644 | 21,37 |
| 7 | 1146 | 1337 | 1721 | 2296 | 1918 | 24,93 |
| 8 | 1310 | 1529 | 1968 | 2625 | 2192 | 28,49 |
| 9 | 1473 | 1720 | 2213 | 2953 | 2466 | 32,05 |
| | 1637 | 1911 | 2459 | 3281 | 2740 | 35,62 |
| | 1801 | 2105 | 2705 | 3609 | 3014 | 39,18 |
| | 1965 | 2293 | 2951 | 3937 | 3288 | 42,74 |
| | 2128 | 2484 | 3196 | 4265 | 3562 | 46,30 |
| | 2292 | 2676 | 3443 | 4594 | 3836 | 49,86 |
| | 2456 | 2867 | 3689 | 4921 | 4110 | 53,42 |
| | 2619 | 3057 | 3934 | 5249 | 4384 | 56,99 |
| | 2783 | 3248 | 4181 | 5578 | 4658 | 60,55 |
| | 2947 | 3440 | 4426 | 5906 | 4932 | 64,11 |
| | 3110 | 3631 | 4672 | 6238 | 5205 | 67,67 |
| | 3275 | 3823 | 4918 | 6562 | 5479 | 71,23 |
| | 3438 | 4013 | 5164 | 6890 | 5753 | 74,79 |
| | 3602 | 4204 | 5410 | 7218 | 6027 | 78,36 |
| | 3766 | 4396 | 5656 | 7546 | 6301 | 81,92 |
| | 3929 | 4587 | 5902 | 7874 | 6575 | 85,48 |
| | 4092 | 4777 | 6147 | 8202 | 6849 | 89,04 |
| | 4256 | 4969 | 6394 | 8531 | 7123 | 92,60 |
| 27 | 4420 | 5160 | 6639 | 8859 | 7397 | 96,16 |
| 28 | 4584 | 5351 | 6885 | 9186 | 7671 | 99,73 |
| 29 | 4748 | 5543 | 7132 | 9515 | 7945 | 103,29 |
| 30 | 4911 | 5733 | 7377 | 9843 | 8219 | 106,85 |
| 31 | 5076 | 5925 | 7624 | 10172 | 8493 | 110,41 |

| | |
|---|---|
| 19 | 1 |
| 1,38 | 2 |
| 6,58 | 3 |
| 8,77 | 4 |
| 10,96 | 5 |
| 13,15 | 6 |
| 15,34 | 7 |
| 3 | 8 |
| 3 | 9 |
| 21,92 | 10 |
| 24,11 | 11 |
| 26,30 | 12 |
| 28,49 | 13 |
| 30,68 | 14 |
| 32,88 | 15 |
| 35,07 | 16 |
| 37,26 | 17 |
| 39,45 | 18 |
| 41,64 | 19 |
| 43,84 | 20 |
| 46,03 | 21 |
| 48,22 | 22 |
| 50,41 | 23 |
| | 24 |
| 4,79 | 25 |
| 6,99 | 26 |
| 9,18 | 27 |
| 11,37 | 28 |
| 53,56 | 29 |
| 55,75 | 30 |
| 57,95 | 31 |